



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

477

Dwyer

יהוה

INSTITVTIO THEOLOGICA

ANDOVER FVNDATA MDCCCVII.

Gift
from the family
of
A. L. Pearson, M.D.

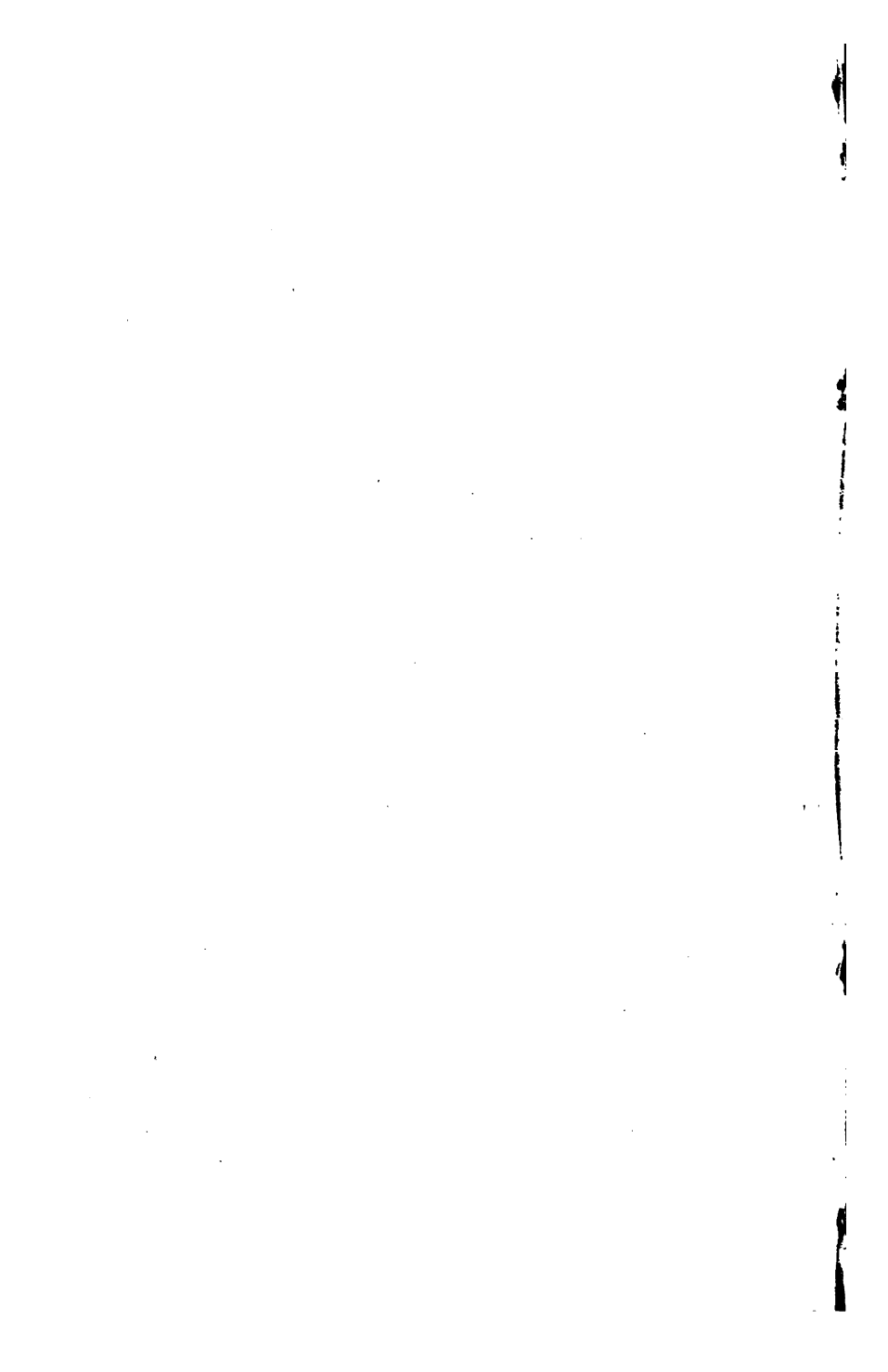


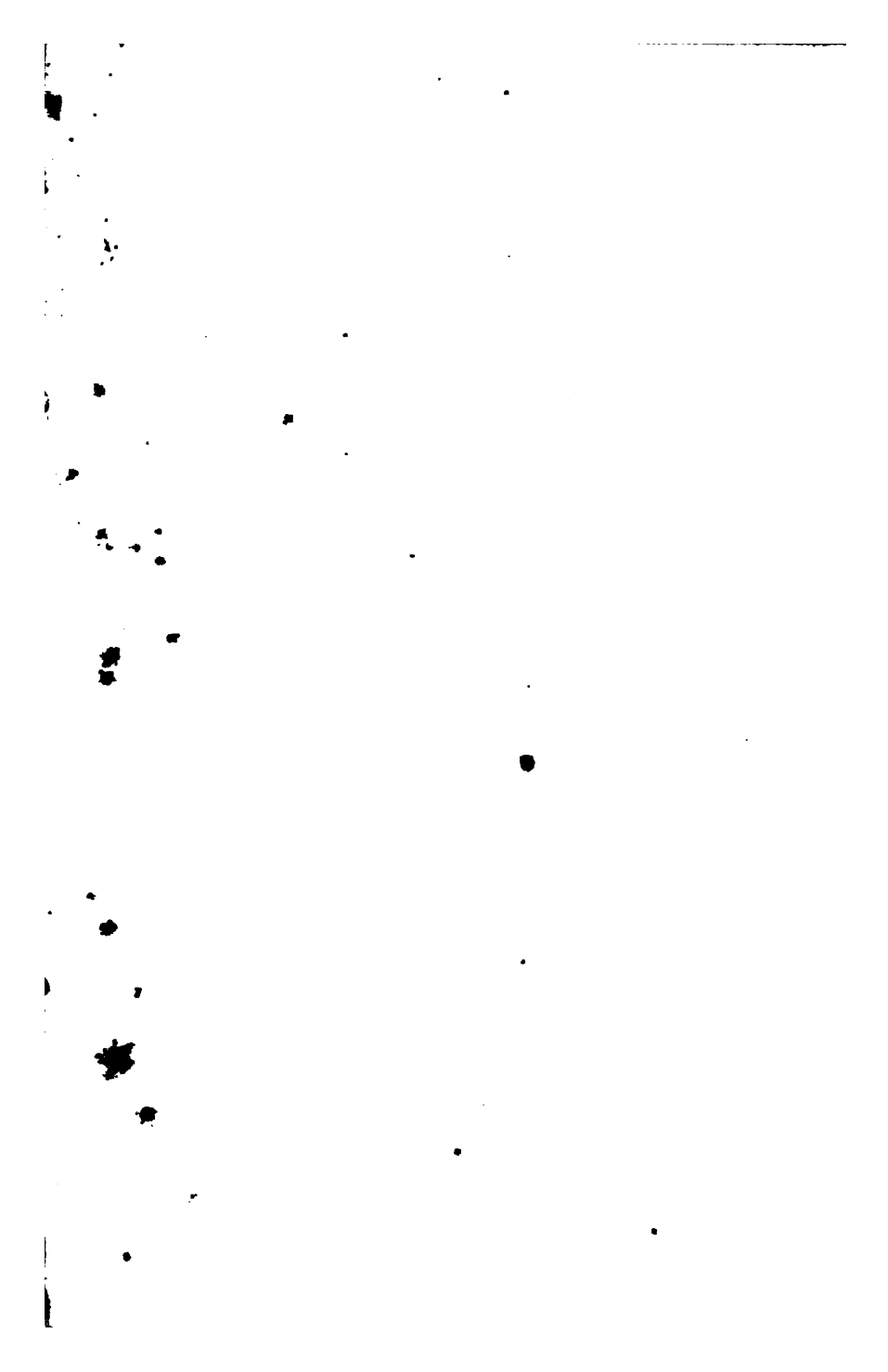
ΑΚΡΟΓΩΝΙΑ

ΟΥ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥ

Pearson









EARNESTNESS:

OR,

Incidents in the Life of an English Bishop.

BY

CHARLES B. TAYLER, M. A.

AUTHOR OF "LADY MARY;" "MARK WILTON;" ETC. ETC.

A bishop must be blameless, as the steward of God.

TITUS I. 7

In all things shewing thyself a pattern of good works. In doctrine shewing uncorruptness, gravity, sound speech, that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you.

TITUS II. 7-8.

THIRD EDITION.

NEW-YORK:
STANFORD AND SWORDS, 137, BROADWAY

1851.

ANDOVER THEOL. SEMINARY
FEB 29 1908
— LIBRARY. —

59,275

TO THE MEMORY OF ONE LATELY DEPARTED.

As ever hearts were rent by ruthless death,
If ever tears of desolate grief were shed,
It was by those who watched thy parting breath,
And saw thee dead!

But if assurance of eternal rest
Ere brought to broken hearts its heavenly peace,—
Telling the mourners that the soul is blest
By death's release:

Calming the wild distraction of the brain,
The rushing tears, the speechless agony!—
It was the glorious thought, that death was gain,
When thou didst die!

Death had no terrors for thy steadfast soul,—
No sting from cherished and unpardoned sin:
No power of evil there, with dark control,
Ruled all within.

For God had made thine heart His blest abode,
 His temple of bright hopes and pure desires ;
 And kindled on its shrine a flame that glowed
 With quenchless fires !

And from thy meek Redeemer's wounded side
 The fountain sprung that washed thy sins away,
 That guiltless thou should'st stand, and justified,
 On the great day !

And thou didst ever take the lowest place,—
 The mind that was in Christ shone forth in thee,—
 That sweet, retiring, and unconscious grace,
 Humility.

Yet from that lowly heart, deep-rooted there,
 High principles and generous deeds sprung forth :
 The plain strong sense of right, the judgment clear,
 Of priceless worth.

Thine only standard God's unerring Word ;
 Divinely taught its vital truths to see ;
 Thine only pattern that incarnate Lord
 Who died for thee !

And thou didst walk in wisdom's pleasant ways,
 Thy feet with holiest peace divinely shod ;
 Unmoved alike by human blame or praise,—
 True to thy God !

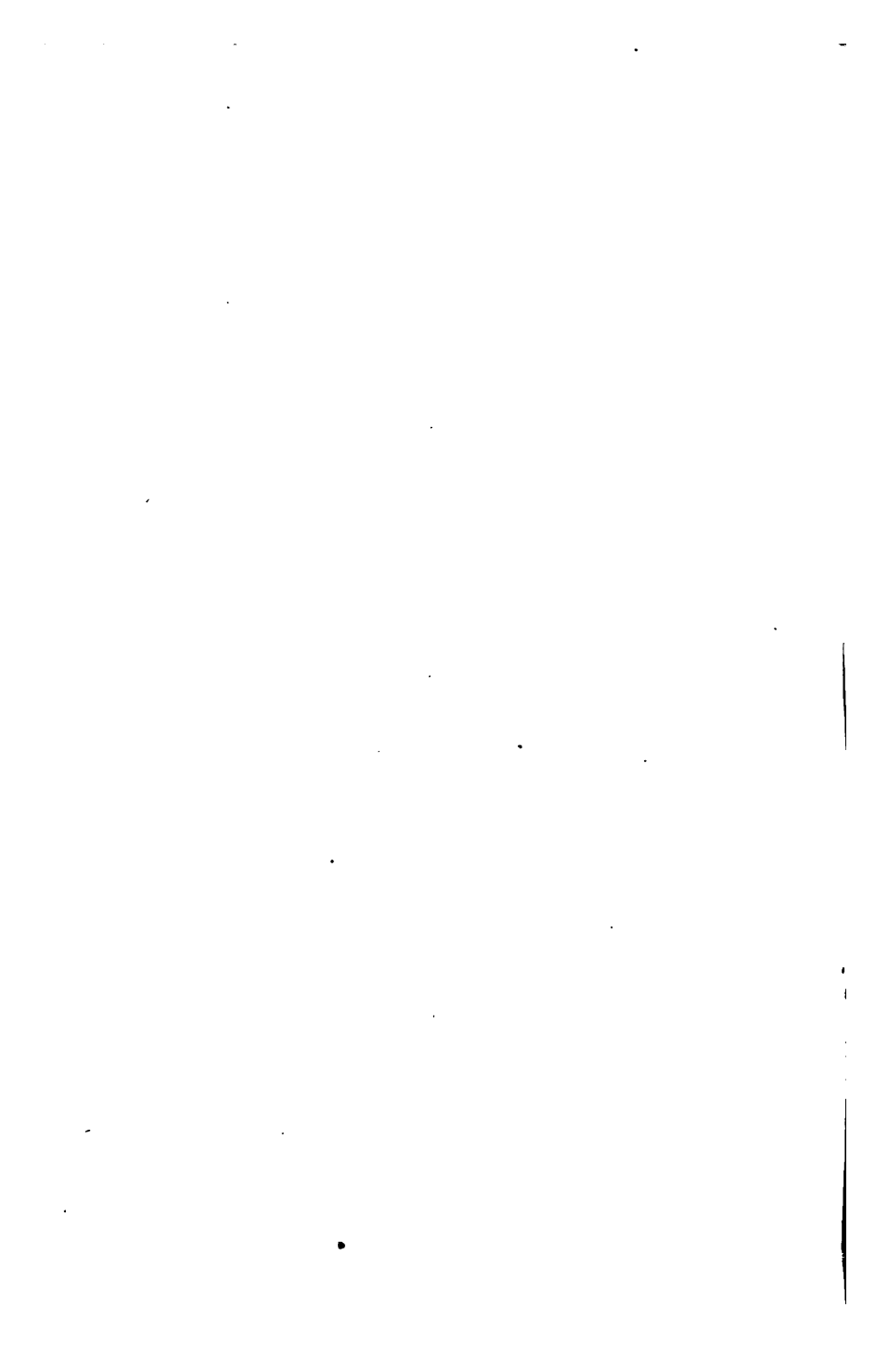
Thy smiles, thy gentle smiles, we still recall,—
 For thou wert gentle as the gentle dove,—
 Shedding their lovely influence on all
 Who shared thy love.

We saw them still, when we could only weep,
 Spreading a lustre round thy dying bed ;
 Their lingering sweetness, in that breathless sleep,
 Was o'er thee shed.

But thou art gone,—from every care removed,—
 Thy blest exchange, ah ! why should we deplore !
 Or weep, with selfish tears, that one so loved
 Should weep no more !

For why associate now with grief or woe
 Thy saintly brightness, and thy glorious rest :
 Linking thy life in heaven, with earth below,
 Since thou art blest !

A little while farewell ! we soon shall have
 Glad meetings—yet a little while delayed.
 Farewell ! We hang this garland on the grave
 Where thou art laid.



"Some said, 'John, print it;' others said, 'Not so;'
Some said, 'It might do good;' others said, 'No.'"

JOHN BUNYAN.

Two reasons have led to the publication of this volume, both of which laid upon me a pleasant constraint. It was intimated, at the conclusion of a former volume, *Thankfulness*, that its reception would probably determine the question, whether a sequel to it should appear. Many letters have come to me from unknown writers—more than one even from America—and I could not choose but comply with requests which they contained, that the partly-promised volume should be published. I candidly state, that the requests of my unknown friends were in accordance with my own wishes.

The second reason, above referred to, was, that, some years ago, a letter was put into my hand, by a most valued friend, from a clergyman quite unknown to me, an extract from which I here give:—"I am not at all sure that the subject of this note is worth

attention, for the thoughts, oftentimes doleful, of a poor old country parson, driven into an obscure corner of the universe, and shut up there, are politically and ecclesiastically little or nothing worth; but it has occurred to me, in the cogitations which our present circumstances have well-nigh forced upon me, that a book, not long or expensive, written in a lively style of genuine piety and scriptural soundness, on the following subject, might be very useful; and being myself quite unable to write such a book, a question arose, in my mind, whether the Rev. C. B. Tayler, of Chester, might not treat such a point in a popular, sound, and useful manner. The title might be of this sort: 'Ideal of a Christian Church, drawn from Scripture, and from that which has been most conformed to the spirit of Scripture, both in the best and worst times.'

"I think that a simple sketch of a pious, humble, spiritual Episcopate, Parochial Ministry, Lay Associations, &c., &c., might be very pleasing and profitable. George Herbert might be referred to, with great advantage, in many cases, the lives of some bishops, such as Leighton, or clergymen, also of some laymen. Perhaps a peep into some records connected with the Episcopal Church in America, might be of service."

The reader of the volume, now published, will see, that I have by no means followed out the wishes of the excellent clergyman whose letter I have cited, but that letter was the chief inducement which led me to apply myself to the work which now appears. The writer of the letter has since entered into his rest. I saw the notice of his death in the public papers, when I was about to write to him; but though I have only taken a hint from his suggestions, it has been a pleasing thought to me, that I should be endeavoring, in some imperfect sense, to fulfil his wishes.

The volume, though it be considered as a work of fiction, is not so, either as to persons or circumstances; no portion of it is personal, no locality could be pointed out, but almost every part is drawn from observation. The picture of a landscape-painter may represent to the eye of the spectator an ideal scene; but the whole has probably been produced from the pages of his sketch-book. A group of trees, an aerial mountain, a peculiar sunset, a road-side bank, &c., actually sketched on the spot, may present in their combination a landscape which no one could remember to have seen; but each part of the composition is true to nature, and has, as a fragment, an actual existence. Such, I may assure my reader, are the

written pictures which I am accustomed to set before him; and notwithstanding the objections which are made by some persons to what are termed works of fiction, I am not at all convinced that I should be doing what is right, if to please such objectors, I were to lay aside my pen, and publish no more. I had at one time made up my mind to do so, under what I am now convinced was a mistaken impression. I have not only been recommended by men of the highest Christian character to go on writing, but I have also received so many accounts of the good effect which, by God's blessing, has been actually produced by my books—their having indeed, in many instances, been blessed of Him, to the actual conversion of the reader—that I am now determined, while the opportunity is still prolonged to me, to continue to write. That which was at one time almost an undefined hope of doing good, has now assumed the definite form of a solemn duty; and I am more and more convinced, that while there are some minds so constituted, that they would receive nothing which does not come before them in the didactic shape of a sermon or an essay, there are a tenfold number who will only receive instruction in the form by which I have endeavored to convey it. My chief care must be, as I trust it has long been, to

be true to God, and to represent, and recommend, nothing which is not in strict accordance with His divine word; and my wish is that while I would if possible be true to nature in my delineations of character, not to amuse, by merely showing society, in a nominally Christian country, as it is; but to edify, by representing Christian society as it ought to be.

I fully respond to the quaint verses prefixed as an apology, by John Bunyan, to his glorious allegory, *The Pilgrim's Progress*; many of them might be brought forward in answer to those who denounce all but didactic works on religious subjects. I give but these few lines:—

“ May I not write in such a style as this,
 In such a method too, and yet not miss
 My end, thy good? Why may it not be done?
 Dark clouds bring waters, when the bright bring none.
 Yea, dark or bright, if they their silver drops
 Cause to descend, the earth by yielding crops
 Gives praise to both, and carpeth not at either,
 But treasures up the fruit they yield together.”

“ Let me add one word more. O man of God,
 Art thou offended? Dost thou wish I had
 Put forth my matter in another dress?
 Or, that I had in things been more express?”

I find not that I am denied the use
Of this my method, so I no abuse
Put on the words, things, readers, or be rude
In handling figure or similitude
In application; but all that I may
Seek the advance of truth, this or that way.
Denied, did I say? Nay, I have leave
(Examples, too, and that from them who have
God better pleased by their words and ways
Than many a man who liveth now-a-days)
Thus to express my mind, thus to declare
Things unto thee that excellentest are.
I find that Holy Writ, in many places,
Hath semblance with this method, where the cases
Do call for one thing to set forth another.
Use it I may, then, and yet nothing smother.
'Truth's golden beams—nay, by this method—may
Make it cast forth its beams as bright as day.'

EARNESTNESS.

“Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind.”—1 PETER v. 2.

CHAPTER I.

“AND so we must leave Springhurst!”—There had been a long and thoughtful pause before these words were spoken; and a deep sigh had been their prelude from the lips of her that breathed them.

It was a bright morning in April, the first real Spring morning; a soft shower was just over, and the grass, and the flowers, and the bursting leaves, were all glittering in the warm, golden sunshine; the gentle breeze was laden with balmy fragrance, the hedge-row banks were blue with violets, the air was ringing with the songs of joyous birds, and all nature seemed to be keeping holiday.

The pastor's wife was sitting at the open window, enjoying the early calm of the morning : her bible was in her hand, but some train of thought which had been at first suggested by the portion of sacred writ that she was reading, had drawn her mind to the subject which was then of almost absorbing interest to her husband and to herself. Her simple tastes and her happy home, had led her to sigh over a change which the world is apt to regard as a great advantage, and a high distinction. Neither she nor her husband had ever been ambitious of worldly advancement. They were indifferent to rank and wealth, contented with the unnoticed sphere in which the Disposer of all human events had placed them, and meekly and diligently striving to fulfil its duties, not with eye service, but in singleness of heart. But a call had come, which was not to be lightly regarded ; and Mr. Temple felt that his decision must not be lightly made. Serious thought he had given to the subject, and frequent conference he had held with his beloved wife ; regarding her, with justice, not only as the most faithful, but perhaps the wisest friend he had on earth. But he had also felt that on such a question, higher counsel and directions were needed than any human adviser could give. He had passed many hours in secret

prayer to Him who is the Father of lights, and the Fountain of wisdom: and he had sought for the guidance of a Divine influence, and for the healthful and sanctified exercise of those powers of reflection and judgment with which God had endued him. Those common and earthly inducements which usually carry weight with most men, had not for a moment been entertained by him; and there is no contradiction in asserting that one chief reason why he was suited for the high office of an overseer in the Church, was, that he had neither sought nor desired it.

A letter which he had received from his brother, containing the offer of the Bishopric of Z—, had arrived some days before. “You will remember,” wrote his brother, “the conversation that passed between us in your study, when I was last with you; and before I enter further upon the subject of this letter, let me assure you, that I have been true to the promise which you then exacted. I have made no use of the influence which I possess with Lord H——, to seek preferment for you. You may indeed say, my dear Allan—I speak with reverence! that the thing is of God. I wish I could speak of such subjects with the same heartfelt convictions as yourself. I now relate, however, a mere matter of fact. When engaged

this morning in a confidential interview with my noble friend, on a question of much importance, he said to me rather abruptly, after our consultation was ended, 'I must detain you a few minutes, to tell you that this morning's post has brought me the tidings of the sudden death of the old Bishop of Z—. I have seen his Majesty on the subject, and he has graciously acceded to my suggestion, that the vacant See should be offered to your brother.' Before I quitted the room, his lordship dropped a hint, which, if I know anything of your conscientious feelings, my dear Allan, will go far towards influencing your decision; for you are a strange unaccountable being on some points, and I fear the mere elevation of the office would offer but little temptation to you. I do wish you had a little more of what you would call worldly ambition, but which I deem to be a very natural and proper desire of seeking a more extended sphere of doing good. The hint to which I allude, which was dropped by Lord H—, was this: that if you should decline the offered distinction, the bishopric will be offered to the notorious Dr. S—, whose easy conscience, as you are well aware, enables him to hold and to publish Socinian opinions, and yet to continue in the established Church.

“I must do both you and Lord H—— the justice to add, that it is not altogether owing to my interest that you owe this offer. Lord H—— was much taken with you and with Lucy, when you met him the autumn before last at my house at Twickenham. He has frequently spoken of you both to me, in terms of high approval; your sermon he pronounced admirable, and I think he was right in doing so. He professes to be somewhat of a theologian, though you will wonder, as I do, how he is able to reconcile your views of religious doctrine with those of the Socinian Doctor S——. But Lord H—— was a friend of the late queen Caroline, the admirer and patron, you are aware, of the celebrated Dr. Clarke.

“Do not delay your reply beyond a day or two. Love to dear Lucy, and my pet Gertrude.

“I open my letter to tell you, that by the mail just come in from Madras, I see the arrival of the Downton Castle; her passengers all in good health. The list is given, and among them I see the name of the Rev. Ferdinand Harington. I wish he were here to take your place at Springhurst; but I think I can promise you that a man of your own mind shall succeed you.

Your's affectionately,

DEREHAM.”

The eldest brother of Mr. Temple had been raised to the peerage some years previous to the date of the above letter. He was at this time a leading member of the cabinet, and the confidential friend of the premier, having come into office as one of the ministry under Lord H——.

The decision had been made, and the reply forwarded through Lord Dereham, by which Mr. Temple had accepted the bishopric. It was a step taken upon thorough conviction; but it was not taken without sorrow and heaviness of heart. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me," said the country pastor to himself, "and I cannot and will not doubt that I shall find Him a very present help in every season of necessity; but I must prepare for the encounter of trials and temptations of which I have hitherto formed but a faint conception."

But while these thoughts and questionings rose within him, that well known assurance, which has given confidence to so many of God's faithful servants, presented itself with especial force to his mind; "Certainly I will be with thee."

From the day that his decision was made, every object at Springhurst was viewed under a new aspect. It seemed to him as if the invisible links that had

bound him to his beloved parish and to his affectionate flock were severed. The time had not come to mention to any of them the separation that was to take place; but the sadness of his look, and the mournful voice and abstracted manner of their lately cheerful pastor, were noticed by many. His wife shared in all his feelings. Her judgment had agreed with his, and with him she sorrowed in heart at the prospect of leaving the place, and the people among whom she had hoped to live and die. The suddenness of the call had in a manner disconcerted them. They had had no desire or thought of leaving Springhurst; and after the decision was made—though they did not waver, or think of reversing it—they had many a sad foreboding that they were about to exchange a life of calm and useful happiness for one of perplexity and trial. The worldly and the ambitious could not have understood their feelings, and would not have given credit to them. But there is that in the religion of the earnest and devoted followers of Him whose kingdom is not of this world, which the worldly and ambitious cannot understand or appreciate. “The way of life is above to the wise;” their course is in a higher parallel than that of the children of this world. The divine directions which they had hitherto endeavored to

follow, "This is the way, walk ye in it," seemed to point out to them the path which they were called to pursue, and they followed it.

Not many weeks had passed away, when the ringing of the bells of the old city of Z——, announced to the inhabitants that their new bishop had arrived. He heard them, while humbled in heart he was meekly kneeling on his knees, the door shut and locked, in the retirement of the library of his new residence. He was praying for the wisdom of the serpent, and the harmlessness of the dove; and that He, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed, would make His divine strength perfect in the human weakness of His creature. He sought to realize before God, the tremendous responsibility of his office; and he prayed for that largeness of heart, and that power of faith, which might enable him to take God at His word, that He will supply all our need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

As he rose from his knees, and his eyes glanced round on the antique character of the apartment, the ancient volumes, many of which had stood for hundreds of years upon their oaken shelves, and the quaint but expressive portrait of one who had been

perhaps the most humble and holy of his predecessors in the bishopric,—the thought passed across his mind, and filled him with solemn reflections, how many a one had successively entered that library as he had but just done, and stood perhaps where he was then standing, thinking as he then thought, filled with the same self-distrust, and looking to God as he was then looking to Him, through the great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls, for wisdom and for strength. They had all passed away, and the place which had known them knew them now no more. They were gone to their great account, and he was now put in trust with their office. A few short years, at the farthest, would pass away, and another would stand where he then stood: his work would also be done, and he would be also gone to render up his account! That was indeed a solemn season to him; and in future years he often looked back and thanked God for the deep and awful sense He had then given him of the weighty charge which was then laid upon him; and for the deep spirit of earnestness which He had also graciously given to him, in answer to his fervent prayer.

His eyes sought for that which is the chief ornament of a Christian pastor's study, even as it ought

to be the chief delight of his heart. It lay upon a low desk of dark oak, as old, it might be, as the sacred volume itself. It was braced and clasped with plates of graven brass, and fastened to the desk by a chain of the same metal. With an eager hand he turned over the inspired pages, and sought for many a well-known passage. He bent with earnest gaze over the prayer of Solomon, 1 Kings iii. 7,—and his mind caught up from the sacred text those expressions which seemed to suit themselves to his own peculiar position: “I am but a little child—I know not how to go out or come in”—“Give thy servant an understanding heart, that I may discern between good and bad.” And then he turned to the 2nd chapter of Proverbs, the third verse: “If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding: if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures: then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. He layeth up sound wisdom, for the righteous: he is a buckler to them that walk uprightly. He keepeth the paths of judgment, and preserveth the way of His saints. Then shalt thou understand righteousness, and judgment, and

equity ; yea, every good path." And still he turned over the leaves, and stopped to read, and to think, while his inward spirit was alternately raised, or depressed, or softened by the inspired words. But his thoughts and feelings took gradually an upward direction—the direction of prayer, and kneeling before that inspired volume, his hands clasped, his eyes raised towards heaven, he poured out his whole heart in earnest supplication ; and he continued in prayer, unconscious of time, till the gentle voice of his wife at the door, recalled his spirit from its high and reverent communion with his heavenly Father.

He rose up and opened the door, but only to admit his faithful partner, and to close it, as he had done before ; and then again he knelt down, and she knelt beside him, as he commended her and himself to the Lord God, and sought again for grace to strengthen their hearts, and to direct and uphold them in their appointed path. He prayed that they might be like-minded, that all lightness of mind might be taken away from them ; that all high thoughts and imaginations might be brought down ; that they might not, on either side, be a hindrance the one to the other, in their future course, but that they might be humble in heart, watchful and diligent in spirit, single in eye,

instant in prayer, constant in praise and thanksgiving, earnest in everything they undertook, faithful unto death, bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ; prepared at any moment, however short or sudden their summons might be, to render up their account unto the Lord their God.

“There is one,” said the bishop, as his wife stood beside him, gazing upon the portrait which hung over the mantel-piece of the library,—that to which we have already alluded,—“There is one, whose portrait is well placed here, as a remembrance to his successors. I shall love to look upon that grave, mild countenance, and to recall his earnestness of spirit. I shall love to think of him as when he was present here—the living, thinking occupant of this chamber, bringing all the energies of his powerful mind, in the severe exercise of thought, to the patient study of some abstruse and difficult question, till he had mastered and simplified it for himself, and was thus enabled to present the precious truth, for which he had searched, divested of every extraneous and unnecessary encumbrance, and in all its lucid and majestic loveliness, to others. And I shall love still more to think of him as the humble searcher into the pure depths of this one Book, the

message and written word of the living God to His guilty and helpless creatures; and, as praying, deeply conscious of his own personal guilt and helplessness, for more light and more love, and more of that calm and holy self-possession so needed by him who is placed as the overseer among his brethren in the Lord's vineyard. Ah, Lucy," he continued, "if these venerable walls could speak, what facts of intense interest might they not re-echo of what has passed in the seclusion of this apartment! how they might testify of the heart's outpourings, or of its strong wrestlings in prayer, or of its silent contemplations, its seasons of deep depression after close self-examination, or of its joyful thankfulness when the man was led to look out of himself, and unto Jesus, and to rest with a perfect and confiding trust upon Him who has taught us to glory even in our infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon us!"

"There were others," said Lucy, "besides that eminently godly man, whose portrait now looks down upon us—who have also shone as lights in the world: and who, if I am not mistaken, have preceded you in the reponsible charge of this diocese; others, whose saintly lives and heaven-taught wisdom we have often dwelt upon together; a few of that cloud of witnesses

whom you may well regard as remembrancers to you, my husband, when your spirit fails, when your faith wavers, and when your inward temptations are strong; when, indeed, you experience those fears within, and those fightings without, to which one, who has been called of God to the office that you occupy, is peculiarly exposed."

"Yes, and there is one, my own true yoke-fellow," he said, gazing with tender and approving affection upon her; "one tried and faithful friend ever at my side, who continually reminds me of those honorable women of whom mention is so frequently made in the Epistles of Paul; one whom I may speak of as he spake of Phœbe and Priscilla, and 'the beloved Persis,' even as 'a servant of the Church,' and as 'laboring much in the Lord.' The bishop's wife has her appointed place, as well as her husband; and while I thank God that He has given me a godly wife, I heartily pray that He may give you grace to labor with me in this arduous calling. Arduous, indeed," he added, with a saddened and almost depressed expression of countenance, "for let me own to you what I have never spoken before,—that in my secret heart I sometimes fear that I have done wrong in attempting to undertake such an awful charge, and that I shrink

from it with what you might, perhaps, deem a cowardly spirit."

"You are right and yet you are wrong my husband," she replied: "you cannot distrust yourself too much; but, at the same time, it is not possible to place too entire a trust in Him who, having called you to the work, will certainly qualify you for it. You must not yield to fear; you must exercise faith; you must not shrink, but be strong in the Lord, and the power of His might; 'faithful is He who hath called you; and as He implanted it in your heart, when the call came unsolicited and unsought, to accept the office of a bishop, O, never forget those words of inspiriting comfort to the man whose eye is single, and whose aim is the glory of God: 'This is a true saying: if a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work.'"

CHAPTER II.

: Approved of God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of truth."—2 TIM. ii. 15.

ONE spirit seemed to direct and influence the bishop, from the time that he entered upon the duties of his charge. He had studied and he had endeavored to carry out the divine instructions expressed in those remarkable words of the wise man: "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. Put away from thee a froward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee. Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eye-lids look straight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left."¹ His course was straight forward, and his spirit earnest in pressing forward in that course. There was a godly simplicity about his words and actions, which might

¹ Proverbs iv. 23.

seem, at first sight, to betray an unguarded character; but a closer observation showed as plainly to all who were brought into contact with him, that it was the simplicity of wisdom; and that he was one of those noble-minded men, who having considered the way that lay before him, and grasped the difficulties of his course, had made up his mind to meet them, not only with an undaunted spirit, but with a cheerful and confiding temper. He knew where his strength was to be found; and his secret walk was that walk of faith, which enables a man to come out of self, and to look off from self, and to look up steadfastly unto Him who is the Author and Finisher of our faith. Often would he recall the prayer which had been offered up at his consecration, and in which he had joined with his whole heart: "Almighty God, giver of all good things, who by Thy holy Spirit hast appointed divers orders of ministers in Thy Church, mercifully behold this Thy servant, now called to the work and ministry of a bishop; and replenish him so with the truths of Thy doctrine, and adorn him with innocency of life, that both by word and deed he may faithfully serve Thee in this office, to the glory of Thy name, and the edifying and well-governing of Thy Church, through the merits of our Saviour Jesus

Christ, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, world without end, Amen." Deep and fervent had been the tone with which he had pronounced that Amen; and his constant endeavor was to echo and repeat that Amen—not with his lips, but in his life. The fault of his character, while the minister of a country parish, had been, that his graces wore somewhat of a negative aspect, and perhaps in the quiet routine of his secluded sphere, there had been but little to draw them forth; but from the time that he entered upon the office of a bishop, they came out in positive and active energy. He was evidently one to whom God had given the spirit of power, as well of love and soberness.

The bishop soon discovered that he had come to a place where the general character of those with whom he was to be associated was formality and worldliness. The state of our Church at that period in England is now well known. A spirit of slumber had fallen upon most of her members, both among her ministers and her laity. The pride and enmity of the natural heart had been stirred up to its depths, by the bold and godly zeal of two distinguished men, who had been driven from the pale of the Established Church, George Whitfield and John Wesley. They had been

forced into a course, which many wise and good men of more timid minds regarded not only with alarm, but with strong disapprobation; but which God, in His infinite wisdom, overruled for His own glory, causing it to issue in a most remarkable revival of vital religion in this country. Everything that savored of spiritual life and godliness was looked upon, however, by many with distrust and dislike, and stigmatized as fanaticism. Such was especially the case with the upper class of the clergy and laity in the old cathedral city of Z——.

The Bishop of Z—— felt that he had a difficult course to steer, and that skilful and delicate management was needed. Though he knew that boldness and decision were requisite in one who occupied the place of a leader in the Church militant, he remembered also that he was called upon to be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those who opposed themselves. But he had full directions always at hand in the Holy Scriptures, and a pattern of ministerial faithfulness and wisdom in the great Apostle. Much as he admired and enjoyed the writings of those distinguished men, by whose works his library was enriched, and much as he loved to dwell upon the records which they had left of their

thoughts, and which they or others had given of their personal histories ; still, while he felt and confessed, in unaffected humility, his own inferiority to them, he was ever on his guard, lest he should be insensibly drawn away from that only standard of truth which the Lord God has given to man. He was well aware of the tendency of the natural mind, even in the most advanced believers, to dilute or to deteriorate in some degree, the pure, strong doctrine of the Word of God ; and he felt there was that in his own heart, which inclined him to assimilate with that which is of man rather than with that which is of God : therefore, with a holy jealousy, he was ever on the watch to keep close to the source of Divine light, and instant in prayer, that his eyes might be opened to perceive the dimness which gathers over the spiritual atmosphere, the moment we depart from that light, and which increases more and more, the farther we depart from it.

“What has happened?” said Mrs. Temple to her husband. He had joined her in her own sitting room. She was writing at the time he entered. She raised her head, and looked at him with a smile, and laid down her pen as she spoke. “You are writing for the post, I know,” he said, “and a letter of invitation, which must go to-day ; for there will be no foreign

mail, after to-morrow, for the next fortnight. Our beloved pastor Haller will wonder at our silence, and fear that something has happened to one or the other of us, if he does not hear in a few days. He was to arrive at Hanover, I think you told me, on Monday next." "My letter is almost concluded," she replied; "and you will find sweeter discourse in the volume which I have left open on my work-table, than with me. I am charmed with those beautiful hymns of Madame Guyon's; there is too much mysticism about some of them; but the thoughts are exquisite, and there is a grace and tenderness about the style, which is really fascinating. But you will tell me I talk instead of writing; and really, dear Allan, I have seen so little of you for the last few days, that it is quite natural for me to do so."

Her letter was soon finished; but once or twice ere she finished writing, she raised her eyes towards her husband's countenance, and when she had sealed and directed the letter, she sat for some minutes gazing upon him. His eyes were bent towards the volume, but he had not turned over a single leaf; he was deep in some reverie of mournful thoughts; and when he awoke from it, and met her eyes, he sighed so deeply, that she again asked: "What has happened?"

there is some weight upon your spirits, my dear husband. Do tell me what has caused it."

"I have no secrets from you, my Lucy," he said. "I know that I may almost think aloud when alone with you; and I came to you, as I have often done, that we might take what is to me always *sweet* counsel together, and, in doing so, cast off the weight of which you speak; for you are right, I am depressed in spirit, and how could I be otherwise? I have been receiving visits during the last few days from the clergy of this place and neighborhood; and,—I may be mistaken; I hope I am—we must not think too much of first impressions—and yet, how often is the first impression the right one. The dean has been with me, and several of the prebends and others, beneficed clergymen and curates. But—must I own it?—I fear there is not one of those whom I have yet seen, in whom I can discover a spirit of earnestness with regard to the things of God. Every observation that I made was checked, or the one subject which I attempted to introduce turned aside. Some are men of superior intellect; some highly educated; some refined and elegant in manner, gentle, pleasing, courteous; others—a few,—anything but refined, or even gentlemanly: but the impression left upon my mind

by all is, that they are not men of God. But no, I must not judge them ; I may be, I must be, mistaken. I would rather suspend my opinion ; and yet, I cannot describe to you the heaviness of heart which this first meeting with my clergy has left."

There was a pause, for his wife did not speak ; she in her turn was deep in thought, and depressed, as she listened to the account he gave.

In a more cheerful tone, he continued : "' Charity believeth all things, hopeth all things.' Is it not so, Lucy ? Shall not such be the present conclusion to which we ought to come ?"

" There is still another conclusion to which you must come, my husband," she replied gravely ; and then a lovely smile lit up her whole countenance. ' Should these first impressions prove correct, they must bring you often to Him, in whose Word we find it written, ' Is any among you afflicted ? let him pray.' While we can go to Him with our heaviest griefs, Allan—while we can lay the burden that oppresses us at the foot of His cross—while we can pour out our whole heart in prayer and supplication to Him, we may well say, *faith* also believeth all things, hopeth all things. We may safely trust our cause with Him. He loves to see His weak, desponding creatures place

an entire confidence in Him. He hears and answers prayer, especially the prayer of faith."

"He does, indeed, my Lucy! How often have we found it so! How truly may we say, from our own happy experience of His tender kindness, 'This is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us; and if we know that He hear us, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him.' But, come, let us go out. Where is Gertrude? I promised the dear child a drive this afternoon. Will you order the coach? I wish to take you both to a lovely village, which is beyond a walk. There is a good old clergyman at Delford, who was my father's friend in former days. I have received a letter from him, which he began some days ago, but was too unwell to finish till last night. One of his neighbors, an amiable young man, brought it to me. He is better, and well enough to receive us, but, as he writes, too feeble to leave home at present. There, I will leave his letter with you; and in half an hour I shall be ready to accompany you. I had almost forgotten that letter, and the refreshment which it brought to my mind when I read it."

The village of Delford lies among the hills, to the

west of Z——, and a pleasant drive of eight miles brought the party to the abode of the good old pastor. Mr. Ashton had been for fifty years the incumbent of the small living of Delford ; not an uncommon instance of a man of superior attainments and singular piety passing the greater portion of his life unnoticed, and almost neglected, by those who, if they knew the real interest of their Church, and if they were themselves filled with a well-directed zeal for the glory of God, and the extension of his kingdom on earth, would seek out such characters, and invite them to occupy the more important and influential spheres in the ministry. We are well aware that it has pleased God to order the present system of Church patronage, to work often for unexpected good ; and we know that there have been, and still are, many patrons of Church livings sincerely desirous to appoint none but men eminent for godliness to fill their benefices. But it is sad to think, that a large number seem to be swayed only by motives of self-interest or convenience ; and that parishes, filled with immortal and perishing souls, are frequently committed to the charge of those who bear more resemblance to the character of the hireling, than to that of the good shepherd. The possession of Church patronage involves an awful responsibility ; and he

who is mean, or careless enough, to trifle with it, incurs a tremendous risk. On the other hand, the clergyman who puts himself forward to seek Church patronage, and is urgent in his application for one living after another—a too common practice—is very likely to be a most unfit person for the appointment. Mr. Ashton was not one of these. Though a man of elegant manners, and superior attainments, he had been content to remain in the rural village, to which he had been appointed vicar a few years after his ordination. He had never been rich; but, as he said, with a smile that spoke of the thankfulness within his heart, “We have always had enough, not only to meet the expenses of our modest establishment year after year, but to give with a cheerful heart to the necessities of others.”

“That must be the vicarage,” said Gertrude, as a turn in the road brought them within sight of the lovely village, and they entered a broad avenue of stately elms which extended for at least a quarter of a mile. The spire of the village church appeared beyond, rising above a mass of dark evergreens, and backed by a range of lofty hills, which were covered in some places by clusters of spreading trees, and in others presented open spaces of greensward.

“ I see no house,” said Mrs. Temple, “ which I should take to be the vicarage: that to the right, on the margin of the river, is evidently the residence of the miller, whose mill is turned by the stream. Do look, my dear Allan,” she said, “ what a picturesque water-mill? the quaint gables, and the dark wheel, with its sparkling waters and silvery foam, and the vivid green of the grass, contrasting so richly with the peculiar tint of those dark clustering alders, and with that group of grey and quivering aspens—what a study for one of your favorite Flemish painters !”

“ It reminds me,” he replied, “ of that fine *Hobbima* which my brother brought from Flanders. But there, however, is the vicarage,—presenting, just now, a lovelier study than any of my favorite Flemish pictures. That must be the good old clergyman himself, sitting under the shade of the chestnut trees; and that neatest of old ladies by his side, in her black silk gown and white muslin apron, must be his wife; what a lovely sight the group of little girls assembled before him! he is giving them some lesson from the large Bible which is open on his lap, teaching them from God’s own Word, how to go forward in their course through this world, from whence he, as an aged pil-

grim, will perhaps take his departure before they are grown to womanhood."

As they entered the garden-gate of the vicarage, and advanced towards the house, the old clergyman rose up to meet them, and a youth,—whom they had not noticed before, but who had been leaning against one of the old chestnut trees, and listening as attentively as the little children to the instruction of the venerable pastor,—came forward to offer his arm to his grandfather. The old clergyman had risen with difficulty, and was assisted as he walked, by his wife on one side, and by his grandson on the other. He raised his hat from his brow when he recognized the bishop, who returned his greeting with a look and manner of even deeper respect.

"This is very kind, my lord," he said, "and very gratifying to me; for I wished to see you, not only for your own sake, but for that of your worthy father. I should have known you by your likeness to him, though he was a younger man when we last parted, than you are now. You find me almost worn out," he continued, when they had reached the house, and were seated in the low but pleasant parlor of the vicarage, which, from its books and furniture of various descriptions, seemed to serve alike for the

study of the good old pastor, and for the sitting-room of his wife. "But I am wonderfully better and stronger to-day, and the air is deliciously mild, and the lawn so dry, that I begged my kind nurse"—turning his eyes affectionately towards his wife as he spoke—"to let me pass an hour in the open air, that I might endeavor to obey once more that command of the good Shepherd, 'Feed my lambs!'"

"You will doubtless tell me," replied the bishop, "that you find the catechizing both of children and of their elders the best means of preparing them for the instruction of the pulpit. I think I have heard that you have often recommended the practice."

"I have pursued it with great advantage," he replied, "for the last thirty years or more; and, so far as human efforts can avail, I speak from my own experience in saying, that I deem the practice almost indispensable—if we would look for fruit from our preaching. You are probably as well aware as myself, of the almost incredible ignorance of many of our hearers, with regard to the common rudiments of scriptural truth; no one who has not questioned and catechized them, would be able to form a conception of it. I honor preaching, as the great, the chief ordinance of our Blessed Lord, for the rescuing of lost

souls, and winning them to Him ; and I hold the office of the preacher to be the highest under heaven, that is, if he make Jesus Christ and Him crucified, what the Scriptures of God have made Him, the sun of his whole system, irradiating every separate part, and illuminating the whole. Without this, the finest oration of the most gifted preacher, is but the darkened exercise of a darkened mind. I honor preaching ; but I was taught by experience, after I had served many years in the ministry, that if I would look to be a successful preacher in the pulpit, I must become first a pains-taking teacher out of it ; I must inform myself personally of the ignorance of my hearers, and, by the plainest and most familiar teaching and questioning, endeavor to make them acquainted with the sublime truths of the Gospel ; and thus, my lord, I set to work to collect here and there a little class of grown-up persons, or of children—the sheep and lambs of my flock ; and I prayed for patience, and for wisdom, and for faith, whenever I applied myself to the task of striving to make them exercise their minds, in thinking upon, and understanding the meaning of what seemed to myself the plainest matters, subjects which no one could well fail to understand, but which I soon found they neither understood,

nor cared to understand. It was at first hard work ; for it was a tedious trial to an ardent and impatient spirit, as mine then was : it troubled and it wearied me to go over and over the same ground, only to find, after a long season of toilsome labor, that, as it seemed to me, little or nothing was done ; but I was enabled to make it a work of faith, and a labor of love, and a subject of prayer—prayer as unceasing as the work ; and He who, in His good providence, blesses the toil of the laborer in the common field, was graciously pleased to bless my spiritual husbandry. This I have been permitted to see ; my addresses from the pulpit soon began to tell upon my people as they had never done before, and though many have remained unchanged and unblessed under my preaching—for we have but to do our work, and to leave the issue to our gracious God—still, can I bear my testimony, at the end of my long pilgrimage, to the deeply gratifying fact, that the more earnestly and diligently we labor, the more abundantly He seems to own and bless our labors.”

The old man stopped, and though his glance caught the fixed look of earnest attention on the Bishop's expressive features, the color glowed deeply on his own pale countenance.

“Pardon me, my lord,” he said meekly, “I have been forgetting myself in thus talking upon a favorite topic; old age, they say, is garrulous, and I have proved it to be so.”

“You have only proved to me,” replied the Bishop, —and his tone and manner expressed, even more plainly than his words, the deep respect and the admiring affection that he felt for the venerable pastor—“how much more fitted I am to sit a learner at your feet, than to occupy the place of an overseer over you and your flock.”

“No,” said the old man, with a sweet gravity, “we are both, my dear and honored Bishop, where God has placed us. I believe that He has called you to the office of a bishop, and I, in my own more humble calling, am contented, nay, rejoicing, in my place; for He has appointed it. You have, I trust, a bright path of usefulness open before you; and while you walk in close communion with Him, and wait in watchfulness and prayer upon Him, He will, I am assured, enrich you with every qualification you may need. Mine is a still brighter path; for the shining light is growing more and more unto the perfect day, and through His precious blood, and by His free and sovereign grace, I am about to enter into the unveiled

glory of His presence. Yes," he murmured, almost in a whisper, as if addressing himself to the unseen Being, whose presence he was evidently realizing, "I have waited for Thy salvation."

In the short pause which succeeded, sounds were heard, which caught the attention of the two speakers—the sounds of sweet voices singing without.

"It is a favorite hymn of my children's," said the old man; "but," he added, after listening a little while, "there is another voice, of more power, and of greater sweetness than any there: what a charming voice! It can be no other than your gentle daughter's, my lord."

"She is with them, I have no doubt," replied the Bishop. "She looked towards your little class with delight when we entered the garden. Dear child! she misses her school at Springhurst, and has not yet had time to begin another at Z——. As we came into the house, she whispered to me that she should go and make acquaintance with your little girls. She knows the hymn, and sang it often with her own school children.

Come and sing! oh, let us sing!
Let us all our voices raise!
Like the merry birds in spring,
Singing songs of love and praise!

Let us sing! the angels sing,
High above the cloudless sky,
Where they see their Heavenly King
In his holy majesty.

Let us sing! the children sung,
When to Zion Jesus rode;
And the stately temple rung
With hosannas to their God.

Let us sing! rejoice, rejoice!
Jesus listens while we sing!
Jesus loves an infant's voice,
And the praises children bring!

Let us sing our hymns below!
Sing at morn, at noon, at even;
Till, through Jesus Christ, we go,
Sweeter songs to sing in heaven.

“Shall we join that happy little party?” said the Bishop; “but pardon me, dear sir, I had forgotten; the exertion would be too much for you.”

“No, indeed,” he replied; “I feel that it would do me good. I love the open air, and, with your lordship’s arm, I am sure I may venture. This visit, this kind visit, has done me good; I shall feel the benefit of it when you are gone, and hope that sometimes it may be repeated. I have had a weight upon my spirits of late, owing to my want of faith. But the trial is good for me. We talk of faith, and think that we possess it, but when the time comes in

which it should be called into exercise, we find fear in the place where it should be."

They came to the spot where the children were singing, with Gertrude in the midst of them, and waited in silence till the hymn was concluded. The children were dispersing, when Mrs. Temple and Mrs. Ashton appeared, coming forth from a walk over-arched with honeysuckles and roses.

"Your dear lady gives me reason to hope," said Mrs. Ashton, as they joined them, addressing herself to the bishop, "that you will kindly accept the hospitality we would offer you, and take tea with us. The weather is so warm, that you will find the drive pleasanter in the cool of the evening than at this hour." The invitation was readily accepted.

"You shall let me leave you, however, for half an hour," said the bishop to Mr. Ashton, who feared lest the excitement of their presence might prove too fatiguing for the aged invalid; "I should like to see your church; and perhaps I may ask for your grandson as my guide."

Mr. Ashton seemed to be pleased by the proposal; but looking round he said: "I know not where to find him. Herbert is not apt to be out of sight, for

since my illness, he has seldom quitted my side. Poor boy, I shall sadly miss him !”

“He is near at hand,” said Mrs. Ashton, “I will send him to you instantly. He is no further off than the kitchen garden, where he went at my desire to gather a basket of strawberries :” and the old lady hastened away to seek him.

The bishop had been struck by the fine countenance of the young man, and by the unaffected modesty of his demeanor ; but he was still more pleased when he came to converse with him during their short absence from the rest of the party. There was an open and ingenuous expression, and, at the same time, a quiet and manly propriety about him—indications of a character that cannot well be mistaken. He had been brought up from his infancy by his grandfather, and he had been left, the only son of a widowed mother, to his care. He was then in deep mourning, for his mother had been taken from them only a few months before. She had been the delight of her parents and of her child. Her strength of mind and unvaried cheerfulness, had enabled her to exercise the happiest influence on all around her ; and when she was taken from them, after the sudden

illness of one short week, they felt that they had depended too much upon a human friend.

“We needed this lesson,” the old man said to her weeping mother and her son; “and hereafter we shall know, and we shall own, the divine compassion of a dispensation, which now comes down so heavily upon us, that our hearts are almost crushed beneath it. She has been, although we knew it not, an idol in this household; and the Lord has taken her to Himself, and, in the blank and the silence of that void which she has left, we must listen to His voice. He whispers, ‘Lean on me; I must be all in all to those who love and follow me.’”

But though the good old clergyman was enabled to speak thus, and to point out to them and to himself the wisdom and the mercy of his Heavenly Father’s rod, he had almost sunk beneath the blow, and his illness had commenced soon after her funeral. Up to that period, though gradually failing, from the natural infirmity of advanced age, he had scarcely known a day’s illness through his long life.

The bishop and his young companion entered the church-yard; and, as they walked onward to the church door, once or twice he stopped to read the inscriptions on the tomb-stones which were nearest

to the path. They were unlike the epitaphs that are commonly met with in a country church-yard; and he learnt, on expressing his opinion on the subject, that the aged vicar had established it as a rule among his flock, that no inscription should be placed over the grave of a departed relative, which had not been first submitted to his approval. They were, indeed, mostly chosen or written by himself, and were usually some simple but striking verse of Holy Scripture.

They stopped at the church door while the youth unlocked it.

“Was this a near relation?” said the bishop, as his eyes rested for a moment on a plain marble tablet upon the wall of the church; but he checked himself in what he felt to be an unguarded inquiry.

The altered tone of his companion’s voice, the tears that rose suddenly to his eyes, as he replied, “It is placed to mark my mother’s grave,” showed how deeply he had felt her loss.

The bishop did not turn the conversation. “I do not ask you to forgive me for an unguarded question; you know I would not hurt your feelings,” he said, as he affectionately pressed his hand. “Come and sit down beside me,” he added, when they had entered the church, “and speak to me of your mother.

I see from the inscription that a year has not yet passed since she was taken from you ; and I am sure, from the few words of Holy Scripture which are inscribed beneath her name, that she was one of whom her son can speak, even when sorrowing, with rejoicing." They were the few well-known words of the Apostle—his own blessed experience—

“ TO ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST, TO DIE IS GAIN.”

“And now,” he afterwards said, “that you have spoken to me about your mother, tell me something of yourself, of your future prospects, of your hopes and wishes.”

“We are poor,” replied the youth, “and my grandfather has little to depend on, beyond the income of his living, which is small. I have a trifling annuity, which was settled on my mother and on me, for our lives ; but should my grandfather be the first to die, then she of whom we both think more than of ourselves, would be left in utter destitution. I cannot, therefore, touch any portion of that money ; and after some affectionate opposition on her part, and because she saw that I could not be happy if she did not consent to my request, my dear grandmother has agreed to receive it, should she be the survivor.”

“And what are your future plans?” asked the bishop.

“My father,” he replied, “had a cousin in London, to whom he showed much kindness during his lifetime. He is a thriving tradesman now, in a wholesale business in the City. I wrote to him, to ask for some employment in his establishment; and about a week since I received his reply. He can give me a place which, in the eyes of the world, would be deemed a humble one, and which, I fear, I regarded at first as degradation; but I thought of a maxim of my mother’s, that no office, however lowly, can degrade an upright man, and no rank, however lofty, can exalt an ignoble one. There is another situation open to me, more to my liking, but in which I see but little prospect of my being able to realise anything like an honorable independence,—the place of usher in the large school at Notley. I believe, therefore, it is decided that, in the course of a few weeks, I shall go up to London, to enter into the service of my kind-hearted cousin.”

“You have not told me of your wishes,” said the bishop; “you need not hesitate to speak to me without reserve; I feel the interest of a sincere friend for you,—not only for the sake of your honored

grandfather, but for your own. Tell me your wishes."

"I had made up my mind not to think of them," said the youth gravely; "and I have long ceased to speak to any one on the subject. No illusion is now ever made to it at the vicarage; but your kindness demands a reply. I had hoped to enter the ministry of our Church; and not long before my mother's death, my going up to Cambridge, as a sizer, was talked about. I did not then know how humble our means were; but I have since learned that my dear mother had arranged to receive, as her pupils, two little girls,—the daughters of a gentleman in this neighborhood,—and to devote the sum she was to receive yearly, to my college expenses. Divine Providence has ordered it otherwise."

"Your education, then," said the bishop, "was with a view to the Church?"

"Yes," replied Herbert; "if, at the expiration of my college life, it appeared that my call was plain, and my qualifications suitable,—not otherwise."

"May God bless, and continue to direct you, my dear young friend," said the bishop. "Circumstanced as you at present are, I fully concur with you, that you have made the right decision; you are right,

too,—quite right,—in giving up your little income to your aged grandmother. But we are outstaying our time,” he said, rising; “the party at the vicarage will wonder what has kept us away so long; I had forgotten that the errand on which I came hither, was to look round this beautiful church. A glance tells me how much there is, in its simple architecture, to admire,—but I can easily come again. Tell me, however, what tombs are those? There is a row of them, it seems, under the wall of the north aisle.”

“They are the tombs of the C—— family,” said Herbert. “The late duke was buried here about five years ago.”

“Steeplyn is not in this parish, is it?” said the bishop.

“It is, my lord. The mansion itself lies in the valley on the other side of the hills which rise above the village; but the north lodge is not many hundred yards from the church.”

“And that fine park-like demesne, which I noticed as we approached the village?”—

“Is the park itself; or rather, part of it,” replied Herbert. “It extends over the whole range of those hills; but the finest portion of it, which we do not see, is on the other side, and in the valley where the house

stands. The family," he continued, "have not resided much at Steeplyn lately. The late duke lived chiefly abroad; but the place has always been kept up in beautiful order. The present owner is expected in the course of the summer; and the workmen are now in the house, making some alterations, and preparing the place for his reception."

They found the ladies and the old clergyman, as they had anticipated, wondering at their absence, and awaiting their return in the little dining-room. The old lady, with Mrs. Temple at her side, was presiding at a small and curiously-carved round table, set out with her equipage of very small cups and saucers of fine old china, and her best tea-pot and cream-jug of chased silver. Gertrude was busy at another table, which was spread over with a damask table-cloth of snowy whiteness. She was attending to the directions of the good old clergyman, and filling the old china plates with strawberries,—two large dishes of which were near her. The room was perfumed with the fresh and fragrant fruit.

"We have but humble fare to offer you, my lord," said the old lady, rising as the bishop entered; "the produce of our garden and our little farm."

"I should rather call them," said the bishop,

smiling, "the most grateful luxuries that you can set before me on a Summer evening."

The luxuries, as the bishop called them, were worthy of the name, though of the simplest kind; not only the heaped-up dishes of the freshly-gathered strawberries, but the bowl of rich cream, the delicate loaves of white and brown bread, the butter of a golden yellowness in sparkling water, and the virgin honey. But that which was chiefly remarkable, and gave a kind of embellishment to the whole, was the exquisite and delicate neatness of everything, and the unaffected sweetness of the manners of their host and hostess.

"You are silent, my child," said the bishop to his daughter. They were returning to Z—, and the carriage had proceeded some little way before any of the party spoke.

"I was thinking over our delightful day," said Gertrude. "You have enjoyed your visit, have you not, dear father?"

"I have, indeed," he replied. "I can truly say, it has been cheering and refreshing in no slight measure to me. The domestic scene of that good old clergyman's household, is a lovely picture of heartfelt, simple piety. The riches and luxuries of the world have not contributed to adorn that humble home; but

where could we find a more genuine spirit of hospitality? and what a plain and quiet elegance distinguished every one, and everything we saw!—the manners of the aged pastor and his wife and grandson, the order and delicate neatness of their house and table, nay, even of their dress; and, above all, what a spirit of heavenly piety breathed in their looks and conversation! They have drunk deeply of the cup of human sorrow, and that not long ago; but how apparent it is that they did not sorrow as those who have no hope! The Divine Comforter is ever with them, and that peace which passeth all understanding, has been given as an especial treasure to their hearts.”

“ You allude, I suppose,” said Mrs. Temple, “ when speaking of that grief, which has cast a touching sadness over the little household, to the death of Herbert’s mother? I have heard the whole story from the dear old lady, whose heart seemed to open to me as we walked together up and down the broad path, over-arched with roses and honeysuckles, forming a continued bower. I happened to express my admiration of its peculiarly elegant construction, and its delightful shade: ‘ it was the work of her,’ she said, ‘ whose departure from among us, has left a blank which never can be filled. She was our only child,’

she added, 'and the widowed mother of that poor boy. Never was there a more lovely creature, nor a more duteous and affectionate child than she was to her parents. My dear husband says, we had learned to lean too much upon her, and to look to her, in our old age, for everything; but, though I seldom differ from him, I tell him that I am sure it was not so. We only leaned upon her as the prop which God, upon whom we really leaned, had given us; and we only looked to her, as the medium through whom our blessed Lord, to whom alone we look for every thing, was pleased to dispense the blessings of His providence to us.'

"There was a delicate and tender discrimination in the spirituality of these remarks, and an elevation of thought, which convinced me the speaker was one of no common mind. And, for my part, I felt that I had met with one whose friendship I should feel it a privilege to possess, and from whose counsel and example I may learn much. And thus I secretly rejoiced when I found how disposed she was to speak to me of the troubles and the difficulties in their path; and by the sympathy that I showed, I drew out, as I desired, all her confidence. Once or twice her voice faltered, and she wiped away the quiet tears that trickled over her face; but with the tenderness of a mother speak-

ing to her child, and with a charming frankness, she said at last, 'I may thank God for this visit: strange as it may seem, there is at times an expression in your countenance, and even a tone in your voice, that recalls my departed child to my mind: perhaps I am mistaken, perhaps it is only the kindness of that expression, and the soothing tones of your voice; for I have no one to speak to here. I cannot add to the distress of my husband's mind, ill as he is, by alluding to anxiety of any kind, and poor Herbert has enough to trouble him just now. I can speak to you without restraint, and relieve my heart in some measure of its burden.' She then spoke much of her daughter, but I observed that she said no more of her grandson; and it was only by questioning her, that I learned the poor youth is about to leave them; and that he is to begin his course in the world in a very different path from that originally marked out for him; for all their plans and hopes have been frustrated by the death of his mother. I shall talk to you more on this subject, however, my dear Allan, another time. I have plans, which perhaps you might call visions, in my head, which must be considered and made a subject of prayer for Divine direction, before I propose them to you."

“And I, perhaps,” said her husband, smiling, and with a look of approving affection; “I, perhaps, my own Lucy, know as much and more than you can tell me of that noble youth; and I may have also plans, which I trust are not visionary, but which require serious thought and prayer, and time, and further acquaintance with Herbert, to mature them. You shall guess my plans, and I will guess yours, though I suspect the riddle will be one so easy that the first words on either side will unravel it. One thing, however, I promise you, that I shall speak to no one on the subject till I have taken counsel with the wisest and the sweetest friend I have. But, my dear Gertrude,” he added, turning to his daughter, “you do not speak, though my first question was put to you: you are, as usual, silent.”

“Could I speak?” she replied; “could I be otherwise than a silent and delighted listener to the conversation of my mother and yourself? I have been thinking of nothing else but the inmates of the vicarage since we parted with them.”

“You have, then, enjoyed your visit, my dear child?” repeated her father.

“Enjoyed it!” said Gertrude, “as much, dear father, as a bird, lately caught and shut up in a grand

and ornamented cage, would rejoice to find itself again among the waving branches and the green leaves of Spring, with its wings set free, and the blue sky above, and the fresh grass beneath. Not that I would call the fine old palace of Z—— a cage, or myself a pining prisoner there; but I like Springhurst much better than Z——, and Delford is a country village like the happy home of my childhood. You like the country, too, father; and I am sure you do, dear mother?"

"Oh, yes, as much as you do, Gertrude," said her father, playfully, "though I did not feel like a bird, but rather like a camel, which, while toiling along through a wilderness, had come to a green oasis on his weary way, where his girths were loosened, and his burthen lifted from his back for awhile."

"And the similitude used is far better than mine," said Gertrude, with a low voice, as if speaking partly to herself; "for the camel kneels down to be relieved of its burden; and when we all kneeled down before we parted, and you commended the little assembly to the Lord our God, I am sure, from the words of your prayer, and the very tones of your voice, that if there had been a burden on your spirit before, it was then removed."

“ You are right, my darling child. But the image of the kneeling camel is your own. It had not suggested itself to me. We need not go into the country, however, to get rid of the burdens that we bear from want of faith and weariness in the course which we are appointed to take in this God-forgetting world. Always, and in every place, we may find a throne of grace, and hear the voice of invitation from that gentle, gracious Saviour, who has said : “ Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls ; for my yoke is easy and my burden is light.’ Still, dear Gertrude, a household circle like that which we have found in the quiet parsonage, and the lovely village of Delford, is a place where the wearied spirit may well find refreshment and repose. But you did remind me of a happy disimprisoned bird, when I saw your bright looks and heard your clear voice rising up among the sweet voices of the children, while you were all singing your favorite hymn ; and I knew that you were, at least in spirit, again in Springhurst, in the midst of the dear children you have left behind you there.”

“ Dear mother,” said Gertrude, after a short pause,

"I think the good old lady is right,—you are like her daughter. Did you look at that picture, the only one in their large sitting-room? Mr. Ashton saw that my eyes were fixed upon it, when I was alone with him for a short time, during your absence, father, with his grandson. I was looking at it; but I had asked no questions about it. 'It is a fine painting,' he said, 'by an artist, who is now, I hear, esteemed the first painter of his day; it was painted many years ago, before he had attained his present high reputation. His name is Reynolds, now, I believe, Sir Joshua Reynolds. We value the picture, however, not for its fine execution, but because it is the most striking likeness possible of our dear child,—one lately taken from us, and now with God."

"I should rejoice to be like the good old lady," said Mrs. Temple. "I have seldom seen such real refinement in any one: I speak, of course, of that which is alone worthy of the name; not merely of her natural delicacy of taste and character, but of the finishing grace of the spiritual mind, refining all that is naturally feminine and gentle."

"She is a lovely old lady," said the bishop; "that clearness of complexion is beautiful in an old person; and the quiet simplicity of her dress, in these days of

foolish finery, is in keeping with the character of the wearer. And your remark applies not only to herself, but partly to her husband and grandson, even to their servants:—to speak as a painter, I should say, that the keeping of the whole household is admirable. We do not, in general, study this point as we ought to do: but how much of character often peeps out in the style of dress, and in the very furniture of the room. To speak of other subjects," he continued, "I hear that we are likely to have a grand neighbor come among us in the course of the Summer. I was not aware, till to-day, that Steeplyn is so near, and that the beautiful hills we admired on entering the village of Delford are part of the park."

"And I am so ignorant," said Lucy, "as not to know to whom Steeplyn belongs. I suppose it is a grand house in a park, the property of some great personage?"

"No other," replied the bishop, "than the celebrated Duke of C——, who was some years ago one of the most literary and elegant wits of the court."

"And whose wife," rejoined Lucy— "for now I know all about it—was a maid of honor like myself, and, in my thoughtless days, my especial friend, the very beautiful and highly accomplished Mary Egerton,

as witty, I suspect, as her husband ; but with all her faults—for she had many, and did not care to hide them—a truly kind-hearted and affectionate creature. So, she is coming to be our neighbor. I confess to you, my dear Allan, much as I used to like her, I rather dread a renewal of anything like our former intimacy ; for she has a strangely taking way with her—at least, she had. But who can tell what she may now be ? He who has graciously wrought a wondrous change as to principle and aim, in one at that time so giddy as myself, may have extended the same distinguishing mercy to her ; and, even if such is not the case, age must have sobered down many parts of her character. I shall be almost glad if she should prove too grand, in her present high position, to remember our former intimacy, or to take much notice of me.”

“Has she children, mother ?” inquired Gertrude.

“I mean, has she daughters ?”

“Really, my dear child, I can tell you nothing about her. You now know as much as I do ; for I have told you all I know.”

CHAPTER III.

“To be spiritually-minded is life and peace.”—Rom. viii. 8.

“MOTHER,” said Gertrude, after a long silence, “I have been thinking of a remark of my father’s. ‘It is a sign,’ he said, ‘of the state to which man has been brought by the fall, that we should be discontented with our actual condition, and praise the past, at the expense of the present.’ How true it is, and how foolish! for we often throw away opportunities of enjoyment, by pining lamentations for what, in fact, we scarcely valued when we had it.”

“And yet,” said Mrs. Temple, “when that past was the present, we doubtless made the same complaint: and thus life itself may glide away, and many a golden hour be lost, and happiness be marred, not by the interference of others, but by our own perverseness.”

“I felt, mother,” said Gertrude, “that the remark

applied to myself. I might have been happy with the present, at Delford, without lamenting the past, at Springhurst; and I know that I may be happy here, if I am not so thoughtless and so thankless as to let the present slip, while looking back and longing for the past. What a pleasant room this is, mother; and what happy mornings we have already passed in it together!"

"It is, Gertrude; and there is much of the charm of country about it. The broad and shining river, seen through the lofty trees; and the beautiful landscape beyond, backed by the blue and distant hills—these form as fine a prospect as we could wish for anywhere. I admire, however, the quiet and almost sober character of the room itself, and of its old-fashioned furniture. There are more modern rooms in this large house, which were preferred by its former tenants; but I chose this for our morning sitting-room, because here we can always breathe pure country air, and there are few disturbing sounds from without, except, indeed, the cawing of the rooks in the old trees, and the fine deep tones of the cathedral chimes."

"And those are not disturbing sounds, mother," said Gertrude.

“No, they are rather delightful than disturbing, Gertrude; the cawing of the rooks brings many a pleasant association of by-gone times along with it; and we ought to feel thankful to God, I often think, to be reminded, as by those cathedral chimes, that time, most precious time, is passing away, while we are too forgetful of its lapse, and of that space which is becoming more and more diminished, while those unheeded hours are added to the number lost to us for ever. Dear child, the time is short, yes, even to yourself, upon whom life is as yet but an opening vista, peopled, perhaps, with visions of hope and pleasure. I often wish, when I look upon you, that I were able to give you some of that wisdom which I myself have been constrained to learn, from my experience of the past; and I am glad,” she continued, “to take this early opportunity of speaking to you on a subject which has lately much occupied my mind. We have come into a new world, and have to move in a sphere beset with difficulties, of which we should have known little, had we continued at Springhurst. We must at times enter into more society; and, though you are at present too young to do so, yet the time will soon come when you will be obliged to accompany your father and myself. This, however,

is our rule, the only one which we desire to be guided by: 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.' These are solemn words; and I pray that they may be words of weight and power to every member of this household. One thing I have learnt, and I hope that you will learn it also, my Gertrude, that the farther we depart from the plain directions of Scripture, the more we must involve ourselves in perplexity and danger. I trust that you and I may take a high estimate of the course required in the wife and daughter of one occupying your father's position, and that we may be on our guard lest in any way we injure his usefulness, by lightness of mind, or inconsistency of conduct. Dear child, I do not wish to lecture you; and I fear that what I am now saying, may be too much like a lecture."

She stopped; but Gertrude raised her head, which had been bent over her work before. "My own dear mother," she said, her whole countenance beaming with an ingenuous expression of affection and admiration, "was there anything in my face that caused you to stop so suddenly? Do not call your sweet counsel a lecture; or call it what you will, for I only

know how much I love to hear such counsel, how earnestly I desire to follow it. You tell me I am often silent; and I fear that I too often appear insensible when I am feeling most deeply. But I cannot tell you how thankful I am for the turn that our conversation has taken this morning. I have been thinking much of what you said about the friend of your youth, who is now of such high rank; and I could not but feel how much more blessed is the state of such an one as Mrs. Ashton, notwithstanding all her trials, and all her sorrows."

"But we are perhaps too hasty," said Mrs. Temple, "in taking it for granted that the duchess is not a religious character. God leads us all by ways that we know not; and it may be that we shall find in her a woman of exalted piety. I remember hearing her name, with that of many other women of high rank, as accepting the invitations of good Lady Huntingdon to her religious meetings. It must be confessed, that the old Duchess of Marlborough, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague, were also of the party; so, much cannot be gathered from that circumstance. Shall I resume my lecture, Gertrude?"

Gertrude rose from her place, and seating herself on a low stool at her mother's feet, and resting her

arm upon her lap, she said, as she looked up into her mother's face, "Yes, dearest mother, speak to me as you used to do when I was a little child, and when, if you remember, I was always glad to leave my playthings, and to come and sit as I now do, and hear the beautiful things you used to tell me."

"I would return to what I was saying, and may God graciously impress it upon you, my sweet one," said her mother playfully, and bending down over her child with all the fond delight of a mother's tenderness, while she pressed her lips to the soft cheek of her daughter, and passed her hand caressingly over her head. "I would have you so far depart from common custom, as to turn to account for yourself, the experience that I have acquired, during my comparatively long life, of what the world really is, instead of waiting to get wisdom from your own dearly bought experience. You know that I would not deceive you; and I am only following the example of our blessed Lord, and repeating his own words, when I tell you that, notwithstanding all the endeavors of the people of the world to pervert the truth, or to gloss over the fact, the gate and the way which lead to life eternal are strait and narrow. During the course of your life, you will find that, if

you would be true and faithful to God, you will have to meet with frequent difficulties and temptations, as opposite in character, as they are countless in number. You must endeavor, therefore, to keep in memory that great promise: 'Thine ears shalt hear a word behind thee, saying this is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.'"

"Dear mother," said Gertrude, still leaning her arm upon her mother's knee, and fixing her eyes earnestly upon her countenance, "how would you explain this passage?"

"First tell me, dear child," she replied, "your own view regarding it?"

"I think it means," she said, thoughtfully, "that we ought, by diligent searching, first to store our minds and memories with the treasures of holy Scripture, and having done so, and continuing to do so, then to be instant in prayer for the Holy Spirit, that when a time of temptation or perplexity arises, the word that we need,—the word of direction as to our course,—may present itself to the mind. This we know is the especial office of the Holy Spirit, of whom our Lord has said: 'He shall bring all things

to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you.’”

“Those words, my Gertrude, were addressed especially to the Apostles, by our Lord; but I do not see why we may not also receive them as written for our own instruction. But I like your explanation; and whether it be the correct one or not, such a faith and such a confidence cannot be displeasing to our gracious Lord. Assuredly the word that we shall hear, according to that promise, must be some word already transcribed in the one and only revelation to man, of the mind of God. And, as it is with regard to the great principles of Scripture truth, that they should be so stored in the mind as to be ever at hand to be called forth into exercise when wanted; surely it should be the same with regard to every portion of God’s word; for nothing is written for our learning, which may not at some time or other be called forth to bear upon our practice.”

Gertrude was very grave and very silent for some minutes. She seemed deep in thought; and then a smile gradually lighted up her whole countenance.

“Dearest, dearest mother,” she said, “where shall I ever find such happiness as in following your sweet

counsel? I also can speak of my experience. The more entirely I have trusted you, the more implicitly I have obeyed you, the more I have always known of true happiness. Yes, it has been always thus. And now I am sure you are right in all that you have said about the world. Happily for me, I have seen at present but little of its votaries and its ways; but, from the little I have seen or heard, I cannot help thinking that its pleasures must be as wearying as its cares. Still, I suppose, mother, there must be enjoyment of some kind or other about the pleasures of the world; or why, not only in the Scriptures, but in our Prayer Book, should we find so many cautions and warnings on the subject. And yet, I am perhaps unable to form an opinion. Those who have been led, even from childhood, to drink at crystal springs, may have no taste for stagnant pools. Is it not so, dear mother?"

"Yes, my child, it is so; you are right. As I told you before, I, who have mingled in the follies and dissipations of the world, can answer your question better than one who has never done so. I can tell you, from my own experience, that the things I once esteemed, I now despise, and that the amusements I once loved, I have long since lost all taste for. You may safely

take me at my word, that not only 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and our Father,' but pure enjoyment, is this, 'to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world.'"

"I remember, when I was a child," said Gertrude, "that dear Ferdinand gave you an account, which I listened to with much interest, of a young lady, a relation of his mother's, whom he had seen abroad. Every one, he said, was talking of her heavenly piety; but she was about to leave her parents, whose only child she was, to enter a convent and become a nun. Her poor mother, whose health was very delicate, was almost heart-broken; and my aunt, Ferdinand's mother, endeavored to convince the young lady that there was no occasion for her to leave the sphere in which God had placed her, in order to devote herself to His service elsewhere. She had pointed out to her, that it was possible to be even more truly devoted to God in fulfilling with His gracious aid, the every-day duties of her own calling, as an affectionate and dutiful child, attending upon her sick mother, and making her father's house pleasant to him, than in leaving them for ever to shut herself up in a convent. Whether my aunt's persuasions were successful, Ferdinand could

not tell; but I remember he said that Mr. Basil de Lyle, his mother's uncle, had been extremely displeased by her interference."

"I remember Ferdinand's account," said Mrs. Temple; "and I remember thinking at the time of my own notions, some years before, on retirement from the world. Though a Protestant, or bearing the name of one, I had always identified retirement from the world with a convent or a hermitage; and believed that those who thought it necessary, though on mistaken principles, thus to retire from worldly society, and to devote themselves to a religious life, were the only persons who, if sincere, really gave themselves up to God. I have since learnt that our own calling is our sphere of duty, and that the holiest followers of our blessed Lord, are those whose lives are conformed to the words of His prayer: 'I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil. They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.'"¹

A light tap at the door of the room interrupted the conversation.

"Ah! is it you, Jenny?" said Mrs. Temple, as the old and faithful servant obeyed the summons to

¹ John xvii. 15, 16.

enter. "What is your errand? for I see that you have something to say."

Jenny, as may be remembered from the mention of her in the former part of this narrative, had been the old and faithful servant of Lady Vernon; and, after her death, had formed part of the household at Springhurst. Gertrude had been, from her infancy, her peculiar charge. Jenny had come with a message from a poor old blind woman in the alms-houses at the back of the Close.

"It is poor old Margery, madam," she said, "whom I have gone constantly with Miss Gertrude to visit since we came to Z——. Though she has been very ill, we thought her better yesterday; but I have just found her in a dying state. She was taken worse about daybreak; and her neighbor tells me she has hardly spoken since. But she knew my voice when I went up to her bed-side, and asked for Miss Gertrude, thinking she was with me. The doctor came while I was there, and told me she would probably sink before many hours were over. She said something about the beautiful Scripture you were reading yesterday, Miss Gertrude. She addressed you by name, not being able to see you were not there, and said, 'read it again, let me hear it again.'"

“Shall I go to her, dear mother?” said Gertrude, quickly rising from her seat.

“Go at once, dear child,” said Mrs. Temple: “I would not have you lose a moment.”

She was following with her eyes the receding form of Gertrude, and the door had scarcely closed upon her, when the bishop entered by an opposite door.

“You are deep in thought, Lucy,” he said, “and your eyes are fixed on some beloved object.”

“I was thinking of her,” she replied, “who has just left me; and my heart was not only filled with yearning affection towards her, but with thankfulness to God, for giving us such a child as Gertrude. We have often agreed that, when a little child, her loving obedience and her perfect confidence were most remarkable; and now that she is growing up to womanhood, I find from every conversation we have together, that she is more than fulfilling the bright promises of her childhood. She is a more intelligent and thoughtful being, a more firm and established character; but she is still the same simple, loving child—one, it appears to me, of God’s own lovely children, guileless and humble and confiding—wise concerning that which is good, and simple concerning evil. Did I not love her with all a mother’s fondness,”

she continued, "I should still regard her character with intense interest. I may be wrong in saying so, but she appears to me one of those instances so rarely met with—a child of God, almost from her birth—one who has been a subject of the Holy Spirit's regenerating influence, even from that early period. Born, as she was, after a season of agonizing trial to us both, the child of many prayers, as well as of many tears, the disposition of her mind seems to have been impressed from the first with somewhat of the same character. A tender seriousness gave a peculiar expression to her infantine countenance, and yet she was never sad; and there was always about her voice a tone of touching sweetness, which partakes of the same spirit. We never had occasion to chide her sharply; a look, hardly so much of displeasure as of sorrow, always melted her to tears: and you have often told me with what delight you observed the first awakening of her mind to the understanding of the sublime but simple truths of Holy Scripture."

"Yes," he replied, "it was only a few days since, when, on coming to me in my study, to consult me about the class of little children she has collected, that Gertrude told me, one of her chief reasons for wishing to instruct them was, that, speaking from

her own experience, she knew that the Word of God won its way with a peculiar power into an infant's heart. Other subjects were forgotten, and passed away, she said, but that Divine Word was an abiding word. And she told me of the deep and lasting impression made upon her own mind by those portions of Holy Scripture which we had first read to her. We, have, indeed, in her a proof that we can scarcely begin too early to instruct a child in the knowledge of that Saviour, to whose service it has been dedicated at its baptism; though that surely would not be the first time, for godly parents offer their child, as soon as they receive the gift, to Him Who gave it. There is, as we have seen in this lovely child, a character about the mind, before it has received the influences of outward things, which enables it to receive impressions from the Word of God with an effect which it may never possess in after years. I do indeed agree with all that you have said about our sweet Gertrude," he continued. "The Lord has enriched her with His blessing, and adorned her with the loveliest feminine grace, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in His sight of great price. Happy are the parents of such a child!"

CHAPTER IV.

“Neither as being lords over God’s heritage, but being ensamples to the flock.”—1 PETER V. 3.

THE life and doctrine of the bishop created a kind of revolution in the old city of Z——, which, like some other cathedral towns, had been long settled in a quiet and undisturbed slumber as to spiritual things. The state of the Church of England at that period is well known to all acquainted with the history of the times. The dean and the other clergy attached to the cathedral were no exceptions, in point of vital godliness, to many of their brethren within the pale of our Church. One or two of them were learned men; and one or two others were, in a worldly sense, courtly gentlemen. But we are stating no uncommon fact, when we declare that, with regard to spiritual life, there had been for many years no sign of its existence. The state of the city of Z——, as it regarded the

clergy, with one or two exceptions, was like that of the valley of dry bones described by Ezekiel. Not that they were "very many," but they *were* "very dry." The beautiful services of our Church found no response from the teaching of the pulpit; and scarcely a sermon was preached, after the prayers had been read, in which the pulpit did not contradict the reading-desk; so that the same fountain might be said to send forth both bitter and sweet waters. Many attended the daily service in the cathedral, and fasted and wore mourning during Lent; but card-tables were laid out nightly in the houses of the clergy, and balls and routs were the ordinary amusements of the evening. The clergy were certainly regarded as a kind of superior class in the city; but this was rather the recognition of their rank and wealth by the good people of Z——, than the tribute of respect and reverence to them as the pastors of Christ's flock. Their flocks had ceased to look for the essential and distinguishing characteristics in them of the godly minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, the faithful expounder of His doctrines, the follower of His steps, and the pattern of a holy life.

The bishop was well aware of the difficulties he should have to encounter in coming to Z——, and he

had counted the cost, and prayed for Divine direction and for Divine strength. He did not come to find fault and to condemn ; but, deeply convinced that he who winneth souls is the truly wise minister, he sought to excel in the exercise of that lovely wisdom. While he was unaffectedly humble, he made it evident to all that he understood his position, and was resolved to maintain it. There was a calm gravity and an air of gentle authority about him that inspired respect, but the law of kindness was in his heart, and on his lips ; so that even those who disliked him most, found it at times impossible to resist the influence of such a character. He was disliked by many, and violently abused behind his back by some ; but he remembered, both in the pulpit and out of the pulpit, the Apostle's injunction, " In meekness instructing those who oppose themselves ; " and while no uncertain sound ever proceeded from his lips—but he proved himself to be a well instructed scribe, rightly dividing the word of truth—there was a spirit of affection in his grave, simple, and scriptural addresses from the pulpit, which breathed of a heart melting over those to whom he preached. Jesus Christ and Him crucified, was his grand theme. It was not so much eloquence, as earnestness and ten-

4*

derness, that distinguished his preaching. The things that he said, sounded strange to the ears of those that heard him ; but they could not help confessing, in their inward hearts, that he spoke as one who was thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and who felt deeply the unspeakable importance of Divine truth, and his own awful responsibility before God.

“The bishop will dine with us to-morrow week,” said Sir Charles Danby, the Dean of Z——.

“So I am informed,” replied Miss Danby, the elderly sister of the dean, who had resided with him since his wife’s death, and who had just finished reading a note from Mrs. Temple.

“You will be so good, Honoria,” continued the dean, “as to write notes of invitation to those whose names I gave you last night. We shall, I trust, have all the cathedral clergy to meet the party from the palace ; and they, with the Arlingtons and Hargraves, our country neighbors, will be as many as our table will hold.

Miss Danby rose up, and went immediately to her writing-table, to commence inditing her formal notes of invitation : her brother continued standing.

“Honoriam,” he said, in his most stately manner,

after a long pause, "you will remember there are to be no card-tables." Miss Danby's pen was suspended; but she did not look up, and made no reply. "You understand me, Honoria?"

"Certainly," she answered: "but"—

"But what?" he added. "I suppose you were about to add, strange!—strange enough! I allow; but there can be no alternative, unless we violate the rules of good breeding. I happened to ask the bishop if he were taken ill last night, when he left the Comptons so early in the evening; and spoke of the dismay of good old Lady Compton, when she rose up from her pool of quadrille, and found his lordship gone, and stood before the clock on the mantle-piece, exclaiming, that either the clock had stopped at half-past nine, or that the excellent bishop had been seized with illness; but that Violet had pointed to the pendulum swinging at its usual rate; and then, that we had all decided that a sudden attack had been the cause of his departure. With a quiet smile he replied: 'I was never better in my life, Mr. Dean. But I think that a bishop has no business at a card-party; and when the card-tables appeared I felt it was time for me to take my departure; and as every one but myself and your two daughters was engaged at play,

I preferred stealing away without taking a formal leave of my kind hostess. We have prayers at ten,' he added, 'and I had left Mrs. Temple at home poorly.'

The dean might have given the sequel of this conversation, but he did not. The fact was that he had inquired what possible objection the bishop could make to a quiet hand at whist; and that the bishop's answer had been given by opening the large Prayer-book which lay upon his table, and turning to the seventy-fifth canon of the Church of England, which is headed: "*Sober conversation required in ministers.*" The part of the canon to which the bishop especially referred was, that which orders that "*no ecclesiastical persons shall at any time spend their time idly, by day or by night, playing at dice, cards, or tables, or any other unlawful games; but, that at all times convenient, they shall hear or read somewhat of the Holy Scriptures, or shall occupy themselves with some other honest study or exercise; always doing the things which shall pertain to honesty, and endeavoring to profit the Church of God; having always in mind, that they ought to excel all others in purity of life, and should be examples to the people to live well and christianly, under pain of ecclesiasti-*

cal censures, to be inflicted with severity, according to the qualities of their offences.

"I feel myself bound," the bishop had said, with gentle gravity, "to regulate my own walk in the world according to this admirable canon, and perhaps your attention has not been lately turned to it. And surely," he had added, "though some of the canons, which refer to less important matters, and to the changing customs and manners of successive times—such as express directions as to habits of dress, etc.—may become obsolete; yet a canon like this, which treats of points of morals and holy living in the ministers of the sanctuary, must be binding upon the ministers of all Churches of all times, and can only become obsolete, when the Word of God, on which its wise and godly admonition is founded, shall cease to be the standard of Christian men."

"All this is absurd enough, is it not?" said the dean with a slight tone of pique, after another pause, during which he had been thinking of that part of his conversation with the bishop which he had not related; and Miss Danby had resumed her pen.

"Absurd, indeed," she replied, dryly: "and so we are to bid adieu to gaiety whenever this new bishop appears! If this is the turn that things are

to take, I shall sigh for the days when the good old bishop and Mrs. Lulworth were at the palace; they never set themselves up with this unaccountable bigotry; they loved a cheerful game at cards, and innocent gaiety."

A light laugh rang through the room as these words escaped from the grave lips of Miss Danby; and Violet Danby, the dean's youngest daughter, came forward from the recess of the window, in which she had been sitting, bending over her embroidery frame.

"My darling aunt," she said, as she sat down beside the old lady, on the same sofa: "are you serious? Innocent gaiety! Do you really mean to say that there is anything like gaiety at any of our dull evening parties? Do you positively assert, that old Mrs. Lulworth, with her sharp voice and dictatorial manners, and love of setting people 'to rights,' as she called it, was ever the promoter of gaiety of any kind; except, indeed, when Laura and I could not resist laughing at her long lectures? For my part, dear aunt, I frankly confess I prefer Mrs. Temple's gravest mood to all such merriment as Mrs. Lulworth ever had it in her power to promote."

"But Mrs. Temple is not grave, at least in any

sense that can be deemed disagreeably so," said Laura, who had hitherto been quietly occupied with her work at the table, which her aunt had quitted when she rose up to write her notes. "I never saw so cheerful a person as she is; and I know my father is of the same opinion, for he admires her vastly."

"Indeed I do," said the dean; "and the more so, because there is never any touch of levity in Mrs. Temple's cheerfulness. And you, my darling," he added, turning to Violet, "would do well to copy the cheerfulness of her temper, or the calm sweetness of her daughter. To say the truth, I sometimes tremble when I hear your unguarded speeches; for we look for the utmost propriety in a young unmarried girl of your age."

"Oh pray, dear father," said Violet, "do not set up Mrs. Temple and her Gertrude as models for my study; for if you do, much as I admire them now, I shall almost learn to dislike them. And pray, how am I to understand," she said, rising up and passing her arm through her father's, and looking up fondly in his solemn face; "how am I to understand your lecture about propriety in an unmarried girl? Do you mean that when I am married I may be permitted to dismiss a little of that said propriety?"

“Naughty child!” said the father, unable to repress an unwilling smile; “you wilfully misunderstand me; and I see that I shall have to lecture you, as you call it, till some unfortunate man makes you his wife, and takes the troublesome task of managing you upon himself.”

Violet shook her head, and sat down again by her aunt, and, peeping over her shoulder, said: “Really, dear papa, you must not lecture me so sharply as you have been doing; for my poor aunt, as I guessed, has been so anxious to re-echo your censures, that she has been making all kinds of mistakes in her note, and has been inviting Lady Betty to meet the bishop and *Mrs. Violet* at dinner.”

Miss Danby now fairly dropped her pen, and blotted the fair surface of the paper by the act, and sunk back upon the sofa with a look of hopelessness upon her fair and formal features. But in another moment Violet’s arms were thrown round her neck, and so many kisses were impressed on her cheek, and so many entreaties for pardon whispered in her ear, that her countenance relaxed, and the kisses of her niece were returned with smiles of affection and tenderness.

“And so then, brother,” said Miss Danby, when

she had recovered her usual composure, "I am to understand that it is settled, we are to have no card-tables laid out when the bishop honors us with his presence."

"Certainly not," replied the dean, "after what has passed: it is but common courtesy to the good bishop to humor him on this point."

"Well!" said Violet, archly, "there will be a change, at any rate; and that is something in the way of amusement. We shall get rid of those dull, odious card-tables on some occasions, and the silence will be broken by other sounds than those which one has been accustomed to hear so often,—the ejaculations which take their rise from the mortified emotions of those who lose, or the triumphant ebullitions of the winner."

"And you, girls," said the dean, "will therefore prepare, if you please, to entertain the company with the sound of your voices. I shall be obliged by your practising the new piece of Signor Handel's, which I heard you trying together a few evenings since. It is of a grave character; and for once, Miss Violet, you will have an opportunity of showing that you can be serious. Your brother will be here, I suppose,

on Monday, and he has a fine deep voice ; and may assist you at the harpsichord."

"Horace coming ! and really coming on Monday !" exclaimed Laura, with a look of delight.

"Horace coming !" replied Violet, "and coming so soon ; and we, his sisters, never told a word about it till now ! O, papa !" she added, in a half-reproachful, half-coaxing tone, "this is almost unkind in you."

"I thought you liked a surprise, my child," said her father ; "and you know you deserve nothing but a scolding, for the liberties you take with your aunt and your old father. I was almost in the mind just now, not to tell you anything about his coming till the evening ; but Laura is a good girl, though you are not ; and for her sake I shall let you have the letter, which, to say the truth, I have only received about an hour ago."

"There, Laura," said her sister, "take the letter and read it first ; and then let me have it all to myself, that I may read it over and over again. I tell you, dear sir," she said, turning to her father, "it is well for you all that you did not reserve this charming news till the evening, when we are to have, I believe, only a quiet rubber of whist, with Miss Pennington

and Mrs. Bouverie, my dear aunt's two especial friends ; for I am afraid I should have set all decorum at defiance in my joy;—perhaps," she added, in a whisper, "thrown a dish of tea over Miss Pennington's best lutestring gown, or even overturned the card table"—

"And been sent to bed in disgrace, miss," said the dean, "as it sometimes happened to a certain young lady, not many years ago."

CHAPTER V.

“The Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands.”

Acrs vii. 48.

“You wish to see our cathedral?” said the bishop, to Mr. Falkland, who, as our readers may remember, had been the friend of his elder brother, and was now his brother-in-law, of whom, also, mention has been made at the commencement of the former part of our narrative.¹ He had arrived with his wife at the palace on the previous day, having consented to accept the office of examining chaplain to the bishop, who had been also enabled, by a vacancy that had just occurred, to present him to a prebendal stall in the cathedral of Z——. He was rejoiced to feel that he had, in his friend and brother, an associate peculiarly suited to work with him in his new and responsible sphere. There was a quiet dignity, and a calm self-

¹ See *Thankfulness*, p. 17.

possession of manner about Mr. Falkland, which, united to the graceful courteousness of his manners, often gave weight and influence to his lightest words. He was a man of decision; holding and preaching Divine truth according to that Article of the Church of England, which declares that, "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation." He was sincerely attached to our established Church, and preferred its communion, with all his heart, to that of any other Christian Church; not from any blind or bigoted view of its principles and constitution; not because he regarded it as an infallible Church; but because, though he knew it to be a human institution, it seemed to him to embody more of the grand Scriptural characteristics of the Church of Christ, and to be more in accordance with the mind of Jesus Christ and His inspired Apostles, than any other Church on earth.

"You wish to see our cathedral, dear Falkland," said the bishop; "and before we take our walk, we might as well turn our steps in that direction; and we will then call upon our worthy dean, who appears

to be a truly kind-hearted man. I think he will be pleased with the attention. I know your love for fine architecture; and I think you will agree with me, that the cathedral of Z—— is one of the finest specimens that we possess in this country,—York always excepted."

On their way to the cathedral they met the dean; his youngest daughter and his son were with him: and the dean learning whither they were going, begged to accompany them, having first of all presented his son to the bishop. Mr. Danby, the dean's son, was quiet and reserved; but the few words which passed between him and the bishop, showed plainly that he was a young man of intelligence, and of pleasing, unaffected manners, as far removed from the formal stateliness of his father, as from the thoughtless gaiety of his youngest sister. Rather a formal introduction took place between the dean and Mr. Falkland; but they found out, after conversing together for some minutes, that they had been acquainted in their youth, and had been fellow collegians at Oxford, though between thirty and forty years had passed since they had last met. The dean appeared to be much taken with Mr. Falkland, and was more than usually courteous in his manners, relaxing a little from his habitual

stateliness, and talking of old times and former companions, with a warmth of feeling which astonished his daughter Violet, who, with her brother, had fallen into conversation with the bishop, but who could not resist turning round from time to time, and stealing a glance towards her father, and uttering an occasional exclamation of wonder, to the no slight amusement of the bishop, as now and then he caught the arch expression of her countenance. The dean's manner, however, returned to its usual solemnity, as they entered the cathedral. "You have, I presume, nothing like this, on your side of the country?" said he, addressing himself to Mr. Falkland. "I must own," he added, "that so far as my taste is concerned, I prefer an edifice like this, to any other, for the Service of Almighty God."

"It is indeed magnificent," replied Mr. Falkland; "and it quite fulfils my expectations. I am a great admirer—I believe you will scarcely find a greater—of this style of architecture: and though certainly it was not the kind of building in which the early churches of the east or western empires worshipped, (for that must have been according to some of the classical styles,) yet still the Gothic appears to be better suited to the quiet solemnity of our services than any other.

At any rate, our associations have led us to think so." He paused—and after gazing around and above him for some moments, he added, with much gentleness of manner: "I cannot, of course, judge of the impressions received by other minds, and my opinion may appear somewhat inconsistent perhaps, with my high admiration of this noble building, and I myself heretical for making such a declaration;—but my tastes are rather in favor of a simple country church. There are those," he added, "who may be enabled so to rise above what appear to me to be the ensnaring allurements of our cathedral service, and can so abstract their thoughts and concentrate them upon one glorious but invisible object, that they can worship in spirit and in truth, notwithstanding the appeals to the senses which meet them in a place like this; but I am not one of those. I know that the music and the voices of an anthem, and the stately architecture, and the rich effect of the tinted light, are deemed helps to devotion. They may be, I allow, wings to the imagination; but I have never felt that they could subdue the proud spirit within me, and then raise it in humble earnest supplication to Him, who dwelleth not in temples made with hands, and yet condescended to come down and clothe

the glories of the Godhead in the vile weeds of mortal flesh."

The dean stared, with a well-bred astonishment, at language which was all but incomprehensible to him, and begged leave to observe that it had been his privilege to witness far deeper feeling during the performance of a piece of sacred music, in a cathedral, than at the service of any parish church in which he had happened to officiate; and spoke of eyes raised to heaven, while they overflowed with tears of irrepressible emotion.

"But, does it not sometimes happen, sir," said his son, "that, though they are not exactly tears forgot as soon as shed, they are so soon, and so effectually, dried up at the card table, or in the dance, that the source from whence they spring cannot, I fear, be very deep? We have seen some tender old ladies, and many young ones, also—have we not, Violet?"—turning to his sister as he spoke—"who come hither in the morning to feed the flame of their devotion, only to put it out by the dissipation of the evening."

"I fear," she replied, "that I, for my part, am one of those who know more of the evening's dissipation—and, if I must tell the truth, enjoy it more—than the

cathedral service in the morning: but I do not like sacred music."

"A proof," said the dean, solemnly, "of a lamentable want of taste; and as your lordship must agree," he added, turning to the bishop, "a most unbecoming speech, from a very thoughtless young lady."

The young lady, however, did not venture to reply, but turned away, pouting her red lip, with the air of a spoilt child.

"Your lordship," continued the dean, "is, I presume, an admirer of our cathedral service? and I have heard you speak in terms of high admiration of the extraordinary richness of the architecture of this venerable edifice."

"It would be impossible not to admire," replied the bishop, "the fine music that gratifies the ear; and the graceful style of the whole building. But, I confess that I distrust any feelings of devotion which they may seem to inspire within myself; and I am rather disposed to agree with my friend Mr. Falkland, and to give my preference to the country church, and to services which appear, to me, far more in accordance with the simple character of the gospel, and of Him whose walk on earth was that of humility, and whose ministry was plain and simple; and sometimes, as I

have stood alone beneath the richly decorated roof of this lofty cathedral, and gazed with admiration upon all its grandeur and its ornaments, I have recalled to mind the remarkable words of our blessed Lord, when His disciples drew his attention to the Jewish Temple. His eyes were fixed upon its marble walls, adorned, as we are told, with many goodly stones and gifts,— ‘As for these things which ye behold,’ He said, ‘the days will come, in the which there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down.’

“And, after all,” he continued, in a lower and more serious tone, “grand and glorious as such buildings as these are to our earthly vision, and well suited as they may appear to creatures like ourselves for His presence and His worship, whom, we are told however, that the heaven of heavens cannot contain, what a check is given to the vanity of our highest imaginations by those inspired words, at once so awful and so gracious :— ‘Thus saith Jehovah, The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool. Where is the house that ye build unto me, and where is the place of my rest? For all these things hath mine hand made, and these things have been, saith the Lord, but to this man will I look, even to him that is

poor, and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.'"—Isaiah lxvi. 1-2.

For some minutes after these observations of the bishop's, not a word was spoken: the dean was the first to break the dead silence. "I fear," he said to his daughter, "that we shall be late in returning from our drive, if we delay much longer; I wish your lordship good morning," and bowing courteously to the bishop and Mr. Falkland, he drew his daughter's arm within his own, and walked away.

"I see," he said, as they passed through the doorway of the cathedral, addressing himself to his son, "that our bishop and his chaplain are enthusiasts, and I am sorry for it. Gentlemanly men and worthy men, I have no doubt, but I can't say I admire enthusiasts." Mr. Danby made no reply, but he thought within himself, "I wish I had some of their enthusiasm."

"My dear friend," said the bishop to his companion, "does it not strike you that what we want in our worship, in such a place as this, is more of reality, more of earnestness, and less of outward state and ceremony? My heart is too cold to be warmed with vital heat, by appeals to the eye or to the ear. One verse of Holy Scripture, in its divine and unadorned

simplicity, has more power to overthrow the strongholds of pride and corruption in the human heart, and to enable me to realize the presence of Him who is the only glory of all earthly temples, than all that art or science, in their combined perfections, can produce, with regard to the mere ceremonial services of any outward worship. I cannot help often thinking, and I love to think, of our Lord's words, whenever I come to worship in this cathedral: 'I say unto you, that in this place is one greater than the Temple.' It matters little whether the place of worship be the grandest and most ornamented of earthly temples, or the lowliest building set apart for His Service; if He, the Lord Jesus Christ, be not earnestly sought by that faith, which is the evidence of His unseen presence, and that Spirit of prayer which rises above all outward forms, our worship is but emptiness and vanity."

"And yet how delightful to think," said Mr. Falkland, "that whether in this cathedral, or in the poorest hovel on the outskirts of this old city, the promise of Him, who is the same yesterday as to-day and for ever, stands sure: 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' What a proof of the divinity of our Blessed Lord, and

what an assurance of the faithfulness of His love, do those remarkable words afford, spoken, as they were, by Jesus in the humiliation of His manhood, when on earth!"

CHAPTER VI.

“ We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.”

ACTS XIX. 2.

DIARY.—June 10.

“ The subject of ordination of candidates for holy orders, has been much on my mind of late. I thank God I feel my own personal need of a sound mind, and a right judgment. It is of His mercy that I have been brought to a more entire self-distrust; for I am thus led—also by Him—to come more out of self, and to look to Him, as it were, hourly for Divine wisdom and help. I can thus enter into the feelings of the Psalmist, when he said: ‘ My soul hangeth upon Thee; ’ or to the mind of the Apostle, when he wrote :

Most gladly, therefore, will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.’ What a glorious alchemy is here! Those very infirmities, which would naturally depress and overwhelm me

with shame, were I to be left alone in the midst of them, may be made, by grace and through faith, the ground of humble but heartfelt rejoicing even to glorying, before God. I sink to the earth, as one confounded by the tremendous responsibilities of my calling. In my perplexity and distress, I cry: 'Who is sufficient for these things?' and I hear a voice from heaven, saying unto me: 'My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' Thus also I find it written by the Apostle James: 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him; but let him ask in faith, nothing wavering.'"

"Why should I fear, therefore, that He who has been pleased to entrust me with this high commission, will fail to supply me with all my need, and in His own way, and in agreement to His own word of promise, 'according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus,' and that so the power of Christ shall rest upon me?

"I have established one rule on the subject of ordination, from which I am resolved, if it please God, never to depart. I will ordain no man to the ministry, with whom I have not had one personal interview,

and, if possible, more than one, before he comes up for examination. I must have close and searching conversation with every candidate, that I may, if possible, learn from his own lips the motives which have induced him to undertake the office of a minister of the Gospel. I will endeavor to set before him the nature of the office, its awful responsibilities, and its glorious labors, with an affectionate seriousness ; seeking to win his confidence, while I strive to impress upon him how great a peril he is incurring by lightly taking upon him so grave a charge ; and urging him to consider the account which he must one day render to the Great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls. I sometimes wish that the wondrous gift of discernment of spirit had been still continued to the Church ; but I doubt not that it is better for us that such should not be the case, since He who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will, has not so ordered it. My own path is plain—to be instant in prayer for especial grace, that I may, first, for my own part, know how I ought to behave myself in the house of God ; that in the performance of my own high duties I may be blameless, vigilant, sober, an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in love, in spirit, in faith, in purity ; and that, with regard to those over whom it

has pleased God to place me, I may observe these things, without preferring one before another, doing nothing by partiality, laying hands suddenly on no man."

"June 14.

"Mr. Ashton's health has been so graciously restored, that he astonished us by coming over to Z——, to pass a few hours with us, yesterday. His conversation is truly edifying, and we rejoiced to find him much more cheerful than when we were at Delford. We took advantage of his visit to obtain from him a promise to pass the greater part of next week with us, as Falkland and my sister will be still our guests. His dear old lady and grandson are to come with him. The latter accompanied him yesterday. We feel an increasing interest in Herbert Charlton. He came to take leave of us previously to his departure for London; but I have made it my particular request that he should defer his departure till after the visit of next week, when he is to accompany his grandfather and grandmother. I wish to become further acquainted with him, before I mention the plans which Lucy and I have been concerting together for his future course. I think

I am not mistaken in the opinion I have formed of this excellent youth; and assuredly it is a sacred duty enjoined on me, in my office of bishop, to come forward as the friend of the poor boy, and his aged and godly parents. How touching was that question put to me in my ordination service:—‘*Will you show yourself gentle, and be merciful, for Christ’s sake, to poor and needy people, and to all strangers destituté of help?*’ How plain the answer which I then made, and how binding the engagement I then took upon myself—‘*I will so show myself by God’s help.*’ Nothing that we do at any time for our poor and helpless brethren, has aught of merit about it. We are at best, if we should have done all the deeds of love, and mercy, and righteousness required of us, but unprofitable servants; but there is a still more special obligation laid upon me as a bishop, and by God’s gracious help I will endeavor to fulfil this sacred duty.

“It is a great privilege to have larger funds at my disposal than I have hitherto had; but, as Lucy reminds me, I am only a steward over a larger household than I was before, and I am bound to attend to this especial point of a steward’s duty:—to manage the property of my Heavenly Master with

the utmost consideration and economy, so that I may turn to the best account that which He has placed under my hand. There must be no thoughtless prodigality, but a wise and prudent calculation, that I may be enabled to make a liberal distribution of what is committed unto me. Therefore it is that I determined not to yield to the first impulse of warm feeling in this matter, or allow the interest I felt in the circumstances of this youth to influence my judgment, till I had pondered it well over. I must only consider whether I cannot take upon myself the expense of a curate for his good old grandfather, who is, I am convinced, quite unable to bear the burden himself, and whose personal comforts must not be curtailed at his advanced age. I shall find it difficult to do much during this first year of my removal to Z——. But I am thankful to have a sufficient income, independent of my office, to be able to indulge in the best luxury of wealth—the relieving the wants of others, and especially those of the household of faith.”

“ June 15.

“ It is too much taken for granted, that the Bible is already known to the young student preparing for

ordination. The more I consider the subject, the more I see it to be, what I may call an incomprehensible fact, that, while it is allowed by all that the Bible is the one and only spring of all truth and wisdom, many are apt to rest satisfied with acknowledging the fact, and then acting as if the Bible were, to all intents and purposes, a book which has no real existence, or as if there were no need to direct the chief attention of the candidate to the book itself. When I was examined for ordination, I was required to translate a portion of Grotius de Veritate into English; to construe a few verses of one of the Gospels from the original Greek; to write a theme in tolerably good Latin; to write out my answers to certain papers of questions, some few on doctrinal points, the remainder referring to the historical portions of the Old and New Testament; and to turn one of the thirty-nine Articles from the Latin version into English, and another from the English version into Latin. I had also a sermon to write on a given text. All this was good, and ought to be required from the candidates for ordination; and all this implied, and was supposed to prove, that I was well acquainted with the Bible itself; but it did prove no such thing. I had prepared for such an examina-

tion, and I was enabled to pass it, as I was told, with credit: but what was the fact? that I was all the time wretchedly ignorant of the Bible itself. The kind old bishop by whom I was ordained, and his equally kind examining chaplain, said not a word to me about the Bible. They did not endeavor to impress upon me that a thorough acquaintance with the Bible ought to be my chief object. This was of course allowed and implied, but this was not done. Nor was I once told that what I chiefly needed was an experimental acquaintance with the inspired volume. It is and always shall be my chief point with my young candidates, to direct them simply to the Bible, as the sum of all human attainments. This wonderful book of inspired revelation, shall be distinctly and prominently set forth before them as the one grand requirement, the one chief object of study, both before and after ordination. I do not mean that a thorough and an experimental knowledge of the Holy Scriptures is to be expected in a young minister, or will be found in many ministers; but that all other knowledge, however necessary, however advisable, should be deemed of secondary importance, and must be kept in its proper place. Where this is not the case, even the most learned and the most gifted

minister, will be always miserably deficient as a divine; and the effect of his course of studies on himself, and his mode of preaching on his flock, will be seen both in points of doctrine and practice. His doctrine will want the Divine simplicity, the strength, the fulness, and the richness of the true wine of the Gospel; his practice will be like the gait of a man partially blind, who turns to the right hand or to the left, and gropes and stumbles on his way, instead of walking with his head erect, and going forward with vigor and alacrity. How can it be otherwise? When the teaching is uncertain, the walk will be inconsistent. Well has Bishop Coverdale remarked: 'If we will that the true faith of Christ shall grow, continue and increase; then we must bring the same to pass by true understanding of the Scripture; by pure, sound, and wholesome doctrine. With the truth must lies be banished, with sound doctrine must false be rooted out, with the light must darkness be expelled; but how can the true understanding of the Scripture, the undoubted, wholesome, and sound doctrine be had, when men do neither exercise and employ themselves, nor apply their endeavor, study, and diligence therein.'"

The bishop was sitting in that spacious and lofty library, of which we have already spoken, and at the first stroke of the ancient clock which stood on the high mantel-piece, he closed his book. He had made an appointment for eleven o'clock that morning, and the hour had scarcely ceased striking, when the door opened and Mr. Woodville was announced. The bishop was struck by the appearance and manners of his visitor. His bearing was manly and respectful, and his countenance pleasing.

"I felt that no correspondence by letter," he said, "could be so satisfactory as a personal interview. And," he added, "the difficulties which I am called upon to meet with, in reference to ordination, are so great, that the only way in which I can in any way fulfil them, is to speak to my young candidates without reserve, and to ask them to treat me with equal confidence. The accounts which I have received of you, Mr. Woodville, so far as they relate to your acquirements as a scholar, are unexceptionable, and I like much the tone of your own letters. But there is one inquiry which appears to me of supreme importance, to which I have as yet received no explicit reply. You may tell me that it has not been as yet made a direct question: it has been, indeed, rather

referred to and implied in the other questions put to you. It regards the motive by which you have been led to come forward as a candidate for the ministry?"

A slight and momentary flush passed over the face of the young man; but his manner was unembarrassed, and there was no hesitation in his reply.

He had long preferred, he said, the life of a clergyman to any other profession, and he hoped he should do his duty, and be a credit to the vocation he had chosen. He would honestly confess to the bishop, that he held no extreme views. He had been turning his attention during the past year to the line of reading in which he supposed he should be examined, and he hoped he had done so with some profit. He trusted, indeed, that his lordship would find he had made good use of his time.

'My inquiry," said the bishop, with a gentle but grave earnestness, "refers to a point of far higher importance than the preparation of which you speak. I allude to this question, which every candidate for holy orders must answer before God and the assembled Church at his ordination. 'Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministration, to serve God,

for the promoting of His Glory, and the edifying of His people?"

The young man did not reply, but the look of mingled astonishment and perplexity with which he met the eyes of the bishop, told something of what was passing in his mind.

"You have not perhaps, as yet, seriously considered this question," said the bishop, mildly.

"I will not mislead your lordship," he replied; "I have not considered it."

"But you will be called upon to answer it at your ordination. You are, I suppose, well acquainted with the ordination service?"

"I have read it over more than once," he replied, "but I cannot say that I have paid much attention to it, as yet."

"But the questions are of the most solemn character, and must receive, when addressed to you, an explicit reply from your own lips. I do not think you would willingly evade any question, but, may I ask, how do you propose to satisfy your own conscience on this particular point? How do you understand this question?"

"It is of so mysterious a character," the young man replied, "that I do not pretend to understand it."

But I can assure your lordship, that I am conscious of my own right intentions, and should answer all the questions accordingly."

"But could you rest satisfied," said the bishop, "without searching into the meaning of so solemn a question? It is, I allow, of a mysterious character, but it is on a subject of such deep and vital importance, that no one about to enter the ministry, is justified in lightly regarding it, but is bound to seek to understand its meaning, and to pray for light from above that he may do so. It is in His light, who is the only true light, 'the light of life,' that we can see light, and by no other light can we read aright the Holy Scripture which He has given us."

The young candidate was silent.

"You have, perhaps," said the bishop, heard the subject of the Holy Spirit and His divine influences spoken of—according, I am sorry to say, to the miserably deficient theology common at the present day—as enthusiasm, and treated almost with ridicule?"

The bishop spoke with calm authority, and the young man colored, and, with an ingenuous manner, he owned that he had scarcely ever heard the subject alluded to, except in general terms, but that when it

had been mentioned, it had been as one of the new notions, propagated by Wesley and Whitfield and their followers.

“It would be well for you to judge for yourself on the subject,” said the bishop. “The founders of our Church, and all our great divines—those, I should say, who are distinguished for their close adherence to the Holy Scriptures, and for their clear views of scriptural truth, the giants of former days, men whose record is on high, men of deep research and profound erudition—have given to this doctrine the prominent place it occupies in the inspired Word. Here is a passage, which I was reading this morning,” he added, rising and taking up a folio volume which lay open upon a table near him. “It is a sermon by the celebrated Bishop Hopkins; and it bears upon that question in the Ordination Service about which we are conversing:—‘The Spirit itself (mark that) beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.’ What greater ground for assurance can there be than this—‘The Spirit itself beareth witness? And what God speaks is infinitely more certain than that which our own very eye seeth; and therefore it is very injurious to His truth and veracity, when He, by the secret and sweet whisper-

ings of His Spirit, informs the soul that it is in a state of grace, to think that this testimony only gives probable guesses and conjectures. The witness that the Spirit gives, is such a full assurance as removes all doubts and fears; for it is the witness of God Himself.' Again, in speaking of the evidence that we are born again, this great divine says," and the bishop continued reading, "there comes in a two-fold witness,—the witness of our spirit, and the witness of God's Spirit; our spirit deposes that we are so, that we are born again, and become the children of God; and this it doth by observing the proper marks and characters that the Scripture gives of a child of God; and the Spirit of God comes in as another witness, that in the mouth of two witnesses this may be established; and by His immediate light clears up the truth of this attestation that conscience did make, which takes away all doubtings and hesitations, and fills us with a full assurance.'"

The bishop had read the above passages with a clear and marked emphasis, and with the tone of one who fully entered into the spirit of the author, but, when he looked up, he saw only the same perplexity on the face of his young companion, which said but too plainly that the admirable words of Hop-

kins were as unintelligible as an unknown tongue to him. He made, however, no remark, he asked no question but this,

“ You will at least allow, from the passages which I have read to you, that the mention of the Spirit, and His distinct offices, is no modern invention—no enthusiastic novelty. Were I,” he added, “ to take down many of those celebrated works,” and he turned his eyes to the goodly array of venerable books which stood ranged upon the shelves of his library; “ I am not going to do so ”—he said, as he caught the glance of dismay with which the young man followed the direction of his eyes towards the book-shelves. “ I shall hope, however, that the time will come, my dear young friend, when you will have learned, from your own acquaintance with the contents of some at least of those authors, the treasures we possess in them, and will agree with me, that it is not only because they are among the pillars of our own Church that we do right to value them, but because, notwithstanding such errors as are naturally inseparable from all mere human authors, their writings are in strict accordance with the Word of God. But to return to what I was saying of the Holy Spirit; you must remember this sentence of the Nicene Creed, which is read in our

churches on every Lord's day ; ' *I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life.*' Or, again, this clause of the short summary of the Creed in our Church Catechism, which is of course intended only as the expression of the faith of a believing child of God, ' Thirdly, I learn to believe in God the Holy Ghost, who sanctifieth me, and all the elect people of God.' Here, you observe, the Holy Spirit and His peculiar offices are clearly insisted upon, with the same distinctness as in those words of our Lord's, when He says, ' It is the Spirit that quickeneth ;' and again, ' When the Spirit of truth shall come, He shall guide you into all truth.' He was the great gift promised by God the Father to our adorable Redeemer, and obtained by Him when the work of redemption was accomplished, and when, leading captivity captive, He went up on high to receive gifts for men. And thus the gift was recognized and proclaimed by the Apostle Peter on the day of Pentecost, in those remarkable words, to the wondering assembly, when, having spoken of the resurrection of Christ, he adds : ' Being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear.' Paul also speaks of believers as ' Temples of the Holy

Ghost;’ and declares that, ‘If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.’ Thus the Church of God is now under the peculiar dispensation of the Holy Spirit; and, knowing this, can you my dear young friend, come forward as a candidate for the office of a minister in that Church, when, as the Apostle Peter declares, ‘The Gospel is preached, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven?’ Can you come forward and desire to be ordained a minister of this Gospel, and feel yourself satisfied with merely good intentions? Believe me, I do not doubt your good intentions; but, surely, you ought to feel that you are called upon to give a most serious and prayerful consideration to the question, ‘Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministration, to serve God for the promoting of His glory, and the edifying of His people?’—and to weigh beforehand what you mean, and what you say, when you have to answer, as you must, before the assembled Church, that awful question which I, as your overseer before God, must put to you—‘I trust so.’ Will a vague and undefined apprehension of a question, at once so plain and so searching, be satisfactory to your own conscience, and justify you before God? It is not a vain thing for you, ‘be-

cause it is your life. Promise me, therefore, that you will meditate on these things; that you will give yourself wholly to them; that you will do nothing rashly, where so much is at stake; that you will not seek to undertake so grave a charge, so solemn and weighty a commission, as that of a minister of the glorious Gospel of the grace of God, with the spirit of a hireling. Promise me that you will ask yourself before God, whether you have counted the cost of what you are about to enter upon; whether you have pondered in your heart the great commission to be entrusted to you, as set forth by the great Apostle in those solemn words—‘Feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood.’ How will you otherwise be able to say, on the great day when you will be called upon by the Judge of all, to give up your account, ‘I am pure from the blood of all men?’”

The young candidate made no reply. He sat with his head hung down, and the tears fell fast over his pale face. For some space of time, the good bishop did not speak; but he was the first to break the dead silence which followed his last words.

“I may grieve now,” he said, with a gentle but earnest voice, which expressed, even more plainly

than his words, how truly he felt for his young companion; "I may grieve now that I have thus distressed you; but I shall rejoice hereafter, if this interview should prove, under God, the means of awakening you to a sense of the great responsibility attached to the office of a clergyman. I should, indeed, feel myself guilty before God, were I not to warn you with all earnestness of the awful sin you would be committing, in deliberately taking upon yourself the charge of immortal souls, without a due consideration of the step you are about to take. We have met on no common occasion. The happiness or misery of your future life on earth, and your future state to all eternity, may depend on the way in which you receive this anxious and earnest remonstrance. I am placed here for this very purpose. I am solemnly pledged, by the office I have undertaken, to speak thus plainly and faithfully to every younger brother in the faith, who may present himself, as you have done, for ordination at my hands. I have received my charge from the Lord our God, to lay hands suddenly on no man, and not to be partaker in other men's sins. But I can assure you from my heart that I take a deep and affectionate interest in your welfare; and that I think I enter more fully than you may suppose into the state of your present feel-

ings: I recall the time when I was about your own age, and when I came forward, as you have done, to offer myself for the ministry. At that time, I attached no deeper importance to the sacred engagement I was about to take upon myself, than you appeared to do. Alas! I did not feel as you have now felt; I did not weep as you have wept. But there was then no friendly voice to warn or counsel me. I was perhaps as conscious of my right intentions as yourself; and, relying on those right intentions, I rushed forward unchecked into the ministry of the Church of God, and rashly took upon myself the awful commission of a pastor of Christ's flock, and a preacher of His Gospel. Like another Uzzah, I dared to lay unhallowed hands upon the ark of the testimony; but I was not smitten in judgment, as he was smitten, It pleased that gracious and forgiving Saviour, upon whom I had put so grave an affront by my inconsiderate lightness, not to smite me with death, but to arouse and awaken me from a state which was indeed that of spiritual death, and to bring me forth to the light and liberty of a child of God, after the rash act had been committed, and when the vows were already upon me—vows which I had so lightly regarded, and which I had begun in so faithless a spirit to perform. Could

I do otherwise, when I saw in you one who reminded me so strikingly of myself as I then was, than speak to you as I have now spoken? Let me, therefore, earnestly entreat you to pause—to think—to pray—to ask in humblest supplications for light, for wisdom, for guidance, for strength—in a word, for that grace which you need to enable you rightly to understand, and with all reverence to undertake, the office for which you have presented yourself as a candidate. Yes, my beloved young friend, take me from this day into your confidence; come to me again and again; or rather, if you please, remain with me a few days, and let us converse often together on this important subject; let us view it in all its bearings; and then you shall decide, as in the sight of God, on the course which you are called upon to take, and whether you are indeed inwardly moved by the Holy Spirit to take upon you the office and ministration of a pastor in the Church of God?

“And now, before you leave this room, let us pray together, that He who has been the unseen witness of this interview, will send His Spirit to guide you into all truth, and to open your understanding to the glorious mysteries of His inspired Word.”

The bishop knelt down, and his young companion

knelt with him ; and, though but one voice arose in the silence of that quiet room, perhaps it was said for the first time of that youthful but silent suppliant, " Behold he prayeth."

Many years afterwards, the Bishop of Z—— was called to the sick-chamber of one of his clergy, the vicar of the parish of N——, a large manufacturing town at the extreme end of his diocese, about fifty miles from Z——. The bishop had arrived there on his visitation, and learnt with much grief that the vicar of N—— was confined to his bed, and apparently at the point of death. His great strength had broken down under the incessant labors, both of mind and body, which he had carried on with unremitting zeal and untiring energy, in that extensive parish, till he could work no longer ; and his medical attendants had told him that morning, in answer to his own urgent request that he might know their opinion of his state, that humanly speaking his recovery was hopeless. He had been expecting the arrival of the bishop at the vicarage ; and he had desired his wife to request him, after the business of the day was over, to visit him in his chamber.

A gleam of joy lighted up the countenance of the

sick man, as the bishop approached and took his seat by his bed-side. So great was the change that had taken place in his appearance, that he would hardly have recognized in the pallid and wasted features before him, the once bright and healthy countenance of the person before him. But that countenance was beautified by an expression of heavenly peace; and there was no gloom in that sick-chamber.

“I trust,” said the dying man, “that through the unspeakable grace and goodness of our adorable Redeemer, I am ready to depart; and willing, since it is His will whose nature and whose name is Love, to leave the earthly house of this tabernacle, and to be absent from the body, that I may be present with the Lord. But I asked to see you, my kind, true friend, not so much to take leave of you, as to declare this my dying testimony, that, under God, I owe all the happiness of a very happy life—for such indeed my life has been, from my entrance into the ministry to this very hour—to your faithfulness and truth; to that real love for my soul, and that sincere desire for my spiritual and eternal welfare, which constrained you to search my bad and foolish heart to its depths, when you exposed to me the emptiness of its desires, and the delusion which blinded me as

to the end of that course which I was about to take. That I have been, notwithstanding many shortcomings and numberless backslidings, a faithful pastor of the flock committed to my charge, and not a wretched hireling; that I am now blessed beyond what I can find words to express, instead of being unspeakably miserable at the prospect of a death without hope, I owe, beloved friend, to you, as the honored instrument of that God, to whose eternal sovereignty and boundless grace I would at the same time trace back the whole; for I know that I speak the sentiments of your heart, when I say that I attribute all to Him, and to Him give all the glory."

The effort of speaking thus had been beyond the strength of the dying man: he sank back exhausted and speechless. For some hours, all consciousness had apparently left him; though once or twice, as the bishop knelt beside his bed, clasping the thin pale hand in his own, he thought he felt a gentle pressure from it; and once or twice, as he sat and watched for hours in that sick-chamber, he saw the eyes unclosed and raised, as if in silent communion with their unseen and Heavenly Father.

He did not leave him till the following morning, and expected that the next post would bring the

tidings of Mr. Woodville's death. But he did not die. His case was one of those so seldom met with—we have known but two or three such instances—in which the knowledge of eminent medical men has been entirely at fault, and, contrary to all human expectations, the patient has recovered.

Mr. Woodville, however, was unable to take again any active part in the arduous duties of the parish of N——. He ended his days, many years after the bishop's own death, in the quiet seclusion of a small country parish—the village of Delford, when good old Mr. Ashton had fulfilled his pastoral course, and who lived until a short time after this occurrence took place

CHAPTER VII.

"She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

THE saying, attributed to Queen Elizabeth, is well known, that when speaking of bishops' wives, she said: "Dames of grace I cannot make them, and dames of place I will not make them." One may easily perceive that the remark originated in the queen's objection to the marriage of any of the clergy; and that the objection was one of those unscriptural and Popish prejudices which she had not shaken off when she declared herself a Protestant, and the defender of the Protestant Faith. An insulting slight was thus put, by the highest personage in the realm, upon the wives of clergymen, especially of bishops, in direct defiance of the words of Holy Scripture,—see 1 Tim. iii. 2.—"A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife." We will not say that Elizabeth's

opinion has been borne out by fact, and that the wives of bishops have not been "dames of grace," proved unfitted for the worldly elevation of "dames of place." But, with some bright exceptions, it has happened that the wives of the clergy, from all that we have heard recorded of them in days gone by, have been but poor helpmates to their husbands. Perhaps the choice of some clergymen has been unconsciously unfortunate; or it may have been, that, even when fully convinced of the high qualifications required in themselves, they have not sought, in their selection of a wife, to secure to themselves a partner of that high standard of character unquestionably befitting the station which the pastor's wife is called upon to occupy. The "judicious Hooker" undoubtedly belied his title to judicious, in the choice that he made, if he can be said to have made any choice; having desired, as we are told, a certain Mistress Churchman, with whom he lodged, to find him a wife. And she, consulting her own interests rather than his, found for him a kinswoman of her own,—her own daughter Joan,—who proved as very a shrew as the wife of Socrates. One can hardly read without a mingled feeling of pity and amusement, honest Izaak Walton's account of Mistress Hooker: "That, for her condi-

tions, they were too like that wife's which is by Solomon compared to a dripping house ; so that the good man had no reason to rejoice in the wife of his youth, but too just cause to say with the holy Prophet: ' woe is me that I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar.' On the visit of his two pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, to his parsonage of Drayton Beauchamp, they found their tutor with the ' Odes of Horace ' in his hand, tending his sheep in a common field. When they returned with him to his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, that, we are told, was presently denied them, for Richard was called to rock the cradle ; and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they stayed but till next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition. And so they left him to the company of his wife, Joan, and sought themselves a quieter lodging for the next night." A sad picture, truly, of good Master Hooker's wedded life. But one cannot help thinking, that if he had considered more seriously the sacred importance of the calling of her who was to share with her husband in many of the cares and pleasures of a pastor's life, he might not have brought himself into so wretched a plight. We

do not wonder that Izaak Walton, with such a picture before him, speaks of Hooker's college state as of a garden of piety, of pleasure, of peace, and of sweet conversation; and compares his married state to that of "the thorny wilderness of a busy world." But we think, when he adds—"that Hooker was thus drawn into those corroding cares that attend a married priest and a country parsonage," which we, on Scriptural grounds, conceive to be perhaps the happiest state on earth,—the good biographer unconsciously betrays, in his own spirit, a taint of the old popish leaven against the honest estate of matrimony, and the domestic privacy of a godly parson's life; and shows that he secretly favors an unmarried priesthood, and the unsocial brotherhood of a monastic establishment.

The choice of the godly George Herbert was, we acknowledge, more wisely made; and his married life was consequently very different. His wife was a Mistress Jane Danvers, the beloved daughter of his friend, Mr. Charles Danvers, whom her father, we are told, desired to see the wife of George Herbert, because of all his daughters she was his beloved daughter. This wish of his heart the worthy father had often declared, not only in public, but to Mr. Herbert himself; assuring him, that if he could like

her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing; and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a platonist as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen. "This," continues Walton, whose words we have quoted, "was a fair preparation for a marriage." We are hardly prepared however, to hear that the quiet and sober-minded Mr. Herbert was so delighted with the fair young gentlewoman whom her father had so often commended to him, that "she changed her name into Herbert the third day after their first interview." Notwithstanding all Izaak Walton's encomiums upon this marriage, we cannot but feel that a union so hastily, and we might say rashly, hazardous, might have issued in much mutual unhappiness; but such was not the case; and as the simple-minded biographer affirms,—and he certainly states his reasons, "this suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence. The marriage proved a happy one to both parties; for the eternal lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affection and compliance—indeed, so happy, that there never was an opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most

incline to a compliance with the other's desires : and this mutual content and love and joy," he afterwards tells us, " did receive a daily augmentation by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls, as was only improveable in heaven, where they now enjoy it." We know not whether George Herbert's description of what a parson's wife ought to be, was penned by him before or after his marriage ; but it matters not ; for his choice was the right one, though his courtship was so speedily concluded.

Bishop Beveridge, though we suppose he died unmarried, has left some admirable thoughts on the qualities which he would have sought for in a wife. " I look upon the image of Christ," he says, " as the best mark of beauty I can behold in her ; and the grace of God as the best portion I can receive with her."

Bishop Temple's choice of a wife, had been well and wisely made ; and every day of their union served but to strengthen the tie which bound them together. " She was such an one," to use the words of Beveridge, " that did so live and pray and converse with him upon earth, that they might both be entitled to sing, to rejoice, and be blessed together in heaven." It

seemed, indeed, as if God had given her grace according to the measure needed by her, to fulfil as faithfully her duties to her husband in his new and enlarged sphere, as when she shared with him in the labors of a country pastor's wife. She endeavored to form a right estimate of her own position ; and having done so, she applied herself diligently to the fulfilment of its requirements, endeavoring to adorn her profession with the lustre of those meek and holy graces becoming the life and conversation of the wife of a Christian bishop. She felt that her calling among other Christian gentlewomen constrained her to come forward as a leader in all acts of godly benevolence, and all efforts to promote the spread of vital religion among her own sex, that she might excite them to works of mercy and love, especially towards the poor and friendless. But though seen and heard of in every sphere where her influence as a bishop's wife might be exercised for good, she never turned aside from the clear and shining path of her own bright profession ; but went forward, always regarding her life on earth as a pilgrimage to that heavenly country, which is the glorious inheritance of the children of the kingdom of Christ. She was herself a member of an ancient family, and her husband's office in the

Church had elevated both him and her in the eyes of the world ; but she looked down, with a calm and smiling indifference, upon the distinctions given by mere worldly rank and riches. Her charming countenance, and the simple elegance and natural ease of her manners, made her eminently attractive wherever she appeared ; but though bred in a court, where the queen herself, and many of her ladies, were distinguished for all those accomplishments of mind and manners which give a peculiar fascination to society, she had no desire to shine in such company ;—her mind was too spiritual, her taste too refined, to enjoy the pleasure of such a life.

During her husband's attendance at the House of Lords, Mrs. Temple and Gertrude resided at the house belonging to the see of Z—— in London, and there she was sought out by many of her former acquaintances ; for the lovely Lucy Harington, the youngest of Queen Caroline's maids of honor, was not quite forgotten. The sweetness of her disposition, and her many agreeable qualities, had made her a general favorite. The mother and daughter were pronounced by some, whose word was the law of the fashionable world, to be unexceptionable as to style and manners ; and invitations came daily to the

entertainments of the highest and most courted of the great and noble. Mrs. Temple often smiled as she sat down to write the same courteous, but plain-spoken refusal to all.

They met a small and agreeable circle at the beautiful villa of their brother and sister, Lord and Lady Dereham, on the banks of the Thames at Twickenham, and they made the acquaintance of the wives and families of some of the bishops with whom the bishop of Z—— was often necessarily associated; but they entered into no society, except that of the pious and excellent few, either among the clergy or laity, who, like themselves, had turned aside from the wide gate and the broad way, and were journeying onward by the narrow way which leadeth unto life. On the first day that the bishop found there was no duty to detain him longer in London, they set off on their return to Z——.

“Are you left alone my Gertrude?” said Mrs. Temple, as she entered the drawing-room of the palace. “I thought you were all gone out.”

“They are all gone,” replied Gertrude; “and my father has gone with them. He came in to lucheon looking so pale and fatigued, that I per-

suaded him to take my place in the coach, with Mr. and Mrs. Ashton and their grandson. I thought the drive to the downs would do him good, and that the pleasant conversation of the charming old lady and her husband would enliven him. Their grandson wished to remain behind; but I told him the truth, that I should really prefer waiting to take a quiet walk with you."

"And I have finished my long letter to Ferdinand," said Mrs. Temple, "and I shall be delighted to accompany you. What are you so busily employed about?"

"I am finishing a cap and apron for one of my old widows," said Gertrude, "which I intended to take her as a surprise to-day. Poor old Betty! she is the neatest of the sisterhood in the almshouses; and was bewailing the state of her Sunday cap to Jenny, a few days ago, and saying that, with all her darning, and with all her starching, it would hold together no longer. And so, you see, dear mother, I have made her this. I am just finishing the apron, but there is so little to do that I can leave it with Jenny, and send them both by her; so that I am now ready to go out with you."

"Finish it yourself, dear child," said her mother;

“there will be time enough afterwards for a longer walk than we are likely to take. I shall sit down beside you ; and you shall tell me what you have been doing this morning, since I left the Ashtons to your care. But let me first tell you, that I will add a muslin handkerchief to your gifts to poor old Betty, and a new love-ribbon to pin round her cap. Let us remember to tell Jenny to look them out before we go.”

“How kind of you, dear mother,” replied Gertrude. “There will be an end, I think, of all poor Betty’s troubles on the score of dress ; for what with your last present of a Sunday gown and petticoat, she will be quite set up. But I must answer your question. When you left Mr. and Mrs. Ashton to my care, I went with them to call at the deanery ; and I was much pleased to see the kind reception they met with from the dean and Miss Danby. The two young ladies rose from the harpsichord as we entered ; but, at Mr. Ashton’s request, they sang to him a beautiful hymn of Handel’s, about which the dean had been speaking in high terms. It was one of those grand and touching airs in which Handel seems to excel ; and I have promised dear Mr. Ashton to learn it, and sing it often to him.”

“My dear Gertrude,” said Mrs Temple, with a sudden exclamation of surprise, “who can be coming? Did you hear the great gates thrown open? and, listen! there are the tramp of several horses, and the loud rattle of wheels. I am half-sorry that we did not leave the apron to Jenny to finish, and go out immediately.”

The door-bell at this moment rang violently; and soon after the Duchess of C—— was announced.

She came forward extending both her hands, and saying: “I only hope, my dear and long-lost friend, that you are as glad to see me again, as I am to find you. Whether you were dead or alive, I knew not; but I was always told that you had been long buried in some remote parsonage, and would never be seen among us again. I am so very glad to see you,” she added, as she kissed Mrs. Temple. And then, turning to Gertrude, she said: “And who is this fair young creature? your daughter, I am sure; for she is just what you were, Lucy, at her age, only more slender, and the least in the world paler. Come hither, my dear child; I am vastly taken with your looks, and must embrace you too, not only for your mother’s sake, but for your own.”

“You are as kind and affectionate as ever,” said

Mrs. Temple, after she had returned the warm greeting of her former friend, almost with equal warmth, though more quietly; for she felt it impossible to resist such unaffected marks of friendship.

“And now do let us sit down and have a quiet talk together; for I have sent away the carriage, and mean to remain a whole hour with you,” said the duchess. “But where in the world are you going, child?” she added, as Gertrude moved towards the door. “What, going away the moment I come in!”

Gertrude smiled and stood still, but did not come back.

“Come back and sit down, child—do as I bid you,” said the duchess, holding out her hand to Gertrude.

“Gertrude has an errand of duty to attend to,” said her mother; “and perhaps you will kindly excuse her. She will be back in half an hour.”

“Yes, yes, I know all about it,” said the duchess; “a cap, and what else, for some poor old body, whom we women of the world forget. Ah, well! get you gone, my good child; but mind you come back in half an hour. And now, Lucy,” and she turned to Mrs. Temple, “let me say again how very glad I am to see you. It seems to me but yesterday that we

parted ; and yet, what ages have passed since then ! We wrote to one another for the first few years ; and then, how was it that all communication dropped between us ? You were not to blame, however, for it was I who ceased to write ; but, to say the truth, that was the giddiest season of my useless life, when I was courted and flattered, and willing to believe the false and foolish things that every body told me. And I did not like your letters ; you were too plain-spoken ; and, gentle and affectionate as your counsel was, it was not to my taste : and then, you talked to me of religion, which I did not care to understand. And you were so provokingly happy, away from the world, while I was secretly so dissatisfied with myself, and with every body else, in the midst of the world, with all that the world could give, poured out in lavish abundance around me, that I hated you for your puritanical strictness ; and yet hated myself for my doing so. The fact was, dear Lucy, that you forced me to respect you ; for I was all the while secretly persuaded that you were right, and I wrong. And now I am an old woman, older by five years, at least, than yourself ; and I have found out, by my own experience, that the world is nothing but vanity and vexation : and I have lost most of my children ; and I

have been often ill, indeed once almost at death's door, and filled with terror at the prospect after death. I prayed for life, that I might have time to repent; and my prayers were heard. My recovery was a work of time; but a summer at Spa, and a winter at Montpelier, did wonders for me. I returned to town just when you left it, or you would have seen me there."

"But where did you hear of me, there?" said Mrs. Temple.

"Hear of you, my dear creature!" replied the duchess; "I heard of you from Lady Harvey, or, as you remember her, Mary Lepel—our old friend, Mary Lepel. And I heard of you from Princess Emily, when I went down, as in duty bound—but not, I assure you, from affection—to Gunnersbury, to pay my respects to her royal highness, who is more proud and disagreeable than ever. That sweet Princess Caroline was always my favorite. But where I heard all about you was at Lord Dereham's, when the duke and I went down to spend the day and dine with him at Twickenham. I put him upon talking of you; and I thought he would never have been tired of singing your praises, and those of his niece Gertrude. I told him I suspected you had made a Methodist of him; but I felt my heart warm towards you all the while

he spoke; and your image, which had been lying frozen and forgotten in one of the corners of this cold unfeeling heart of mine, rose up and smiled upon me, as you smile now, and spoke to me with the well-remembered tones so pleasant to me in our youthful days. And here we are, my sweet friend, met, I may say, half-way; for I have come out of the world, which I have half a mind to turn my back upon; and you have come out of your banishment, to appear, if not in its circles, yet on its confines."

"No,"—said Mrs. Temple, laying her hand gently and affectionately on the hand of her friend.

"No!" exclaimed the duchess, interrupting her; "*No!* why that emphatic *No?*—a very mild and sweet *No*, I must allow, but still a most emphatic *No!*"

Mrs. Temple smiled. "You did not give me time to say more than that one word," she said; "but perhaps that single, and, as you term it, most emphatic word, expresses better than many words, all that I wished to express. What I meant to say, was this—that while I hear with joy of your having turned your back upon the world, and come to meet me half-way, I do not allow that I have come, or mean to come, even to the confines of the

world. Still, I rejoice to meet you, my kind and affectionate friend, as we meet to-day; and I trust that we may often meet thus, as friends who love each other. I shall rejoice still more, if you allow me to use opportunities like this, to say, like one of old, 'Come then with us, and we will do thee good.'

"Are these words in the Bible?" said the duchess. "I don't remember them, but I have only read parts of the Scriptures with much attention; and that has been when my heart was almost broken with grief."

"They were spoken by one who was journeying to an earthly paradise," said Mrs. Temple; "and they were addressed to one who was disposed to remain in the dreary wilderness, where at that time they both were. He was for going back, while his friend was going forward toward the promised land."

A shade of thought passed over the bright countenance of the duchess.

"Yes," she said, gravely; "I understand you. We, both you and I, are now journeying in a wilderness: how true that is! but you are steadily going forward to the better land; and I,—you think that I am still inclined to remain where I am in this dreary wilderness. Is it not so? And therefore

you would say to me, with that sweet voice, and that winning and affectionate smile, 'Come then with us, and we will do thee good.' Ah, this is just like your letters. I did not like to hear your invitation then; but it comes sweetly and soothingly to me now. That better land! I must hear more from you, dear Lucy, of that better land! But here is Gertrude. Come hither, Gertrude," she said; "come and sit down beside me, there is room for you upon this sofa. I want to tell you and your mother that you must come to Steeplyn. You must be my first guests there. Have you seen Steeplyn, Lucy? I delight in the place, and it seems to agree with me better than any place I was ever in. I want you to know my husband and children. Jane is married, and with her husband in Scotland; but Rosamond and my son are with us. The duke and Morven rode with me to-day, but finding that the bishop was not at home, I made them leave their cards without dismounting; for I chose, as I told them, to have you all to myself on our first meeting. My dear child," she added, turning to Gertrude, "Rosamond will be so glad to make your acquaintance. No, no, Lucy, you need not fear contamination from any intercourse with Rosamond; for I see, by your look, that with all

your affection for me,—and in that I do sincerely believe,—you are afraid that Gertrude may get no good from our society. No, Rosamond is a shy, bashful girl, who blushes if you to speak to her; but she is vastly more inclined to religious people than to any in our set. Her great friend is Mary Fitzgerald, one of Lady Harvey's daughters. You have heard of Mary, perhaps?"

"We met Lady Mary Fitzgerald in town," said Mrs. Temple, "and I am sure I should rejoice at Gertrude's intimacy with any one like her."

"My Rosamond and she are of one mind. You can't do her any harm, as the world would say, for the mischief is done already: what with the lessons of her dear old methodistical governess, and her friend Lady Mary, and some others, the girl is built up in her religious notions, and is as firm as a rock. For some time her father and I tried to change her mind, but it was all to no purpose; the girl's gentleness and firmness together, were more than a match for our scoldings and reasonings and coaxings. And so now she does as she pleases. She is a good, dutiful child in the main, and a charming companion when we are alone. In fact, when her father is laid up with one of his fits of the gout, Rosamond is everything

to him; she never quits him, reads to him, plays to him, waits upon him, and has got such a hold upon him, that, as I often tell him, she can turn him round her finger at any time. I am sometimes astonished at her power; for in those gouty seasons he is often horribly cross with her, and rates her sharply."

The duchess stopped.

"Dear Lucy," she said, after a pause, "how grave you look! what are you thinking of? I should have supposed that all this account of Rosamond would have pleased you."

"It has pleased me, and it has interested me deeply," replied Mrs. Temple; "not so much the account of Lady Rosamond's religious profession, but of her sweet and dutiful attentions to her father. Her religion, I doubt not, is of the right sort, and Gertrude will feel honored by her acquaintance. I frankly confess, that you read my countenance aright, when you said, that at the mention of an intimacy with Lady Rosamond, I felt anxiously about Gertrude, and dreaded the influence of a young lady of the world, as witty and as engaging as you were at her age; and I thought that you would not understand me, and would feel justly hurt, if I declined such an acquaintance for my child."

“And had Rosamond been such an one as I was, you would have backed out of anything like intimacy, would you not?”

“I should indeed,” said Mrs. Temple, mildly—“but no, not *backed out*. I should have told you plainly and affectionately my whole mind; for I shall have no concealments with you. The truth is best told at all times, if told in a proper spirit.”

“Well, Lucy, you are right, and you would have been right; for you would have been acting honestly, and according to your own principles. I love plain speaking, and plain dealing. I must tell you, however, that much as I respect my good Rosamond, I am sometimes out of all patience with her, and think myself hardly dealt with; for, since Jane has left me, I have to go out alone. I go—of course, in my position, I *must* go—into society; and Rosamond ought sometimes to go with me. Here she is, turned two-and-twenty, and nobody has seen her. She is a tall, good-looking girl, and has a large fortune; but she has not had more than one offer, that I know of, and that she decidedly rejected, because the man did not come up to her standard. He was, in fact, my dear friend, a mere man of the world. In other respects, there was everything, the duke thought, that we could desire.”

“Everything but the one thing needful,” said Mrs. Temple; “and she, having chosen the good path, felt that her happiness, in the highest sense, would have been lost, and her soul endangered, by such an union.”

“Yes, I suppose it was so,” continued the duchess. “But I did not urge Rosamond about that match; she had herself to please, and she had the warning of her friend Lady Mary’s unhappy marriage before her. Indeed, on the subject of marriage, I make it a principle never to attempt to force a child. One thing I do require,—no engagement, or anything of the kind, without my approval; but, as I told her, if she chooses to quarrel with her own good fortune, and refuse fifty better men than Lord R——, and remain single all her days, she may, and she must. But what I *do* complain of is, her refusing, or declining, as she would call it, to go out with me; yes, and even to the most unexceptionable houses. There was, for instance, a rout at Lambeth, and Mrs. Cornwallis was express in her invitation to Rosamond; but, though the party was to be at the house of the archbishop, Rosamond was not to be persuaded, but did not, and would not go; and I had no chance of succeeding, for her father took her part. Now, you

would have gone there ; even you would have thought that right."

Mrs. Temple shook her head.

"What! you think, then, with the duke, that Lambeth palace is not the place for balls and routs; and you think that the good archbishop ought not to allow his very fine lady to be a leader of ton? That is what the duke says. What would your husband do, Lucy?"

"He would allow nothing of the kind," said Lucy, smiling.

"And you, of course, think Mrs. Cornwallis had far better keep in the shade?"

"I do not judge her, or any one but myself," replied Mrs. Temple, mildly. "But I do humbly and heartily thank God, that I would not even if I could, turn back into the wilderness, for such the world, with all its painted pleasures, seems to me. No, my dear friend, we are journeying, as I said, to the better land, even to the place (I use the words of Holy Scripture) of which the Lord hath said, 'I will give it you.' I do not take upon myself to judge any one; but I say to one I love as I do you: 'Come then with us, and we will do thee good.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

“Forsake the foolish, and live.”—Prov. ix. 6.

It was a lovely afternoon in September. The bishop and Mrs. Temple, and their daughter, were on their way to Steeplyn. They thought of their drive along that same road, in the summer of the first year after their arrival at Z——.

“We shall not have time, I suppose,” said Gertrude to her father, as the gables and chimneys of the old vicarage of Delford met her eye, “to call on dear old Mr. and Mrs. Ashton?”

“Not to-day, my dear child,” he replied, “for we promised to be at Steeplyn in time to take a long stroll through the beautiful grounds; but, on our way back, we will pass an hour with them.”

“The air is very mild,” said Gertrude; “and I dare say we shall see Mr. Ashton sitting under his favorite tree, as we pass. No,” she added soon after,

“I see not a sign of the presence of any one of the family. Even the windows are all closed; and, were it not for the thin volume of smoke slowly rising from that huge chimney, one might suppose the house uninhabited. What can be the matter?”

“Nothing more than this,” said Mrs. Temple, “that the good old vicar and his lady are walking together in some pleasant lane, or visiting one of their sick parishioners.”

“You heard from Herbert, I think, this morning, father?” said Gertrude. “How well he has hitherto fulfilled your expectations! Where is he at present?”

“He is staying with a college friend,” replied the bishop, “and in the adjoining parish to our favorite Springhurst. His friend has taken him to call on your uncle and aunt Falkland, and he has spent a day in wandering about among our old haunts; and he thought it would please me to hear how much he admired that beautiful country, and how grateful he was for the kindness he had met with from my relations. You are right, Gertrude, in saying that he has hitherto fulfilled my hopes about him. I shall never regret having taken upon myself the expenses of his college life. He is about to commence his second year of residence at Cambridge in October; and, if he

goes on as he has begun, he will take a high place among his fellow-students, and perhaps obtain a fellowship at Trinity. Do not let me forget, dear child, to write to him early in next week, that I may give him a full report of his grandfather and grandmother; though, as I told him in my last letter, I think he may bid adieu to all anxiety on their account for the present; they are in such excellent health and spirits. What a good, affectionate youth he is! Though he has passed most of his long vacation with them, and has seen them so lately, yet he is never away from them without feeling anxious to learn how they are going on."

"I did not tell you what the dear old lady said to Herbert," said Mrs. Temple, "when he was about to take his leave of her. They were with me in my own sitting-room, and it was in answer to some remark he had made about leaving them alone and lonely at the vicarage: 'O pray dismiss all anxiety on that score, my Herbert,' she said; 'your grandfather and I can never feel lonely while we are together! Our chief earthly care and trouble was on your account; but that load has been removed from our hearts. We are again blessed with health,' she continued, 'and, I assure you, we are never dull; no, we are happy and

cheerful when alone with one another, perhaps even more so than we should be if you were always with us; for we do not think it good for you, at your age, to be shut up for ever with two old people. We read to one another in the morning, and we walk about among our poor people together, and we wait upon one another all through the day; and when the pleasant duties of the day are over, then we sit down, one on either side the fire, (for we shall begin fires in the evening when you are gone,) and the curtains are drawn, and your grandfather has his candle and his book upon his favorite table, and I sit and knit by the firelight, and look at him, and listen to him, while he reads aloud some fine chapter of the Holy Bible, with a page or two of the Pilgrim's Progress, till I tell him he must try his eyes no longer; and then the book is closed, and we talk together, reviewing the mercies of the day, and counting up and thanking the Lord for all His blessings to us. There is one blessing,' she added, 'which we are never tired of speaking about, and to which we are apt in our conversation to return again and again—it is that He has given us so loving and so dutiful a child as our dear, dear grandson.' The old lady smiled, but her voice trembled a little just at her last words; she smiled, but she could not

trust herself to speak again. When he was gone, but not till then, the tears rose to her eyes, and trickled fast over her face. But she smiled again; and, turning to me, she said: 'Both grief and joy have their tears! Mine flow from a mingled stream; but I think, in my case, the joy far exceeds the grief.'

Steeplyn was a magnificent place. The mansion had been built by Vanburgh. Its architectural details were found much fault with by severe critics, and perhaps with justice; but the effect, taken as a whole, was grand and beautiful. The site was enchanting:—a home-view of one of the most picturesque parks in England; rocks, and grassy slopes, and hanging woods, and a bright river with its graceful windings, lighting up the whole. Here and there a glimpse was caught of distant mountains, with their blue aerial tints, rising above a mass of wood, or seen through a chasm in the steep and towering rocks towards the west. Notwithstanding the heaviness which is to be found in all of Vanburgh's buildings, and which was evident enough in Steeplyn, the place was distinguished at once by an air of splendor and cheerfulness. Lofty pavilions; graceful colonnades; terraces, with their marble balustrades, rising abruptly from the clear waters of the rushing river; orange-trees and

pomegranates, ranged in stately rows ; long berceaux of trellice-work, wreathed with luxuriant vines ; thickets of roses and other flowering shrubs ; sparkling fountains ; parterres, glowing with the colors of the brightest flowers ; broad walks of smoothest gravel, and closely-shaven lawns of emerald green ; cedars and cypresses, and evergreens of graceful form and varied foliage ;—a rich profusion of ornament, extending to the point where the gardens ceased, and the park opened its wild and natural beauties beyond—its lofty woods, its heights and glades, and groups of deer scattered over every part of its verdant greensward.

The duke and duchess were waiting to welcome their guests.

“You will find but a very quiet party to meet you,” said the duchess, after their first greetings were over ;—“some of our worthy country neighbors, good, honest souls, who are, I really believe, among the best-going people in the world ; for they usually manage to blunder upon what is right, and to sit down contented, amid all the changes which take place in the world around them ; grumbling a little every now and then, or they would not be Englishmen ; but always true to Church and king, let the government be ever so corrupt or arbitrary. We

have, however, one charming old couple, who came to us to-day, but I had literally to coax and threaten by turns, before I could draw them out of their hermitage; and nothing, I think, would have brought them, but the bribe that I held out of your coming to meet them. There are so many people in the world who are good and stupid, and so many who are bad and not stupid, that it is quite refreshing to meet with persons like our dear old vicar and his wife—so truly good, and so highly intellectual; so superior, and yet so unpretending. My husband and I were most agreeably surprised to find such a treasure in our own clergyman, and, I assure you we go to church twice a-day; and, though I cannot answer for the duke, I can answer for myself, that I get more good from his sermons, than I ever have from any of the fine London preachers. "Do, my dear Henry," she said, turning to the duke, "go and see what has become of Rosamond and her aged favorites. I will never keep them to herself as she does. If you sit on the terrace, tell them we will join them." Perhaps your lordship would like to take company. And you, my dear Lucy, sit with me, while I go to put on my hat and you too, dear child," she said, turning to

Gertrude, "why do you stay behind? Well, make your choice; you may come with us, or go with the gentlemen."

But before Gertrude had time to make her choice, the good-natured duke drew her arm within his, and said: "Come with us, my dear Miss Temple; for Rosamond will thank me for bringing you."

The time passed pleasantly to the whole party which was assembled at Steeplyn. The duke was a man of cultivated mind and simple tastes, an excellent husband, and an affectionate father. He was naturally reserved and silent; but, like many such persons, a keen observer, seldom off his guard himself, but quick to perceive the inconsistencies of others. He had been unaccustomed to the society of such men as the bishop and Mr. Ashton, and on the first day of their sojourn at Steeplyn, he said little and observed much. The duchess talked, as usual, more than any one else; but there was so much genuine kindness about her, and so evident a wish to please every one, that her guests could not but be pleased with her. She was a woman of clear sense, and of a fine and cultivated mind; her heart was full of noble and generous feelings; she was gentle and yet dignified; and though she had been

from a child a stranger to religion, she had too much regard for the feelings of others to say a word herself, or allow a word to be spoken in her house, which might wound or distress a conscientiously religious person. These remarks may appear strange to some of our readers; but the tone of conversation in well-bred society was then very different from what it is at the present day, and it was too often looked upon as a mark of sense and spirit, for persons of rank and fashion to talk profanely. Even by many who had better taste than to make a display of their infidel sentiments, a deep-rooted scepticism of spirit was often dignified by the name of philosophy. Hume, Voltaire, and Bolingbroke, and many other less-notorious names, had then given a kind of *eclat* to various descriptions and shades of infidelity; and some, not only of the accomplished gentlemen of that period, but even of the more refined and delicate ladies of the higher circles, were not ashamed to profess their admiration of authors, whose works have long since been discarded by all who have any pretension to decency, whether in religion or morality. The duchess had been, during the most brilliant portion of her career, an avowed free-thinker, though disguising her infidelity by the convenient title of a *bel esprit*; and

her wit and gaiety had given a kind of charm to her conversation among persons of the same sentiments. Sickness and sorrow had done much to sadden and subdue her spirit, and to induce her to think more seriously on subjects of vital importance. Her friend, Mrs. Temple, would have shuddered, had she known her during that portion of her thoughtless life. But when they met, after long years of separation, much of the unworldly and unselfish freshness of her early character had reappeared; and such is the influence of the companionship of the wise and the good, and so sincere was the respect and esteem with which she regarded the character and conduct of the friend of her youthful days, that she had been unconsciously led into a state of mind which would have astonished even herself, had she analyzed it. Many a pleasing association also was connected in her mind with Lucy, as she always called her; and the sweetness and the gentleness of her friend's disposition and manners, won upon her during every hour that they were together.

The duke was naturally of an idle turn of mind; not without intellectual power, but careless and indisposed to exercise it; more inclined to be amused by the brilliant qualities of his wife, than to condemn

what his judgment secretly disapproved. His love and admiration of her had known no diminution, and he had seen, not only with concern, but with annoyance, how much the elasticity of her mind and the gaiety of her spirits had been impaired during the few last previous years. He was selfish, and her depression had alike saddened and wearied him; for he had been long accustomed to look to her, not only for entertainment, but for that active energy of mind in which he was himself deficient, and which he felt to be peculiarly needed in the management of his affairs, and of his household.

The duchess had been the mainspring and director of everything connected with his concerns, and had taken a world of trouble off his hands; and he felt, that if her health gave way, and her spirit failed, there would be a call upon him for energies which he felt equally unwilling, and, as he persuaded himself, unable, to exert. The duchess loved her husband, and she had always been too considerate of his dignity and his position to put herself prominently forward, and to appear in any way to derogate from his authority; and though it was really her clear sense and her active mind which directed and regulated all, from the management of his extensive estates down

to the lowest details of their household expenses, everything was apparently done by him or in his name. Not that in anything she acted without him, or neglected to consult him. He was the actual, but sleeping sovereign; she, the busy and active prime-minister of their little empire. All her plans and all her projects were laid before him, his opinion was asked on every point, and if he cared to declare it, she always gave him the opportunity, either by a direct question, or by endeavoring in some way or other to draw it from him; and if it happened that they differed, because she felt that he was not sufficiently alive to his own interests or honor, (and, except on such points, they seldom did differ,) she spared no pains to prove, by wise and gentle reasoning, that she was right, while expressing a perfect willingness to be convinced if she were wrong, or to yield if he desired her. And all this she had done, not in an artful, scheming, selfish spirit, but uprightly, and honestly, and with the sincere desire of really serving her husband, and making him and everything that was his appear to advantage. Though the mainspring of all, she was contented to keep the place of the mainspring in the watch—the unobserved and hidden place; being all the while the secret source of action,

and the life of all the beautiful arrangement and order without; acting, however, alas! not upon Christian principles, but proving, to the shame of many professed Christians, the truth of those wonderful words of our Blessed Lord: that "the children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light."

The duke saw, with no little satisfaction, that the drooping energies of his beloved wife were reviving; and, with a mind at ease, he watched the bright play of her countenance, and listened to her animated remarks.

The first indication of the change which the duke observed in her mind and demeanor was, when a few days after their arrival at Steeplyn, the duchess returned from her first visit to the Temples. He wondered within himself what had produced it; and when he met them, and became acquainted with them himself, he began to like them, not only because he saw their happy influence upon his wife, but for their own sakes; and he was soon as desirous as she to improve his acquaintance with them. He liked them all. He liked the frank and manly spirit of the bishop; he liked the quiet elegance and feminine sweetness of Mrs. Temple; and the gentle but natural manners of

their lovely daughter. He had seldom seen so much modesty, with so much ease and such exquisite propriety, as in both the mother and daughter. There was no effort, no display; but a beautiful repose; and he rejoiced to observe, that his own admirable daughter seemed to lose half her shyness in their society. Her timidity yielded before a gentleness at once so affectionate and so engaging, and the finer parts of her character were insensibly drawn out, as he had never seen them before. There were the same attractive qualities in the aged vicar and wife: and he fully concurred in the remark of the duchess, when they were conversing together on the subject: "How strange it is, that we should come into this quiet country place, to find more of real refinement, more of the delicate finish of perfect good breeding, than in the courtly circles we have left!" There was, however, nothing so very strange in the matter. They saw, almost for the first time, the highest style of character, the genuine graces of the spiritual mind; of that charity, which is kind, and vaunteth not itself; of those manners, which are gentle and courteous and forbearing, and considerate of the feelings of others. They saw nothing artificial; but the godly simplicity and sincerity of those who have learnt of

the only perfect pattern, how to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, in the thousand little proprieties of domestic intercourse and every-day life. We have seen this Christian courtesy and winning sweetness among those in the higher ranks of life; but we have seen it also among the lower classes. Everywhere it is rare. But the fact is, there is but one source from which the true rules of good manners can be learned, and that is at once the highest, and the most accessible to all. Those who study to acquire them elsewhere, are sure, on some occasions, to drop the fair and painted mask they assume, or to wear it awry; and so discover, even to common observers, its uncertain and superficial character.

There was one of the family at Steeplyn, who expressed no admiration for their new friends.

CHAPTER IX.

"A scorner seeketh wisdom, and findeth it not." PROVERBS xiv. 6.

LORD MORVEN, the only son of the duke and duchess, was an elegant young man; but his handsome features usually wore an expression of languid dissatisfaction, and his conversation was generally marked by a cynical turn of mind. He prided himself upon his talent of assuming any character he chose to personate, and he generally succeeded. He was just then wearied with his usual course of life. He had passed the season in London; he had spent a month at Tonbridge Wells; he had gone suddenly to Paris, and returned as suddenly; and then, having no particular call elsewhere, he had yielded to his mother's request, and accompanied his parents and his sister to Steeplyn; having, also, some inclination to see how he should like it as a place of residence. Though not

effeminate, he was a very fine gentleman, particularly well pleased with himself, but seldom pleased with any one else. He held infidel opinions, but had the good taste not to avow them openly. He was, indeed, extremely fastidious—as very fine gentlemen usually are—as to the minutiae of good breeding in others, reserving for himself (no unusual occurrence) the license of transgressing the rules of good breeding when it suited him. In fact, he was an artificial character, made up according to his own notions of perfection; but, perfection being somewhat different from his estimate of it, the resemblance was not sufficiently apparent to be recognized. He was a man of some mind and reading, and able to appreciate the superior powers and the brilliant talents of the most celebrated infidel writers of the day,—Hume and Voltaire and Rousseau, for instance; but he had not sufficient intellectual power or skill to take the soundings of their shallows, or to detect the falsehood of their sophistries. He was apt to be carried away by the force of their opinions; and was, therefore often out of his depth, or borne down by the current to those quicksands which are the only landing-place they have discovered.

He was wise, but as it was in his own conceit, he was blinded to his own ignorance. He was fond of

arguing, for it enabled him to display his own acuteness; and seldom better pleased than when he could exhibit the weakness of an opponent, by drawing him on, with no little skill, to expose his deficiencies, while he covered his own design with an apparent unconsciousness; and then retired from the contest, as if too careless to claim the triumph he had won.

A glance round the table, on the first day his father's guests appeared, told him that there was no one present whom he could condescend to notice—they were all unknown, and he decided within himself that they were not worth knowing. “But what can one expect,” he thought, “from a set of provincial persons? The finest house in the world would be intolerable with such people.” They were evidently too common-place even to amuse him by their vulgarity, or to act as a foil to the brilliant reunion of wit and talent, who were to come on their departure; and he arrived at the conclusion that his only resource was, to retire within himself, and to avoid the bore of conversing with any of them. On the following day, the bishop and his wife and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, were added to the party. There was a young man present, a fresh arrival, who had just returned to England from the grand tour, as it was then called.

He was the master of many broad acres and a noble mansion in the neighborhood; and had left home a good-looking but ignorant youth. He had come back so changed in manners, that he might have been the original of Cowper's clever portrait:—

* The youth, obedient to his sire's commands,
Sets off, a wanderer into foreign lands.

* * * * *

Strange the recital, from whatever cause
His great improvement and new light he draws,
The squire, once bashful, is shame-faced no more,
But teems with powers he never felt before.

* * * * *

Returning, he proclaims by many a grace,
By shrugs, and strange contortions of the face,
How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home."

He had crossed the Alps, and been to Rome; he had kissed the Pope's toe, and purchased an Indulgence; he had visited France, and seen the French king dine in public; he had sat in the same box, at the Grand Opera at Paris, with Jean Jacques Rousseau, at the first representation of Gretry's last piece. He offered to send the Pope's Indulgence to the bishop, and Rousseau's last work, of which he spoke in terms of high admiration, to the duchess.

She declined his offer, with a plain but well-bred expression of her disapprobation of the author's sentiments and character; and some remark was made by

the bishop, reflecting on the pernicious influence of the *soi-disant* philosophers of the French school.

The attention of Lord Morven was roused ; and, reckoning on his own superior powers of argument, and his own extensive information, he felt that an opportunity had arrived, in which he might at the same time insinuate his own opinions, and expose a clergyman to ridicule. He had met with some bishops, who were said to be men of profound learning, and who could dogmatize, but were soon foiled in an argument ; and he had seen nothing in the quiet and unpretending manners of the Bishop of Z——, to make him fear an encounter with him. He assumed an air of humble deference. “ He was merely an inquirer after truth,” he said, “ and wished to propose a question to his lordship. He felt himself unable to solve its perplexities, and asked simply for information.”

The bishop listened to him with attention, for his voice was clear and sweet-toned ; and his respectful and diffident manners presented a pleasing contrast to the noisy rattle and confident demeanor of the young squire. Still, there was something in the tone of that soft, distinct voice, about which his mind misgave him. He turned to the young inquirer with a mild

but steadfast look, which seemed to say, "Are you in earnest in your search after truth? or what are you aiming at?" But the perfect unconsciousness with which Lord Morven met his eye deceived him. He begged to hear the proposed question.

It was a subtle and specious objection to a point of the Christian faith, by which he expressed himself to have been shocked, yet staggered, in one of Voltaire's volumes.

The clear and masterly way in which the bishop quietly disentangled the subject from all its apparent difficulties, and the gentle authority with which he asserted the right view of the point in question, put an end to the discussion, in a way that the young nobleman did not anticipate, and which caused him much annoyance; but he was too guarded to betray what he felt.

Mr. Ashton had paid particular attention to what had been said, and had taken part in the conversation. He observed, that it was a sad proof of the prevailing ignorance, and of the general neglect of scriptural truth, that the daring infidelity and loose ribaldry of a writer like Voltaire, and the gross fallacies of his less guilty, but equally dangerous compeer, Rousseau,

should have obtained so wide a popularity among persons professing to be Christians.

And then again the young nobleman's soft clear voice was raised ; and he turned to Mr. Ashton, and remarked, that " he believed there were some beautiful traits in the character of Voltaire ; that affair of the Calas family, for instance ! Had Mr. Ashton heard the facts of the infamous persecution and dreadful death of the good old man, and of the noble stand made by Voltaire on the behalf of his family ? "

" It was a noble stand," said Mr. Ashton ; " and the conduct of Voltaire on that occasion is deserving of unqualified commendation. But we must only regret the more deeply, that one whose judgment was so just, and whose benevolence was so remarkable on that occasion, should have proved a traitor to God and man, on almost every other. One or two good actions," he continued, " standing out from the darkness of a long course of impiety the most daring, and immorality the most shameless, only serve to make that darkness appear, by the contrast, more awfully palpable. A few good actions may testify of a few right impulses ; but a good man is not one of mere impulse, but one who acts on right principles at all times. If, for instance, I were to find a man showing much kindness and com-

passion to one or two families, giving them food and money, and even loading them with favors; but during the whole course of his life, with these few bright exceptions, employing himself in the most skilful preparations of various subtle poisons, and, in a spirit of satanic malevolence, administering them to all the rest of his neighbors, I could call that man by no other name than that of murderer."

The conversation was interrupted by the duke's rising from table, and proposing to join the ladies in the drawing-room.

Mr. Ashton's attention was from that time much drawn to Lord Morven. He observed him closely, and lost no opportunity of conversing with him. He spoke to him with gentleness and kindness, and endeavored to win his confidence.

The young nobleman, who had at first regarded him as one of a class that he had been accustomed to treat with a sovereign contempt, and as scarcely raised by station and education above the society of his father's steward's room, stared at him with astonishment. But he could not shut his eyes to the superiority of the good old pastor's mind, and to his extensive information on every subject upon which he spoke. He was struck, also, by the dignified and graceful

ease of his manners; and felt that Mr. Ashton commanded his respect. He was interested, in spite of himself, by the conversation of the venerable man; by his sense and benevolence; and by the deference with which his remarks were listened to by every one present. On one occasion, he saw the old man's eyes fixed upon him with a deeply sorrowful expression, which surprised him the more, as it was after a discussion in which he had been made to feel his own ignorance and weakness in argument, more than on any former occasion. In the course of this discussion, Mr. Ashton had referred to the well known maxim of Diderot, the last words of that gloomy infidel, that, "The first step towards philosophy is incredulity;" and had afterwards quoted those glorious lines of Milton's—

"How charming is Divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute;
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

Lord Morven, with a well-assumed air of concern, expressed his opinion that there were many more in the world who would understand the maxim of the French encyclopædist, than the beautiful sentiment of the English poet. "And yet," he added, "he must, he

supposed, recall his opinion, as the fact was, that there were but few who were bold enough to think for themselves; most men were content to take things for granted. He, for his part, however, had dared to think for himself. He loved truth for its own sake; perhaps it was his misfortune to do so. He might have been happier, if he had not been so much in earnest in his inquiry after truth; for he feared that, if credulity was the first step to philosophy, he was in a fair way to become a philosopher. He confessed with reluctance his own incredulity."

Mr. Ashton quietly asked him to explain himself; and the shallow young man was drawn on to expose himself. He lost his self-command, and made several assertions which proved that he was not merely an incredulous inquirer, but a wilful and determined unbeliever. He supported the objections which he brought forward by some of the common-place arguments of the French philosophers; and proved that, with all his pretended simplicity, he was deeply tainted by their pernicious opinions. But he was met at every turn by the elaborate and powerful reasoning of his opponent, who calmly and kindly exposed the sophistries of the whole system; and proved to the young man, who had presumed to enter the lists with him,

that he had met with a veteran in arms, as skilled and powerful in confuting error, as in defending the truth. The good old man, though nothing more in the eyes of the world, than the humble pastor of a secluded parish, possessed a mind of first-rate powers, which he had exercised in severe study, and close thinking. Circumstances had occurred, connected with his past life, which had made him familiar with the varied forms that the infidel spirit of the times in which he lived had assumed; and he had applied himself in earnest, and with success, to the refutation of them. Feeble though he was in bodily frame and as to physical strength, his intellect retained its full vigor, his eye was not dim, nor was his force abated. The poet Cowper has described him in those matchless lines, which I cannot resist introducing here—

“ Oh, I have seen (nor hope perhaps in vain,
Ere life go down, to see such sights again)
A veteran warrior in the Christian field,
Who never saw the sword he could not wield;
Grave without dulness, learned without pride,
Exact, yet not precise, though meek, keen-eyed;
A man that would have foiled, at their own play,
A dozen would-be's of the modern day;
Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit as bright, as ready to produce :
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
Or from philosophy's enlightened page,
His rich materials, and regale your ear
With strains it was a privilege to hear;

Yet, above all, his luxury supreme,
And his chief glory, was the Gospel theme:
There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,
His happy eloquence seemed there at home:
Ambitious not to shine, or to excel,
But to treat justly what he loved so well."

Such a man was Mr. Ashton ; though in simplicity a child, in understanding a man, and no common man—the faithful, loving, and adoring disciple of Him, who, though He is the brightness of the glory of God, and the very light of life to those who truly seek and serve Him, is still despised, rejected, and set at nought by the countless throng, that bear His sacred name only to disgrace it.

The good old man sorrowed from his heart over the perverted but talented young nobleman. He was deeply shocked to see a youthful mind of much promise, already warped and tainted by a deep-rooted infidelity. He sought for an opportunity—and he soon found one—of being alone with Lord Morven. They were together in the library at Steeplyn. The old man was reading ; and, as it happened, the book that was in his hand was one which had led his thoughts away continually to the state of the young infidel. It was that book which has been justly regarded as a masterpiece of thought and reasoning, the *Analogy* of Bishop Butler.

“I have been thinking of you frequently, as I turned over the pages of this volume,” he said gravely. “You are fond of works of an argumentative character. I recognized in many of the opinions which you have put forth, the reasonings of authors of a different school. Have you read this volume?”

The young man took the book, which he offered, from his hand, and his glance fell carelessly upon its open pages. “He had not read it,” he said. “He must confess,” he added with a smile, “he had never heard of it.”

“Strange,” said the old man, “that one who professes to be a searcher after truth, should restrict his reading, as I suspect your lordship has done, to those authors who are its most bitter assailants. If you are in earnest, you will take the advice of a man of some experience, and of more years, and you will have the common candor, before you express an opinion upon subjects of unspeakable importance, to consider both sides of the question.”

With a gentle voice, and a slightly scornful smile, the young man said: “Allow me to observe, that you are taking too much for granted, in what you have advanced; and there is a slight contradiction in your

own words. Having spoken of suspicions, you go on at once to reason on assertions."

"May I be permitted to ask," said Mr. Ashton, calmly and steadily fixing the eye of his companion, "what books on the Christian side of the controversy you have consulted?"

Lord Morven checked the outbreak of an impatience which was but too evident, and asked, in his blindest manner, on what grounds his venerable friend considered himself entitled to catechize him. "It might be," he continued, "that superior age implied a right to question one who frankly confessed his own incapacity and inexperience. But Mr. Ashton had doubtless mistaken him. He was but an inquirer; he desired to be taught:"—He had scarcely spoken the words, when he wished them recalled. He bit his lips, as he caught the flashing glance of the old man's eye. He had insensibly fallen into his former strain; and he saw that his aged companion had at once detected him. His eyes fell beneath that flashing glance. He did not speak; but his attention seemed to be caught and fixed upon a passage of the book, which was still open in his hand.

"Your lordship, I suspect—nay," he continued, "I may perhaps assert, with no fear of contradiction—

has never heard the following apologue :—‘ A vessel was wending its way over a dark, mysterious sea. It was freighted with immortal beings ; and a thoughtful and experienced mariner stood at the helm. That vessel’s only course of safety was straight forward, along a track of lustrous light, like the long line of radiance cast by the sunbeams, when the orb is sinking on the broad sea. On either side of that bright course were hidden rocks and weltering quicksands, shrouded by an impenetrable gloom. And still the good vessel bounded onward over the shining waves, the steady breeze swelling the sails, and the glorious light brightening as she advanced : and still, as she went forward, the voice of song rose from the hearts of many of her mariners, for they were voyagers to a most delightful land. There was one in that vessel, who said he was no mariner, and hardly knew why he had come on board. He spoke much of his youth, his ignorance, his inexperience ; but all the while he went from one to another of the crew, instilling doubts and fears, by telling of his own misgivings as to the wisdom of the course they took, and of his incredulity as to the existence of that happy land. With a soft smile, and a courteous manner, his look as guileless as a child’s, he sat himself down at the feet of that old

weatherbeaten steersman, and ashamed, he said, to own his ignorance, he besought the old mariner to instruct him. He spoke about the chart on which the vessel's course was traced; and with hints, dropped it would seem unconsciously, he insinuated that perhaps the chart used by that vessel's crew was not the true one; he might be mistaken, probably he was, but he had heard of other charts, which wise and learned and most skilful men preferred to that old worn-out chart—a chart, he added, said to be worn-out and obsolete. Would the steersman satisfy his doubts? would he explain on what authority that worn-out chart had been preferred? Such was the discourse he held. And when the old man, all unsuspecting of the hidden motive of that specious inquirer, gave some plain reasons, in his simple way, in answer to the questions put to him, a scornful smile curled his companion's lips, and he begun straightway to put forth bolder and more startling objections, and to prove that all his seeming ignorance was assumed, and that he wore it but as a cloak, to cover dark designs and evil purposes. His object was discovered; his only aim to set aside, as altogether useless, the good old chart, to turn the vessel from its path of light into the darkness, among the rocks and quicksands; and so to take

away all hope of its reaching its glorious destination.’”

The young nobleman stood listening to the apologue with his blandest smile. “And may I ask,” he said, “the meaning of this parable? for I must confess I am too dull and dense (the fault is doubtless with myself) to see the force or application of the lesson, which I have no doubt, it would convey. But I never could understand a riddle, and always say, I give it up. I have no imagination; and, therefore, in this instance, I must lose the benefit of your kind instruction, unless, indeed, you add to the obligation already conferred, and do me the favor of putting the lesson into plain and homely language.”

“My lord,” said the aged clergyman solemnly, “I have understood you from the first; and this is what I have wished to tell you. I have seen with sorrow and surprise the real aim of all your observations. I would speak with all gentleness, but in deep, sad earnest; while I speak in language which you cannot misunderstand. You found two clergymen at your father’s table. Their presence in his house might have secured for them the respect of his son. But you set yourself deliberately to the work of assailing the Christian faith and principles which

they profess to hold. And this you did, not openly, nay—forgive me the words—not honestly. In seeking to hold up to ridicule the cause which is dearer to them than their very life, you calculated, I suppose, on their ignorance, on points where ignorance would have been inexcusable, in men of their profession. With much apparent gentleness, and with a skill which would have done your lordship credit in a better cause, you proposed your pretended difficulties to them, pleading your own ignorance, and seeking, as you declared, for instruction and information, as a searcher after truth : but all the while, you were endeavoring to draw them into some perplexity, and there to leave them, convicted, on their own showing, of weakness and incompetency. Your attacks, my lord, were not of a personal nature ; your sense of good breeding forbade such a breach of common manners. Had they been personal, we should have deemed them unkind, and have let them pass unnoticed. But I bring a graver charge against you. Your attacks were directed, with an awful daring, against the very Majesty of Heaven, and that wondrous scheme of love and mercy which the Lord God has revealed to His guilty and miserable creatures. It is written in His Word : ‘ If one man sin against

another, the judge shall judge him ; but if a man sin against the Lord who shall intreat for him ?' It needed no great penetration, in one accustomed to the fallacious reasonings you brought forward, and to the way in which you turned them, to discover the real drift of all your discourse ; and, though at the time I said nothing, I understood you thoroughly. Bear with me. I have lived long in this vain world ; and I shall soon put off my harness. I am, as it were, almost like one standing on the confines of the two worlds—this which I am about to quit, and that which I am about to enter upon. The vanities of the one, and the realities of the other, are seen more and more clearly, as I behold them, in the light of eternal truth. Young as you are, my lord, I think I am not mistaken, when I say that you know something of the unsatisfying character of everything in this world. Let me, then, solemnly ask you have you nothing to look to, nothing to rest upon, beyond this world ? Have you not at times misgivings as to an unknown future ? Are you not playing at fearful odds ? For if you win, you gain nothing ; while, if you lose, you lose everything. I am well acquainted with the sources from whence you have drawn your opinions. I was familiar with the works of some of those infidel

writers before your lordship was born, and recognized at once the various lines of argument, specious and subtle enough, I own ; but, as I think I proved to you in our discussion of yesterday, alike unsound and untenable. Allow me to say, that when you have read more extensively, not on one side only, but, as all who would be impartial in their judgment are bound to do, on both sides of the question ; and when you have resolved in downright earnest to search humbly and patiently and diligently for the truth, perhaps you will come to the same conclusion which Bacon and Newton and Locke and Boyle and minds of the highest order have arrived at. Your lordship's authorities are minds of a far inferior grade to such as these ; men as notorious for inflation of intellect, as for pride of heart and cold and calculating selfishness. It is a bad school, especially for one who, like your lordship, may have a long, and I would fain hope, a bright career of honor and of usefulness before him in this present world, and who must, like myself, render up an account at the end. Will your lordship bear with me, and listen while I tell you the story of one, who was very dear to me, and of whom I have been painfully reminded during the last few days. He was, like yourself, a young man of high

rank, and of great promise. There is a lesson and a warning in his life, and early death, which, I pray God, may have some weight with you. One fact, like the account which I shall give you, is worth a thousand arguments."

Lord Morven, who had risen from his chair, bowed with a cold politeness, and resumed his seat.

"I had a pupil once," said Mr. Ashton, "a ward, a son, I might almost call him. Some thirty years have passed away, since I followed him to the grave; for he died young. He was perhaps about your own age, in the early prime of manhood; and the world, with many a path of honor and of usefulness, was also opening upon him. He was distinguished by rare talents. His father had been my friend; but he had resided in France during the last years of his life, and we had seldom met. By his last will, he had appointed me the guardian of his only child. Eugene was but a youth when he came from abroad to reside with me, and I took upon myself the entire charge of his education until he went to college. He endeared himself to us in many ways, but I soon discovered that he had no strength of principle. He had a taste for literature, and a natural refinement, which caused him to shun the grosser pleasures of a

dissipated life. He passed through his college career with a high name, and carried away every prize that he contended for. I was gratified with his success, and had no fault to find with his general conduct; but I was not satisfied. I had once enjoyed his confidence—at least I thought so; but I saw with sorrow that the only standard to which I had endeavored to lead him to refer his every action, was gradually disregarded. On his coming of age, he left England to make the grand tour; a tutor accompanied him, or rather one who bore the name, and who, I afterwards found, acquired an unaccountable influence with him. This man had been strongly recommended to me, by one whom I highly esteemed, and who was himself deceived. He proved to be a Jesuit, assuming, for the purposes of his order, the office of tutor to my ward. We supposed him to be a Protestant, mingling the warmest zeal with an admirable tact and judgment. Whatever were the covert designs of this specious man, he never arrived at the opportunity of completing them. While at the court of T——, the impostor was recognized, and exposed by one of the most accomplished infidels of the time, a man of far superior powers to those of the wretched Jesuit. This circumstance, and the influence of the set into which

Eugene was thrown, destroyed the little respect for religion which he still retained. With his new friend, and one or two others of like principles, he proceeded to Paris, and was there associated with the circle of the *soi-disant* philosophers, whose wit and talent were the theme of conversation throughout Europe at the time. The rank and fortune of my ward, attracted less attention than the striking elegance of his manners and appearance, and the charm of his conversation. At the *petits soupers* of that profane and frivolous society, the graceful Englishman, as he was called, who spoké their own tongue with a purity of accent and style that astonished his companions, and whose lightest remarks often sparkled with the wit of the most exquisite polish, was a general favorite. They compared him to his magnificent countryman, who, when he appeared as ambassador at the court of France, had caused jewels of high value to be so slightly fastened to his dress, that as he moved along they dropped at the feet of the ladies of the court; only, they added, that the diamonds and rubies of Buckingham's careless prodigality, were less brilliant than the gems of thought and language which fell from the lips of my poor Eugene. He remained at Paris for some years, and after he had taken the

charge of his own property, I seldom heard from him, except by an occasional letter. His communications were short and cold, such as he would have written, not to a second father, but to his man of business. It was about five years from the time of our separation, that I received a letter of a very different description. It was evidently written with a trembling hand. Like his former letters, it was short; but every word was expressive of deep feeling. He clung to me, he said, as his only friend on earth; he entreated me, if possible, to come to him, for it was no longer in his power to come to me. The exertion of the journey would prevent his reaching me alive. Every word of that short letter was a mystery to me, but one that filled me with unspeakable distress. In a few hours I was on my way to Paris. I found him in his own splendid hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, but he was alone; those whom he had called his friends had all deserted him, as I afterwards learnt. His settled gloom, his self-reproaches, wearied them. They sought to cheer him by the vain maxims of their corrupt philosophy, but, for the first time, their profane levity shocked him. He rebuked them with a bitterness of spirit which he did not attempt to conceal, and which they did not choose to tolerate. He saw

them no more. I found a desolate and dying man, wasted by disease, in the midst of all that wealth and luxury could procure. He was much moved at our first meeting, but soon after sank back into his former dark and dreary despondency, from which I in vain endeavored to arouse him. He scarcely cared to answer my anxious questions; but seemed to give himself up to a state of cheerless, hopeless wretchedness. One idea had taken possession of his whole mind, and become a kind of settled monomania with him. After staring at me that first evening for a long time, with the look of one solely occupied with the burden of his own sad thoughts, he said: 'Is it not written somewhere, in that Book which you once taught me to search, but which I have long thrown aside: *'And at his end he shall be a fool?'* You see the accomplishment of that Scripture before you. I have been reckoned among the wise of this world; but I ask myself—where are the wise, and what is their boasted wisdom? Madness and folly are its proper name. 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,' but there has been no fear of God before my eyes. Is it not written again in your book, 'He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.' I have done this, and I am that fool. All the marks of a fool are

about me: this is the chief one. 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God:' and I have said this. Oh, how very often! It has been the language not only of my heart, but of my lips. You see I have not forgotten the lessons that I learnt at Delford, sweet, happy Delford. Would that I had seen them to be the lessons of wisdom at that time; but I was a fool then, and I have followed the career of a fool; and, as I have lived, I shall die, a fool to the end. I have had strong convictions, and this is now the sum and substance of them all—that I have been and am a fool. No, no,' he said, shaking his head at a remark I was beginning to make, 'my heart is as hard as ever; there is no change, and it is too late to hope for a change now. The conviction of my senselessness and folly beset me on every side; they oppress my spirit, and wound my soul; but they will never issue in hope and peace.'

"I never quitted him. By night and by day, I was ever at his side, endeavoring with all gentleness, to turn his thoughts to the consideration of the infinite mercy of God, and of the tender compassion of our blessed Redeemer; sometimes repeating a few words of Scripture, sometimes offering up a short and earnest prayer, and inwardly, indeed, altogether in

prayer for him. But that monomania was not to be removed; the one idea possessed his mind, and he reasoned on that one idea alone. Whatever subject I brought forward, whatever train of thought I endeavored to suggest, he always returned to the same conclusion, '*At his end he shall be a fool.*' Sometimes I thought that he had lost all sanity. But no; I only saw in that monomania the breaking up of a long delusion, and the awakening of the infatuated man to his sober senses. But the effect was like that of too strong a light upon eyes long closed by blindness, and newly restored to sight,—the light seemed to overpower the vision, and produced a second blindness. He suffered, at times, frightful paroxysms of pain; his whole frame seemed to writhe with agony. But in vain did I entreat him to join with me in praying to that gentle Saviour, who had suffered unspeakable agonies for him. I can never forget the start and look of horror, with which he received my first mention of that adorable name. 'Oh do not breathe that name,' he said, 'I must not hear it. I cannot—dare not speak it. I have profaned that sacred name, denied it, jested upon it, and I knew what I was doing; conscience, the inward monitor, checked me and

warned me, till, fool that I was! I succeeded in stifling the unwelcome voice within me.'

“He never slept: his eyes were hollow and blood-shot for want of rest. At the close of one miserable day of pain and restlessness, in which he had seldom spoken to me, I was sitting near the fire, for it was winter, and the weather intensely cold; the servants had not yet brought in the lights, but the spacious room was partially lighted by the huge logs of blazing wood upon the hearth. I could not see to read, and my eyes wandered, from the Bible which lay open before me, over that magnificent apartment. He was lying on a gilded sofa covered with the richest damask. On every side the decorations of a luxurious splendor met my sight; panels filled with immense pier-glasses, or with pictures, paintings by Boucher and Coypel, all bordered by wreaths of clustering flowers richly gilt, on a ground of azure velvet, the ceiling enriched with gilding and painting in the same style. The loves of Cupid and Pysche, or the less refined fables of Ovid, were the subjects of those pictures. Well do I remember, as if I saw it now, every ornament of that saloon, in which I passed hour after hour of so many days and nights. How often had it been filled with the gay and fluttering groups of that

age of profanity and folly! How often blazing with light, and with all the splendor of dress and jewels! How often had it resounded with the sweetest strains of music and of song, or with the light laughter and the playful sallies of wit and gaiety! It was a desolate and melancholy apartment to my eyes; its only tenants were a dying man and his one sorrowing friend; and the only sounds, besides my own low whispers, were the moanings of agony of mind and body, or the changes rung upon those ever-recurring words, the burden of a self-accusing spirit: 'At his end he shall be a fool.'

"As I sat there, on that memorable night, and turned away with a sickened heart from the mockeries of wealth and splendor around me, my eyes were often fixed on one picture; it occupied the centre of the panel immediately above the sofa of the dying man. I had scarcely noticed it before; but as the glare of the blazing logs was thrown upon it, and as the light wavered, it assumed, at times, almost the appearance of life; and it struck me the more, from the contrast it presented to the haggard and deathlike features of the yet living face beneath it, upon which also the same fire-light flickered, though more faintly. It was the head of a peasant girl, a portrait by Greuze;

one quite out of place among the wanton pictures and meretricious ornaments of that saloon. The sweet countenance was bright with the freshness of youth and health, and the frankness of an ingenuous spirit as yet unspoiled by the deadening influence of worldliness and vice. Who and what the original was, I knew not, and I thought not; it was the contrast of the two countenances, or rather of the characters of which each seemed to be the striking index, that had affected me.

“My attention was, however, drawn from the picture. My poor Eugene spoke to me. His voice had regained somewhat of its former tone and power. For several long hours he had not spoken, I had heard only from time to time the deep groans of pain and restless misery. ‘My father, my more than father,’ he said, ‘I am better and calmer now; for the first time since your arrival I feel something like—no, I must not call it hope, it is not hope; but it is a strange composure, such as I have not known for years till now. Since my racking pains subsided, and the consequent languor and stillness crept over me, I have been gazing upon you; and my mind has been stealing back to the quiet parsonage of Delford, and the peaceful happiness almost in my grasp when I

was with you there. Had I been your own child, and the child of her whom I loved as if she had been my mother, and the brother of your little gentle girl, I could not have met with more true affection: how unsuspecting you all were! how tenderly you bore with all my impatience and all my faults! never excusing them, but always forgiving and indulgent to me. But I was then wise in my own conceit, and you know there is more hope for a fool than for one wise in his own conceit. No, no,' he added, returning to his former vein of thought,—and the tone of his voice was so deeply desponding, so expressive of utter wretchedness, that it moved me to tears:—'no, the course of my life has been altogether that of a fool, and the awful words of Holy Scripture are now realized and accomplished in me: '*At his end he shall be a fool;*' only, there are two states of madness to the fool there spoken of; the first is that of self-delusion—a fool, but self-deluded and unconscious that he is one; the last,—a fool, but no longer self-deluded; but wide awake, as I am now, to the fact in all its appalling desolation.' He stopped, and turned his face to the wall. For some length of time he did not speak again. The servants entered with lights, and another followed bearing a salver of refreshments.

“And now that the apartment was lighted up, my eyes turned again to the bible. There were a few words in that sacred volume, which had occupied my mind while Eugene was speaking. I read them, I dwelt on them, I prayed over them, that God would bring them, and with the power and consolation of His Spirit the Divine Comforter, to the heart of the poor sufferer:—‘*Let him become a fool that he may be wise.*’ Slowly, and almost in a whisper, I repeated them, pausing upon every word. He turned his head, and opening his eyes widely, he said: ‘What words were those? let me hear them again! Oh, sir, let me hear them! I never heard them till now.’ He had heard them to good purpose. Almost at a glance, his mind, in the clear exercise of all its keenest powers, had caught their meaning, and had applied it to his own case; and my prayer had been heard. ‘A fool,’ he said, ‘that he may be wise! Can it be possible? Let him become a fool that he may be wise.’ I followed up the argument and the application. ‘He that has been brought to know himself as he is, to become a fool in his own eyes; he that is no longer self-deceived, but awakened, thoroughly awakened by God, to the full consciousness of his awful sin, and his tremendous danger, whose case, humbly speaking, is

hopeless ; he is the very subject to receive all the benefit and all the blessing of the Divine Physician's perfect remedy. 'He came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance.' I now believe from my heart that this work is of God, and that He has brought you, not merely by the natural course of His providence, but by the overruling interposition of His grace, to the state of mind in which you now are ; leading the blind by a way that he knew not, in order that when brought down to the lowest depths of desolation and misery, and finding all human props utterly unavailing, you might seize upon the hand which is graciously stretched forth to snatch you from destruction. I see that hand. May God give you grace and faith to see it also.'

"All the time that I spoke to him, I was lifting up my mind in secret supplication for him : and I saw with inexpressible comfort, that he was able to listen to me, as I entered upon the glorious theme, at once so simple and so wonderful, of the grace of God, in the dispensation of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. He uttered not a word of objection, but appeared to drink in, as one exhausted by thirst would do, the water of life. Sometimes I paused, for a shade of thought passed over his countenance

and knit his brow. But the shade passed away, the brow resumed its calmness, tears rose to his eyes, and the words, the scarcely-murmured words, escaped again and again from his lips: 'Yes,—it is true.'

"I did not for a moment hide from him, or wish him to hide from himself, the fact, that he was a grievous sinner; that his soul hovered, as it were, on the very edge of eternal destruction; that his whole course had been one of desperate rebellion against God; that he had been no common offender, having had more light, and clearer knowledge, than his wretched companions had ever enjoyed. But I told him that I did not dare to keep back from him the boundless mercy and infinite goodness of the Lord God, against whom he had sinned with so high a hand; that it was at once my office and my privilege, to set before him the Christ of God, a Saviour to the uttermost, and the efficacy of that atoning blood, which cleanseth from *all* sin. 'Hitherto,' I continued, 'Christ has been to you, as to those of old, foolishness; and foolishness has been to you as wisdom. But rest yourself confidently on that Scripture, which has already shed some gleam of hope over your darkened mind: 'If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he

may be wise.' He who has, I trust, brought you under the deep conviction that you are a fool, that so He might make you wise, does not stop there; nor would He keep you there. His path is that of progression; He would make you wise unto salvation. And now, my dear, dear son, there is a way by which we may approach Him, a way by which He is graciously pleased to be moved to help and bless us—and that way is prayer. It is written: 'If any of you—mark that—*any* of you, lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not—mark that, also—*upbraideth not*. None of his sins that he hath committed shall be mentioned unto him.' Not one word of upbraiding shall he hear from Him whom he has most grievously offended. 'But of that wisdom which he lacketh,' it is added—such is the plain and wondrous word of promise, and this promise is yours—'*it shall be given him.*' Hear the words of the prophet: 'Lord, in trouble have they visited Thee; they poured out a prayer when Thy chastening was upon them.' He will regard the prayer of the desolate, and not despise their prayer. Though the combined strength of the universe would be powerless to force the arm of the Almighty God, yet one faint, feeble breath of prayer,

one cry from the heart of a dying and adoring wretch, can move and turn that gracious hand to pour out blessings from above upon your very soul—pardon, and peace, and joy, through him who is the only channel of all his grace, and all His love. Let us take Him at His word, and seek Him now; for surely He is speaking to you also when he says: ‘Wisdom crieth without, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity, and the scorers delight in scorning, and fools hate knowledge? Turn you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will *make known my words* unto you.’ Let us pray for wisdom, for He giveth wisdom to the simple; that wisdom which is from above, which is first pure, then peaceable. We did pray; I kneeling by his side, his hand clasped in mine: he lying with his eyes upraised, his lips moving, and tears literally streaming over his whole face, for the fountains of his tears were opened, and he was as one led with weeping and with supplications to his Saviour’s feet. Like her of old, he washed them with his tears; while I cried and mourned in my prayer, for him and for myself: ‘O Lord hear; O Lord forgive; O Lord hearken and do; defer not, for Thine own sake, O my God. O Lord have mercy upon us; and, for the sake of Him who

was made sin for us, though He knew no sin, have pity upon us, and answer Thou us. Thou hast smitten, and Thou hast bruised; pour balm into the wounds which Thou hast made, give comfort to the heart which Thou hast broken.' My prayer was short; but I did not rise. His hand was still clasped in mine; and there I watched, I continued watching, as I knelt beside him. Beautiful was the calm, the calm of inward peace, which spread gradually over those lately disturbed and convulsed features. He ceased to weep, and the heavy eyelids closed over his long sleepless eyes. His gentle breathings soon assured me that he had sunk into a quiet slumber. Once or twice he opened his eyes during that long sleep, but only once he seemed to notice me, or to be conscious of my presence—it was with a smile,—the first of real peace which I had seen upon his face; I cannot describe to you the sweetness of that smile; it was his only answer, the answer of his spirit to the words which I had whispered when he woke: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' The eyelids closed again. He awoke no more. He had fallen asleep in Jesus.

"Such is my story," said the aged clergyman; "such was the end of him, who had been as a son

to me. His was truly the prodigal's departure, and the prodigal's return. It was a short career. He was but seven-and-twenty when he died. Blessed be God! blessed for ever be His holy name! the lessons of His Word, the seed which I had sown in his boyhood, though it had lain long buried and smothered in his heart, had been quickened by Him into life in His own good time. His end was peace, the peace of God. The world cannot give, but God can give that peace."

Lord Morven did not speak. He was deep in thought; but the usual expression of scorn and disquiet had left his countenance. At length he said—they were but a few words, but they told much:

"There was no one to sow that good seed in my heart when I was young. All this, however," he added, "is new to me, I cannot understand it. Am I also a fool?"

"One thing at least you will understand," said the old man, "the deep interest which I take in you."

"I do, I do, indeed," he replied. Then hastily rising, he grasped his companion's hand as he left

the room. "Forgive me," he said; "forgive all that is past."

There was a tone of feeling, such as Mr. Ashton had not heard before, in those parting words.

CHAPTER X.

“Forsake the foolish, and live.”—PROV. ix. 6.

“I HAVE a thousand pardons to ask my dear Lucy,” said the duchess to Mrs. Temple, as she entered, “when I asked you to spend an hour with me in my dressing-room before dinner, I had not an idea that my husband would detain me, as he has done. But tell me, what have you been about! How could you employ yourself?”

“There was enough to entertain, and interest me here,” said her friend, as she glanced round the room. “The simplicity and elegance of everything, to say nothing of the comfort of all your arrangements, would make me often steal away, if I were you, from all the splendor of the rest of the house, to enjoy the quiet of such a retreat. But there were many things to interest me;—these lovely portraits of your

children, in Sir Joshua's best style, and this miniature of your mother, which I have so often admired in our younger days, and which brought back to my remembrance many an hour that we passed together when it lay upon your table in the old palace. But what has chiefly interested me are the volumes in your little book-case. It does indeed rejoice my heart to see that you have chosen such companions for your hours of retirement. These are not the books, I fear, that a woman of rank and fashion in the present day is accustomed to make part of the furniture of her dressing-room. I did not expect, I must say, to find Leighton and Baxter, and Rutherford, and Beveridge, on your book-shelf."

"Oh you must not give me credit for them," replied the duchess: "and yet, you only do justice to my taste in supposing that I love to read them, and that I prize them exceedingly, now I know something of them. They were all brought hither, or rather, given me, one by one, by that dear child of mine, that really consistent Christian, Rosamond, or by that worthy soul Mrs. Singleton, her former governess. I am sorry, but not half as sorry as she will be, that she was not here to meet you; she resides with us, as I think I told you, for we felt it would half break

Rosamond's heart to part with her; but she is now with her brother, a good old clergyman in Suffolk. When she comes back you must meet her here, for she is worth knowing, and she would lose the chief pleasure I promised her at Steeplyn, if she did not make your acquaintance. You will smile when I tell you how I first came to possess any of these precious books. One day when I was ill, and very sad at heart, feeling truly sorry and ashamed as I thought of the life of folly and ungodliness I had been leading,—dear good Mrs. Singleton found me reading, or I should say trying to read, a dull dry volume, which our dull old clergyman Dr. Browne had recommended to me, as strongly as he could recommend anything. Really, Lucy, it was one of the most tiresome books I ever met with; just like many others of the same class: I can make nothing of them, except that they are well suited to those who wish to read without the exertion of thinking or feeling, and are willing, by way of penance, to apply themselves to the dull task of toiling along passages, which like those spoken of by the poet Gray, are truly '*Long passages which lead to nothing.*' The only conclusion I came to, was, that to be religious after such a mode, was to be the dullest creature in existence. The dear soul saw

that I was engaged with a book, and she said nothing, but sat down and took out her shuttle from her work-bag, and began knotting. We were both very quiet and silent for some length of time, she with her knotting, and I with my book, trying most patiently to find, in its dry dull sentences, something that would serve to instruct me in my ignorance, and console me in my wretchedness; but it would not do; at last I threw myself back in my arm'-chair, with an exclamation of hopeless impatience, the suddenness and abruptness of which made my companion start. 'What is the matter, madam?' she cried. 'Why simply this,' I replied, 'that I am thirsting for water, and that I hoped and thought I had found some, and had raised it to my lips, and I find my mouth filled with dust, the dryest possible dust!' She stared at me with astonishment, as well she might. 'That is the vessel,' said I, pointing to the book; 'taste its contents, my good friend, and judge for yourself: was ever dust more dry, and more unpalatable?' I closed my eyes, for my temples ached with trying to make out the meaning of sentences which demanded a stagnation of mind in the reader, that he might meet the stagnation of thought in the writer, to make anything of their unmeaning ambiguity; when a voice, soft and

sweet as music, stole into my ear. My friend's articulation in reading is quite beautiful!—The soothing effect of the words and the voice together, was just then inexpressibly delightful—‘When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I, the Lord, will hear them; I, the God of Israel, will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the wastes. I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water. I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.’ There was a pause, and then these words followed: ‘Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat,—buy wine and milk without money and without price.’ Again a pause, and then I heard: ‘Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.’ Another pause, and then came these words: ‘And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as chrystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst say, Come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.’ I sat like one entranced; never before

or since have I felt as I did then. I did not speak or move ; but my poor wearied heart seemed to dilate with new life, as those words of soft yet thrilling sweetness penetrated, like a sunbeam through a mass of ice, and gently, but almost instantaneously, the ice melted away. As the tears flowed forth from my still closed eyes, and streamed over my face,—tears which flowed of their own sweet will, for I had not a thought to heed, or check, or wipe them,—that voice was heard again, in tones still more soft and soothing—‘ Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst ; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.’ Yes, Lucy, I can never, I fear, feel again as I felt then ; for I have since found that this weak, sinful heart of mine has grown as dull and hard as ever ; but, surely, never did the most gifted preacher speak with such persuasive power, with eloquence at once so simple and so resistless, as the voice of that reader. I have heard preachers and orators, Lucy, men that astonished and delighted me by their extraordinary eloquence ; but I never felt the power of truth and love, convincing, winning, melting the very heart by

their combined and gentle influence, till then; and yet I heard only the voice of that plain little old woman reading a few verses of the Holy Scriptures. She had quietly taken her little Bible—she is never without it—from her work-bag, and chosen those portions which seemed to her best suited to my state; and in her reading there was no attempt at oratory, no marked emphasis, only a grave quietness, and the earnestness of one deeply and reverently impressed by the sublimity and sacredness of revealed truth; and that perfect articulation”—

“It was the Word of the eternal God,” said Mrs. Temple, “the only word with power; and she who read it, had herself experienced its wondrous influence, and knew that it needed no addition, no setting-off from man’s oratory. She felt that any such ornaments might have weakened its power.”

“And so she said,” continued the duchess, “when I afterwards expressed my astonishment at the effect it had produced upon me. We conversed together for some time. I spoke to her without reserve; I had never known her, and we had never understood one another till then. How earnestly and anxiously, and yet with what gentleness, did she urge me to become a daily searcher in that book, which I had hitherto

treated with such inexcusable neglect ! I do not tell you that I have done so, Lucy ; but I may say with truth, that though I have never yet lived up to my own convictions, and though I am still almost as much in the world as I ever was, and still say and do all sorts of foolish things ; yet I learnt and felt on that day, perhaps for the first time in my long life, that there is something in religion of which I had formed no conception before."

"And is it then the case," said Mrs. Temple, mildly, but seriously, "that you have trifled with your own convictions ?"

"I have, and I have not," she replied ; "for, to say the truth, I fear that my convictions have not been either strong or lasting. I felt on that day, and for some time after, the truth of the Word of God, and that God can give a peace which the world cannot give ; but, much as I despise that same world, I have been so long used to find enjoyment in it, or rather to expect it to provide enjoyment for me, that I have not yet had the courage to rouse myself up and break off its shackles. I often think, my dear friend, that we worldly people are like an old mill-horse, which has been so accustomed to one dull course, that it scarcely knows when to stop, but continues from mere custom

to take always the same wearisome round. The old mill-horse, however, has the advantage in the comparison, for he is of some use; and it would be hard indeed to discover of what use a mere woman, or man either, of the world, can possibly be. Sometimes, when sitting at my toilet under the hands of my woman, while she has been dressing my hair and decking me out in my laces and my jewels, I have employed myself in inquiring what was the enjoyment to be found in the amusement of the evening, for which I was preparing. I was going to waste my time among a heartless throng, whom I neither loved nor cared for; to hear, and join in, the most unmeaning or unprofitable conversation; to lose my temper, or my money, at a card-table; and to return home, long after midnight, to the injury of my servants' comfort, and probably of their morals also, and to reap nothing but vexation from my vanity and folly. And yet, when the carriage was announced, I would rise up and hasten off to the said entertainment, from the mere love and habit of excitement, forgetful of all my wise reflections; till I was again seated at the same toilet with my poor wearied woman half asleep, as she busied herself with undoing all her former work upon this same empty but aching head, my face as pale as

a spectre, and my temper anything but what it ought to be."

"Your picture is a little exaggerated, I hope," said Mrs. Temple.

"Not in the least, my dear," replied the duchess; "a true picture, I can assure you. But now you must allow me, at the same time, to say, that you go to the opposite extreme: at least, I suspect you do, from a hint or two that you have dropped. You must excuse my saying so, but I am afraid that you are too much disposed to shut yourself, and your very charming daughter, out of the society in which you are bound by your husband's position to appear. I am not for extremes. As a private clergyman's wife, you were right perhaps to live a retired life: your income would probably require it, and you were doubtless in your place when feeding your chickens, and stitching your husband's bands. Now, I repeat, your position in society is altered; and, without going to the lengths of Mrs. Cornwallis, you ought to mix more in society. For instance, I can see no reason why you could not be with us when we have some of our own friends here next week. Horace Walpole and some of the old set are coming, who have not forgotten you."

"Some," said Mrs. Temple gravely, "whom I

should have the strongest objections to meet: and in whose society, I could not allow Gertrude to appear."

"Several of the set are bad enough, I allow," said the duchess; "but everybody sees them, and they are so agreeable, and such good ton, and the duke is so accustomed to have them with him, that somehow or other we see a vast deal more of them than I can approve. I have made an effort once or twice to prevail upon him not to ask them; but he is too idle and too good-natured to like to offend them."

"I do not presume to judge for you," said Mrs. Temple, still more gravely; "but on your own showing, you must feel, my dear friend, that I ought not, holding the opinions I do, to mingle with such persons, even in your house. Nay, I will say more, that I think the time will come, when both you and the duke will lose your taste for their society, and give it up from principle, as well as taste."

"Well, well, we shall see, Lucy. And to tell you the secret truth, I hope it will be so. I know it ought to be so. But here have I been forgetting what I intended to say, what indeed I was full of, as I entered the room. I cannot help smiling now, when I think of my husband's grave countenance, when

he detained me to speak on the subject:—not that I smiled before him; but looked as grave, and spoke as reasonably, as you yourself would have done, my excellent friend. That strange, that extraordinary, but I must own, that superlatively good man, dear old Mr. Ashton, had been with the duke; and for what purpose do you think? but to say, that he felt it his duty to tell his grace, that he ought to have his whole household assembled morning and evening, for family worship! I was about to speak, but on second thoughts I checked myself; and when my husband paused, expecting some remark from me, I paused also, using my woman's wit, and resolving to hear more from him, before I gave my opinion, and to be guided by what he might say further on the subject, as to the line that I should take. I must own I expected to hear him declare that the proposition was absurd, and that it was altogether out of the question that we should entertain it; but what was my astonishment to hear him say,—‘I think the request a very proper one, and the vicar was right to make it. In a large establishment like ours, the servants ought to be assembled for family prayer.’—‘Yes,’ I replied gravely, ‘and the heads of the household as well as the servants, if only for example's sake.’

“ ‘Very true, Mary,’ he added; ‘but I see two difficulties.’ ‘Let me wait, and hear also,’ I said to myself, ‘what those two said difficulties of his are.’

“ ‘The one is,’ said the duke, ‘that there is no chapel attached to this house; the other, that I do not know who there is to officiate. Neither of my two chaplains, Dr. Browne or Mr. Urban, could take the office, for they have their own distant parishes to attend to; and if they could, I should not like to have them always at my elbow, and in the house.’ ‘Nor should I, my dear Henry,’ I replied, ‘but what is there to prevent your nominating another chaplain, if you like to do so, and there would be no occasion to have him in the house. There is the lovely cottage in the park, where the chaplain of your grandfather resided, and you might easily find another residence for its present occupiers. And though we have no chapel, the inner hall in the west wing, which you know has never been finished, would make an excellent chapel.’—‘I told Mr. Ashton,’ he said, ‘that we could not do better, now the bishop is with us, than to consult him on the subject.’ To this of course I entirely agreed. He concluded by saying that we might speak to the bishop to-morrow, adding, that perhaps I had better do so, as he would leave the matter in my

hands ; so I said that we would talk it over with your husband, after breakfast, to-morrow morning. I have another plan," she continued, "to combine with this, which I think will be an excellent arrangement ; the duke's chaplain shall also act as curate to the good vicar ; that he may take a little rest, when he pleases, and not wear out his strength and die, just as we are come to make part of his flock."

"How kind and considerate you are !" replied Mrs. Temple. "My dear husband will rejoice to give you his best advice and assistance ; only, in one part of your plan, you will not find him of your mind. He is now looking out for a curate for Mr. Ashton, and I know he fully intends paying him from his own purse."

"He will please to do no such thing, my good Lucy. He has many calls, which my husband has not, to attend to, and he has not half the income to meet them with ; so let me hear no more on the score of the payment of the stipend, either from you or from him, for I am a wilful woman, and will have my own way."

CHAPTER XI.

"How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!"

PSALM LXXXIV. 1.

"Does Lady Rosamond come?" said the bishop.

Mrs. Temple put the note that she was reading into her husband's hands.

"Rosamond is delighted to accept your invitation, my dear Lucy; but you must bear with me, as I am an old woman and old friend, and allow me to put in a proviso, and give a kind of—yes, if you please, and no, if you please, reply. I fully expect my eldest girl and her husband; but to-morrow's post will, I have no doubt, settle the thing. If they do come, I can spare Rosamond; if they don't come, you must spare her to me, for I must have one of my daughters with me. Forgive my saying what you know, or ought to know, that I wish dear Rosamond to lose no opportunity of being with you and your sweet Gertrude;

and you do not know what I now tell you, that your invitation was the more welcome, because I wish to save Rosamond from the unpleasantness of meeting a man who would willingly claim her hand, but to whom she will never give either her hand or her heart. He is what the world calls an unexceptionable match; but I think him, notwithstanding the circumstance of his rank and money, a good-for-nothing fellow, and I heartily approve her steady and determined refusal of his proposals. What in the world could induce my dear husband to invite him again for, I cannot make out; but I suspect that the man, with his usual forwardness, has invited himself. However that may be, I hear he is coming, and I am sorry for it. The duke tries to persuade me that he is not so bad as we think him, and that, under Rosamond's guidance, he would turn out an excellent man and a good husband. We seldom differ; but I tell him, that where there is no principle, there is little hope. We cannot agree, and therefore we now seldom touch on the subject. All this is only for your own ear and your husband's; but I am sure you are friends to be trusted as entirely as you are loved. Adieu! my dear Lucy."

On the following day Lady Rosamond arrived, to

pass the week at the palace. The bishop found her, on his return from his ride, seated at her work with Mrs. Temple and Gertrude; and she rose up with smiles to thank him for inviting her, and to tell him how happy she felt in being allowed to join their domestic circle.

“We were talking of Delford,” said Mrs. Temple; “for Lady Rosamond has been passing an hour with our dear old friends, on her way from Steeplyn.”

“I must make one of your party for a little while,” said the bishop; “for I see you will have it so, dear child,” addressing himself to Gertrude, and taking the chair which she had placed next her own. “You must enjoy your Sundays at Delford church, Lady Rosamond,” he added; “I must say that I should like to see the good vicar in the midst of the congregation which he has taught so faithfully and so lovingly, both by his precepts and his example, for so many years.”

“I do not think I ever spent so happy a day as last Sunday,” she replied; “for my dear brother, who never goes to church, offered of his own accord, to accompany us; indeed, he put on his hat, and drew my arm within his, when he saw me setting off before the rest of the party to walk across the park to church,

and said I must take him with me. It was a lovely morning, and I never enjoyed a morning walk so much. Morven was so gentle, so affectionate—no one can converse more agreeably, when he pleases, than he can; but much as we differ in our tastes and our pursuits, he is always kind and considerate to me,—that morning he was unusually so. He was charmed with our walk, with the clear and bracing freshness of the air, and the lovely features of the landscape. Our path wound through glade after glade among the hills; sometimes among groups of magnificent oaks or old fir trees, opposing their huge and fantastic branches, and their dark and heavy foliage, to the deep blue sky; sometimes through a deep dell, where the banks on either side were spread over with one carpet of fern and wild flowers, or a defile of dark and frowning rocks, where we started the deer from the hawthorn thickets as we passed along. All this was new to Morven, who told me, smiling, that he had dared to despise the country, and to prefer a town life; but that he had already begun to change his mind. How sweetly the church bells sounded! and I could not help remarking to him the Sabbath stillness which always prevails, or seems to me to do so, on the morning of the Lord's day. I was touched by the remark

he made: "Is it not rather," he said, "the happy peacefulness of your own mind," which seems to spread itself over every object around you? And yet," he added, "I think that I almost perceive, for the first time in my life, something of the calm of which you speak in outward nature." We came in sight of the grey church tower as he spoke, and stood for some minutes gazing upon the scene beneath us, before we descended into the valley. Whichever way we looked, we saw portions of the rustic congregation, some singly, some in family parties, wending their way to that one common centre. Over the sloping field-paths, along the winding lanes, and up the broad avenue of the village, all were seeking the same place. "The sheep love their shepherd," said Morven; "for they are all on their way to meet him." "Or rather, as he would tell us," I said, "they have a higher calling; for they are not assembled to meet him, but to meet the great Shepherd and Bishop of their souls, and to claim the fulfillment of his promise: 'That wherever two or three are met together in His name, there He is in the midst of them.'" "You speak of what I know little," he said, "and I fear have cared as little; but," he sighed, and his voice was low and mournful, "we are going, I hope, for the same pur-

pose.' I said, 'I wish, dear Morven, that you did know these things; for then, I think, you would feel as I do the happiness of seeking to act according to them.' I felt the gentle pressure of my arm to his side, and I think I heard,—it was but a murmured whisper from his lips,—'Bless you, bless you.' I speak without reserve to you about this dear brother," continued Lady Rosamond, blushing deeply, but overcoming at the same time her usual natural and timid reserve by a simple frankness: "I did not think to speak so soon about him; but why should I not do so, since the subject has almost introduced itself—indeed, my heart is full of it. I accepted your most kind invitation, not only because I wished to escape the party of careless and ungodly persons whom my dear father,—more, I do hope, from habit than from inclination,—has invited: some of them, indeed invited themselves; but I was doubly glad to come, from a circumstance which occurred this morning, and I determined to speak to your lordship and Mrs. Temple about my brother. He left Steeplyn immediately after the arrival of the post, to attend the death-bed of one of his intimate friends. He came to me before he departed, and put some letters into my hands, begging me to read them and keep them for him till his return,

which will not be till the party at Steeplyn are gone. It seems that the friend I allude to, was wounded in a disgraceful duel about a week ago; the news reached Morven while you were with us. No danger was apprehended, and he did not mention the circumstance to any one, and thought little about it till last Saturday, when the post brought him a less favorable report. Some symptoms had appeared which the doctors did not like, but they saw no cause for alarm, and ordered perfect quiet for their patient. The letter of this morning, however, gives no hope of his recovery. He had dictated a few lines, a very solemn and affectionate remonstrance to my brother, in which he entreats him, as his dying request, to read the *Life*, which Bishop Burnet published, of Lord Rochester. Poor Morven was deeply affected when he left us."

"I trust," said the bishop, "that his visit to his dying friend may be blessed of God to him."

"He was one," continued Lady Rosamond, "whose influence over my brother I have often deplored; a man of extraordinary talent, but a libertine and an infidel; and yet so pleasing and so accomplished, that he was enabled to impart a kind of grace to his unprincipled opinions and practices. Poor Morven thought there was no one like him."

“He will have much to witness I doubt not,” said the bishop, “which will prove to him the true character of his friend’s former sentiments: I say former, because the recommendation of that valuable book, declares plainly enough, that his eyes are opened to his sin and danger.”

“I knew nothing of the duel,” said Lady Rosamond, “or of his friend’s danger, till this morning; but I can now account for the softened state of my brother on the Sunday morning; and during the sermon he was more than softened, he was scarcely able indeed to conceal his emotion. Mr. Ashton was preaching on the death of a young man, who had left Delford when a youth, having robbed his parents and run away. He had not been heard of for several years, but returned some weeks ago a repentant prodigal, his health gone, and his spirits broken, to find his parents dead and no home for him but the parish poorhouse. His remarks upon the course and upon the end of the poor young man were very simple, and deeply affecting. He had been led to seek for pardon from Him against whom he had chiefly offended; and there could be no doubt, from the account he gave, but that his earnest prayers had been heard, and that grace had been given him to find pardon and repen-

tance before his departure. My brother told me, as we returned home, how much he had been struck by the clear and powerful manner in which the good old clergyman had explained the essential character of the Gospel scheme, and added, 'that he had formed no conception of what it really was till that day. His ideas of the Christian faith,' he said, 'had been drawn from the writings of its opposers; but he had found himself strangely attracted by the sensible and affectionate manner in which the preacher had set forth the distinguishing features of the Gospel. His text was: 'This my son was dead, and is alive again, was lost, and is found.' He spoke of the whole of that chapter as illustrating the way in which our heavenly Father deals with lost sinners, in bringing them back from the error of their course; the wisdom and the tenderness alike manifested in his welcome to the poor penitent, as being such as no earthly father, however affectionate and forgiving, ever attained to. 'There was not,' he observed, 'one reproach, or one accusation in the whole of that chapter: and the text itself most forcibly expressed this. Yet there was no excuse for the sin. This my son was not sick, not nigh unto death, not dying; but dead. The case was hopeless: not erring, not almost lost; but lost. But, at the

same time, there was not a reproach to the sinner; his father saw him afar off; he was ever watching for his return; and a father's eye recognized his child in the squalid wretchedness and the tattered garments in which he came back. He did not hesitate, or stop for his approach, but ran to meet him; and the wasted and miserable wretch was fondly folded in his father's embrace. The best robe was brought forth to clothe his shivering frame, the fatted calf was killed to provide the feast for his famished child, and all the household were called to rejoice and make merry over a son's return.' His application of the lovely narrative was short, but very striking, full of encouragement and comfort, especially the announcement with which it concluded: 'Brethren, the father of the repentant prodigal still lives.' The sermon was the more affecting, from the circumstance, that according to an old custom at Delford, the coffin had been brought into the church at the commencement of the service, and that it was placed in the middle aisle immediately under the pulpit, and the aged grandfather of the dead sat at the head of the coffin, the sole survivor, the only relation left to mourn over it. Many tears were shed however, and the voice of the aged preacher trembled more than once."

“He seems indeed,” said the Bishop, “from all that I hear of him, to be the father as well as the shepherd of his people,

‘To watch, and weep, and pray, and feel for all.’

One of his churchwardens was with me, a short time since, on parish business, and the account he gave me of the management of the parish, and the way in which the services of the church are performed by his pastor, was truly edifying. I was struck by the unaffected piety of the good churchwarden, and I found on conversing with him about himself, that he had been brought to the knowledge of divine truth, and to a consequent change of heart and life, and to the happiness which he told me he enjoyed, by the admirable instructions and the consistent example of his good pastor.”

“He spoke of the way in which the service of the church at Delford is conducted,” said Lady Rosamond, “and well he might, for I assure your lordship it is a beautiful sight. I may say that the words of the Apostle, ‘let all things be done decently and in order,’ are realised in that church, to the credit not only of the vicar, but of the whole congregation. I have seen nothing like it elsewhere; the noble simplicity of the venerable building, neither disfigured by

ornaments nor by neglect, seems well suited to the humble and honest-hearted worshippers who assemble there. Every pew is filled, and filled at the commencement of the service, and the quiet and reverent manner of the congregation is not less remarkable than the blended sound of their voices in the responses. You perceive that they know and love to perform their part in the service; all sing, and some sing well, so the defects of those who do not sing well are not distinguished, and the fine old psalm-tunes are heard to great advantage; for what is wanting in musical science, is more than made up for by the earnestness of spirit which seems to pervade the congregation. Their singing is worship, and worship in which all are engaged."

"When all sing," said the bishop, "or try to sing to the praise and glory of the Lord their God, there can be neither opportunity nor inclination to notice the want of voice or ear in some of the worshippers: nay, we might say, according to the strict rules of musical science, a few discords are necessary to harmony. The good churchwarden spoke in high terms of Mr. Ashton's sermons, and of his manner of preaching."

"He spoke truly," replied Lady Rosamond me-

destly. "One is sometimes at a loss which to admire most; the depth of his thoughts, or the clearness with which they are expressed. He delights to speak of the things which the angels desire to look into; for Jesus Christ and him crucified is the one grand theme, the sum and substance of all; and whatever may be the subject, it is set forth with such a happy simplicity of style that a child may understand him."

"Usually a proof," remarked the bishop, "of superiority of intellect,—and certainly of education, and admirable taste. It too often happens, that the finer the words, the less refined the speaker; just as very strong and exaggerated terms frequently betray a poverty of thought."

It was, indeed, in his own parish church, and in the midst of his congregation, that the good old vicar appeared to be more especially in his sphere. His pulpit was "his joy and his throne;" and it was evident to all who saw and heard him, not only that his whole heart was in his work, but that God's holy presence was specially realized by him there, and that the words which God had spoken, he spoke. The reverence and solemnity of his manner were in themselves a sermon, and with the deep earnestness of his spirit there was mingled a mild and almost angelic

tenderness, which, in one so aged, gave all the weight of wisdom and experience to his lightest words.

Is this a wayworn pilgrim, it might have been said, wearied by his long and toilsome progress through the wilderness, and faint and feeble from age and exhaustion? Is it not rather one in whom the energy of spirit-life, the strength which is made perfect in weakness, have so triumphed over the infirmities of this body of death, that he already drinks in the freshening air of the better country, and his eye is brightened with the sight of its glorious realities. What a majesty there is in that meek and benevolent brow! Yes, we can understand, when we gaze upon it, the truthful description given by those inspired words, where it is written: "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."¹

¹ See Proverbs xvi. 31.

CHAPTER XII.

“As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.”—

PROVERBS xxv. 25

DIARY.

“Fifty and five of the years of my pilgrimage on earth have passed away; and I commence to-day another year. For more than five of these years I have filled—would that I could say, fulfilled—the office of a bishop. The heaviness of my responsibility seems to increase with every passing day. I thought that I felt this deeply at the time when I undertook the office; but I look back and wonder at, what appears to me now, a comparative indifference; and yet, I repeat, it seemed to me that I did not then use lightness. Let me stay myself, however, upon that great assurance: ‘As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.’ He who has called me to the office, can and will supply all my need. May I ever be mindful of this

assurance. A season like the present, however, on which that day comes round again which witnessed our mortal birth, calls for serious reflection, especially from one who has advanced so far on the journey of life. Humanly speaking, I have no right to calculate on more than fifteen years longer in this present world; and, perhaps, a much shorter span may be mine. How unimportant do the most important concerns of this passing world appear, when contrasted with the one thing,—with Eternity, and the account to be rendered on the great day! Indeed, their only importance arises from the reference which they bear to our eternal state, and to the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ. I tremble when I think of the office in which I am placed, and the tremendous responsibilities of such a stewardship; and feeling, as I do, my own miserable deficiencies, I am led to ask myself again,—Was I justified in leaving my little flock at Springhurst, to enter upon so extended a sphere? O, Lord, keep me humble and watchful, and permit me to keep up at all times,—and especially at set and certain seasons of the day,—communion in secret with Thee. Grant that I may never suffer a day to pass, without its special hour of retirement; I say it with reverence,—for conference with Thee. I

do not here allude to the communion of morning and evening prayer, in private ; but to another portion of the day, set apart for self-recollection, for meditation on Thy word, and for earnest supplication for fresh supplies of Thy Holy Spirit. If I have been enabled, in any way, to keep up a successful warfare in this corrupt and opposing world, and to fulfil, however imperfectly, the requirements of my calling,—surely I may attribute much of that success to these daily seasons of retirement for secret communion with Thee ; and this season of retirement I must have. I sometimes persuade myself that, with such pressing calls upon my time, from official duties and engagements, I cannot possibly find even a short space of time for this retirement and communion ; but reflection and experience both convince me that the secret of my strength lies here. With regard to work, as well as to study, that maxim is true,—‘ *bene orasse, est bene studuisse.*’ Communion with Thee enables me to come forth with a freshened spirit, and renewed and reinvigorated powers, for the arduous duties of my calling.”

The pen of the writer was suddenly suspended. He rose from his chair as he listened to the tidings which his servant brought him. The few next pages

will explain what those tidings were, and account for the joyful haste with which the bishop of Z—— laid down his pen, and left his study, to welcome the beloved individual who had been, for nearly an hour already in the house, waiting for the moment when his arriving would be announced.

The windows were open, and the atmosphere of the spacious room was freshened with the pure and balmy air of the sweet summer morning. The deep tones of the cathedral clock were striking six, as the door of the room was thrown open, and one who had been long absent entered. He turned to the servant, and bade him close the door; and then extending his hand towards him, he said: "You may greet me now, Thomas, and I am heartily glad to see you again, and to receive your affectionate welcome; but my arrival is unexpected, and I do not wish to disturb the household at this early hour. I will beg you, therefore, to leave me here for a short time, while I write a note to your master."

"His lordship is already in his study," replied the servant; "but I will say nothing of your coming, Mr. Ferdinand, till I have taken in your note, for I am sure the news would cause a pretty commotion

through the house. I do not go to the bishop's study till his bell rings, which is generally about a quarter to seven."

"Well, then, come for the note about that time; for I would, on no account, intrude upon this morning retirement."

He sat down to write the note; but his eyes wandered from the paper. All was strange to him. The portraits of the many prelates who had successively presided over the see of Z——, from the old quaint limnings of the sixteenth century to the formal pictures of the reigns of the house of Hanover; the grove of stately trees without, in their full foliage, with the towers of the cathedral rising above them, seen through the open windows. His thoughts passed from the surrounding objects, which reminded him of the changed position of those he was about to meet, and dwelt, in tender recollection, upon each one of that beloved circle. He had left them in the quiet and sequestered parsonage of Springhurst; and now, after an absence of ten years, he had returned, to find his uncle filling the important office of a bishop over the extensive diocese of Z——. "Doubtless, He who has called him to this arduous and responsible station, has graciously given him a double portion of His Spirit to enable

him to fulfil its duties. And my dearest mother,—does she still preserve that energy of spiritual life which distinguished her among other women?" His thoughts were thus flowing on, when they were suddenly interrupted, and his attention was drawn to the sweetest sounds he had ever heard. The well known hymn which he had been accustomed to sing,—the exquisite air of Haydn, which the pastor Haller had taught him,—rose upon the stillness of that morning hour. Who and where the singer was, he knew not; but the note which he had intended to write, was forgotten.

. The hymn had scarcely ceased, when a calm deep voice was heard behind him, and, almost at the same instant, the gentle pressure of a hand upon his head accompanied the words: "The blessing of the Lord God be upon you, my beloved son. In deep, glad thankfulness we welcome your return." In another moment, Ferdinand was locked in his uncle's arms.

"She knows that you are here," replied the bishop, in answer to the earnest and inquiring look of Ferdinand. "You are looking for her; you are seeking her, I can tell by your countenance; and we will not wait, we will go to her at once."

But the words had scarcely passed his lips, when,

with a cry of joy, Mrs. Temple entered. The meeting between her and Ferdinand was that of a mother and a long-absent son ; for his own mother could not have loved him more, or rejoiced more over his return. "How wrong it was to anticipate evil!" she said. "In my seasons of despondency, how often have I wept to think that we should never meet again on earth! Such happiness as this is more than I deserve ; so, indeed, is every blessing which I enjoy! But thus it is, my Ferdinand, with our gracious Father. He shames us into thankfulness, not with the severity of chastisement, but with overwhelming mercies. But where is Gertrude?" she suddenly exclaimed. "Has no one told her of your arrival? Will you take us to her, dearest?" she said, turning to her husband. But as she spoke, the bell of the chapel summoned them to morning prayers. "Let us go," she said, passing her arm within that of her son ; "we shall find her in the chapel."

"The best meeting-place for us all, on this bright and happy morning," said the bishop, "Surely our first thoughts and thanks should be offered to Him whom we shall all meet and worship together, and to whose good providence and tender love we owe this unexpected reunion."

In the chapel, and in her usual place there, Gertrude was seated, her eyes fixed upon the open page of the large Bible on the desk before her. As they entered, and took their seats beside her, she turned her head, greeting their appearance, at that their first morning meeting, with a smile full of affection, and as instantly withdrawing her eyes; but, ere she did so, a look of astonishment, and yet of perplexity, passed over her face. At that moment the service commenced, and her attention was given wholly to the words of Holy Scripture, which her father was reading. It was not till the sacred service was concluded, that she was aware that the stranger whose presence had so perplexed her, was the brother and friend of her childhood come back after his long absence.

During the whole of that morning, Ferdinand wondered within himself at the change which that absence had produced in his sweet and adopted sister; for as such he entirely regarded her. He wondered, as his eyes were fixed upon her countenance, or followed the motions of her tall and graceful figure; he wondered, as he listened to her voice, at the calm and womanly self-possession, the quiet and modest ease, which gave a character as new as unexpected to her

looks and manner; and yet she seemed almost as youthful as when he left her a girl of fifteen. Though she often smiled, a gentle seriousness seemed the usual expression of her countenance in repose; and though he would scarcely have observed her silence, she spoke seldom.

This, however, was rather the impression he received of Gertrude,—now no longer a girl, but in her youthful womanhood,—some days after Ferdinand's return to England. One thing, from the first hour of their meeting, was remarkable about her: the attention that she paid to her father and mother; the lovely but quietly unobtrusive spirit with which she seemed, almost instinctively, to understand and to anticipate their slightest wishes. She was, indeed, the same thoughtful, dutiful child that she had ever been, even from her early childhood.

“I am at home again, after my long and weary voyage,” wrote Ferdinand to his friend in India; “and I find that I am fast recovering from that oppressive languor which, to me, was the most distressing feature of my dangerous illness. You would scarcely believe, were you to see me now, that I am the same poor feeble being from whom you parted, when they car-

ried me to the ship, and when you left me, more dead than alive, lying upon the sofa of my cabin. I could not speak to you when you bent over me: I was quite unable to return even the kind pressure of your hand; but let me tell you now, that I heard and responded to every word of that short but earnest prayer which you poured forth from your warm, loving heart, when you knelt down beside me and commended your dying friend to Him in whose hand our breath is. I longed for prayer with you at that, which, in a double sense, seemed then to me our parting hour; but I had no voice to say so. I saw, however, your smile and glance of intelligence, as you looked down on my clasped hands. I saw that you understood me, that you knew I was also praying; and your prayer,—our prayers,—were heard, and most graciously answered. I believe I fainted before you left me, at least I know that I was unconscious at the time of your departure, and I lay for many hours in a kind of quiet stupor—it was not sleep—those around me thought that it was death, or the sleep which often precedes death.

“The morning of the following day was dawning when I awoke to consciousness; the port-hole at the foot of my bed was open, and I felt the fresh morning

breeze blowing over my face and hands. How good the Lord our God has been to me! Thanks and praises be to His blessed name! In a few days I was enabled to leave my cabin, and to pass the greater part of the day upon the deck, drinking in health and strength from the cool and freshening breezes, for the weather was delightful.

“I cannot describe to you the joy which I feel in beholding the evident growth of those around me in spiritual life. It is sad to meet those we love, after years of separation, and to find them just as they were when we left them. We know that in the Christian course this cannot be literally the case with any of us. We do not stand still, and remain what we were; we advance or we retrograde. But there can be no doubt as to the state of the beloved ones with whom I now am. No one acquainted with the nature of spiritual life could say they are *what* they were, or *where* they were some five years ago. There has been no falling back so far as I can perceive. On the contrary, there has been a lovely and a lively growth in all spiritual graces—a simplifying of their faith and principles—a deepening of their convictions—a clearer and fuller exhibition of the divine life in their souls—a richer and riper mellowing of their graces. As the sunshine

developes the springing plant of the green corn, and brings out the golden coloring of the ear of wheat which has risen from the tender blade, so it is with my parents and my sister as to their spiritual advancement. With what joy and thankfulness do I contemplate the progress which God has enabled them to make, and the encouragement which their example has afforded to myself. Accustomed as I was," he continued, "to see them, in the peaceful retirement of Springhurst, adorn the confined sphere of a country parish, I own that I beheld with some astonishment, the way with which they have been enabled to adapt themselves to their present position. He who has manifestly called them to it, has as evidently fitted them for it; but that which has chiefly struck me in them since my return, is their earnestness—in everything that regards spiritual things,—earnestness.

"The bishop preached in the cathedral on Sunday last. His text was, Nehemiah vi. 3, 4: 'And I sent messengers unto them, saying, I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down: why should the work cease, whilst I leave it and come down to you? Yet they sent unto me four times after this sort; and I answered them after the same manner.' I enclose you my notes of the sermon; you will be able to see

from them, that there was a grandeur and simplicity in the way in which he treated the subject, which proves how God has enlarged his heart and simplified his views; and that he spoke of the great work as one whom God had enabled rightly to conceive of its unspeakable importance, and plainly and faithfully to expatiate on it. There was a heartiness and a glowing warmth about his words, which showed that he testified of what he knew; and that from his own experimental acquaintance with the subject, he desired and endeavored so to commend it to his hearers, that they might behold it as he beheld it, and feel with regard to it as he felt. For my own part, I perceived in all that he said, that he was unconsciously describing that which is his own occupation; and that while there was nothing of self, nothing personal with regard to himself, to be gathered from one word of his sermon, yet that the sketch he drew in such bold and masterly outlines, was the portraiture of one devoted like himself to the great work which God has given us to do. I do not mean the work of the ministry;—he was not preaching exclusively to ministers of the Gospel, though many such were of course present, but to a mixed congregation—but that work which God has given to be the occupation of every man. There was

not a man or woman present in that large assembly, and the crowd was immense, who might not have said: 'This is the work which the Lord God has set before me, the one thing needful, to which He has called me to devote the best energies of my whole soul.'

"When the sermon was over, and the mass of the congregation began to break up and pour out in one broad stream through the nave, I was standing by a pillar, and could not avoid hearing the conversation of two grave elderly men of the middle rank,—respectable tradesmen of this old city, I should say, from their speech and manner.

"'This is the right thing,' one said; 'it is preaching like this that fills and warms this big old church, long so cold and empty. Well, neighbor Brown, what say you?'

"'I say, from my heart,' replied the other, 'thank God for such a preacher! Thank God for such a bishop! The poor old soul who used to sit in the grand pew, which they call the throne, would have opened his eyes and ears too if he had heard such a sermon. He was no preacher, I'm thinking, except when he mumbled out what they called his Charge; but he was a kind, good old gentleman, very good to

the poor, and a right-down gentleman out of the church, though a poor divine in it. He preached, so far as I could make out, a deal about works.'

" 'Well, and he was right too, for he put works in the right place,' said the wife of the first speaker, who was hanging on her husband's arm.

" 'Yes, wife,' replied the husband, 'he does put works in their right place, as the fruits of the tree of faith: the preacher, who leaves out works, forgets that when the lord of the vineyard came to the fig-tree, he came seeking for fruit, and when he found none, he said, 'Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?' If we say that works have any merit about them, and can save a lost soul, the less we say about them the better; but if we point out plainly that works are the fruit of a living faith, and what you and I, neighbor Brown, should call evidential, though not meritorious; then works should be insisted upon. They are truly good works. But what are we standing here for? move on, neighbor, the crowd about the door is growing thinner, and we shall get out without being pushed and jostled as we were just now. Come, Hannah, let us be moving.'

" 'Not I,' the wife replied, 'I will wait a bit longer, if you please.'

“ ‘For what, pray?’ said the husband.

“ ‘For what? why to see the good bishop pass by, and to have a smile and a bow from him as he passes, when I drop a curtsy, as I always do, and say in my heart, God bless thee, good man! I tell you I know him well, and the good lady his wife, and God bless her too. I love to see his lordship when he comes to our shop, and buys heaps of good warm clothing for the poor before winter; and he and the lady always speak so humbly, and talk so kindly to our Jane and to me; and they begged me to let Jane come to the palace, and join a sort of class that Madam Temple or the young lady, Miss Temple, keeps for the young girls of the city. Jane has long been for going, but her heart has always failed her;—but here comes the bishop.’ And the bishop passed, and the good woman dropped her curtsy, and he smiled and bowed.

“ I followed him at a distance, meditating also a visit to the good woman’s counter, and the purchase also of a heap of good warm clothing for the poor; and resolving likewise to send Gertrude the next morning after the timid girl, who was all for going to the palace to join the class there, but whose heart has hitherto failed her.”

CHAPTER XIII.

"No chastening for the present time seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; in the end it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby."—**HEBREWS xii.**

"PRAY tell me something about a young man, whom my husband met the other morning, at some one's house in the cathedral precincts—I forget whose? He is not apt to take likings; but he says that he has seen no young man like this nameless paragon. He did not catch his name; but he supposed, from some remarks which he made, that he is a clergyman, and that he was staying at this house."

"It must be Ferdinand," replied Mrs. Temple, "my nephew, or, as we call him, and consider him, our son, Ferdinand Harrington. You knew his father well, a long time ago. My poor brother Charles left an only child."

"And this Ferdinand," said the duchess, "is that

child. But how is it that we have never seen him, or even heard of him?"

"You could not see him, my dear friend, because he was not in this country; but I thought I had spoken of him to you, for he has seldom been absent from my thoughts."

"I can only account for your silence," said the duchess, "by my having always had so many subjects of my own to talk to you of, that I cannot have given you the opportunity of speaking about him. I have never mentioned your brother. I knew you had been very unhappy about him, and I waited for you to begin the subject. But where has he come from? and when did he come to Z——, my dear Lucy? for it was but a day or two after Rosamond left you, that the duke met him; and you did not, I conclude, expect his arrival, or she would have heard of him from some of your party. She told me that you had been long expecting an old friend: but old, if I remember rightly, in two senses, nearly eighty years of age. This could not be your Ferdinand."

"We hope to welcome him also to Z—— in a short time. He is, indeed, an old and highly valued friend, a German clergyman."

"Oh, the good pastor Haller. I have heard him

spoken of by all of you so often, and in such high terms, that I long to see him."

"You will often meet him, I trust," replied Mrs. Temple; "for we wish his future home to be with us. When he has once returned to us, we shall not again part with him; and now that my Ferdinand is here, who is the dearest object to him on earth, he will, I am sure, prefer remaining with us. He left England to settle some affairs, which required his presence in his own country, intending to return in a few months; but the business was protracted for a much longer time, and just as he had made all his arrangements for his journey back to England, he was attacked by a lingering illness, from which we feared he would never recover. But God has graciously heard our prayers, and the good old man writes to me, that notwithstanding his advanced age, he is hale and strong. It will be a joyful surprise to him to find Ferdinand with us; for he took leave of him, as he thought, for the last time. That year was a mournful year to us—we called it our year of partings; for during that time my husband's parents both died, within a few days the one of the other; the pastor Haller departed for Germany; and Ferdinand went as a missionary to India."

“ You have not told me,” said the duchess, “ what induced him to go.”

“ The simple sense of duty,” replied Mrs. Temple. “ A missionary was needed to join one of the most devoted servants of Christ, at Travancore. The proposal was made to our beloved child. He had no call at the time elsewhere. I must own that the first mention of the proposal startled and affrighted me, and I suspect my husband also as much as myself; but he said nothing. He saw the grief with which I was in a manner overwhelmed; God gave me strength, however, to conquer my selfish feelings, and to see the matter in its right light. It was made the subject of much thought, and of many prayers; and when the decision came, I was astonished at the calm which stole over me. We gave him in faith to God, and he went forth to preach Christ to the heathen, filled with zeal for the glory of His great name, and deeming his office the most honorable and blessed service on earth. The effect of the climate, and his unsparing labors have proved too much for him. His health gave way and he left India more dead than alive. We were spared the knowledge of this; and he has returned home renewed in strength by the long sea voyage, to

announce with his own lips his illness and his recovery."

"He will not leave you again, I hope?" said the duchess.

"No; I think he will not. There is plenty of work for him at home, and his place is supplied abroad. He will reside with us as my husband's domestic chaplain, taking also the charge of a parish which is vacant in Z——; the income of it is so small, that no clergyman who had not other resources could afford to accept it. There will be constant employment for our dear son; for the parish is the most extensive in the city, and he will need at least two curates to assist him. The people have been much neglected, the late incumbent having been old, and in ill health for many years. Ferdinand rejoices, however in the prospect before him; for he is, I have every reason to believe, heartily devoted to the service of his heavenly Master. He would gladly spend and be spent for Him."

"This reminds me," said the duchess, "that my husband has had several letters, within the last two days, from clergymen, some in this neighborhood, others at a distance, begging him to use his influence with the bishop to obtain for them the presentation of a living just vacant in this diocese; but I do not think

it is in the city—Melford, or Melton, if I remember rightly, was the name.”

“Melford is the living you allude to,” said Mrs. Temple. “It is a country parish, with a small population and a large income; a favorite living, I should suppose, from the numerous applications which are made for it. The duty is light, and it is in what is called a good neighborhood; that is, there are many gentlemen’s seats within a short distance of the village.”

“The very place for your nephew, is it not?” said the duchess; “why does not the bishop give it to him; the deceased rector was nearly related, we are told, to the late bishop?”

“It has not been offered to Ferdinand,” said Mrs. Temple; “and I trust, nay I know, it will not be offered to him.”

“Well, you are the strangest people I ever met with,” exclaimed the duchess. “I cannot understand you! It appears to me the most natural thing in the world, for a man to provide for his own household; nay, I look upon it as a duty to do so, especially in such a case as this. If your nephew were a man of bad character, or a person likely to neglect his duties, the case would be different; but here is a truly pious

and excellent young man, whose constitution has been injured by his labors in an unhealthy climate, and his uncle has it in his power to place him in a quiet country village, where his duty would be light, and he would possess, in a large income, the means of doing more extensive good than he could otherwise effect; what then can be the reason that he is not to be made rector of Melford?"

"My husband was not appointed to the charge of this large diocese," said Mrs. Temple, "that he might make use of the power and patronage entrusted to him to enrich his own family. No, my dear friend, a bishop should be above suspicion."

"Well, perhaps you are right after all, my dear Lucy. Too many of our bishops, I fear, might plead guilty to the charge of nepotism. Still I do say that had this same Ferdinand not been his near relation, he would have been a very fit person for Melford. His state of health too—"

"His state of health," said Mrs. Temple, "is excellent. Dr. Howard assures us that he is well able to undertake any duty in this country, though he forbids his return to the climate of India."

"Talking of health," said the duchess, "reminds me of my own son. I am not easy about his state of

health. He wrote to us after the funeral of his poor friend, fixing the day of his return, but he did not come; and, in a letter to his sister, he told her that he had been suffering from a slight attack of low fever, from which he was nearly recovered, but that he had deemed it prudent, in obedience to his doctor's advice, to delay his journey a few days. We have not heard however again from him, and I have written to his servant, to desire he will let me know immediately whether he is still detained by illness. I expect a reply to my letter by to-morrow's post; but if he is not decidedly better, nay well enough to travel, I intend to set off without delay to join him in London, and to judge for myself."

The duchess had risen to take leave of Mrs. Temple when to their surprise Lord Morven entered the room. He came in, leaning on the Bishop's arm, and looked very ill. He had been passing through Z—— on his way to Steeplyn, and had met with one of the duchess's servants. He was better, he said, in reply to his mother's anxious looks and words of inquiry; but very tired from his long journey. He hoped he should soon be well under his mother's care. "There is no nurse like one's own dear mother," he added.

Mrs. Temple was struck by the expression of de-

lighted affection which brightened the mother's fine countenance, but she was still more struck by the tone in which those few words were spoken by the son. There was nothing in the words themselves,—they were such as any loving child might have spoken,—but there was a tone of heartfelt affection in that voice, which she had never heard before, and which made her raise her eyes, and fix them upon the speaker, as if to reassure herself that it was really the same person whom she had been accustomed to see under so different a character. In another moment she had sprung forward to seek to support him, for his eyes closed, and he was falling to the ground in a fainting fit. Lord Morven was very ill—too ill indeed to leave the palace. The physician who was immediately sent for, did not conceal from them that he feared there was but a bare hope of his recovery. His illness was brain fever, and for several days his life was despaired of. The disease however took a favorable turn, and the young nobleman began to recover. For some weeks he remained at the palace, during which time he began to regain his strength ; it was thought advisable for him to be where medical aid was always at hand. His parents and his sisters were also there. It was a season blessed of God to them.

Then it was, also, that they tasted the enjoyments of true Christian friendship, and they saw pure religion, in all its lovely consistency, exemplified in the daily and hourly walk of the bishop, and his domestic circle.

“I agree with you, my dear Mary,” said the duke, turning to his wife, as they were conversing together, on the evening of the day when their son had first left his chamber; “the intercourse we enjoy with this charming family spoils one for all other society. I never met with such people. I never saw such genuine kindness of heart, such real delicacy of feeling, as in the sympathy they have shown towards us in our late distress. The night that I came hither, when Rosamond and I received that sudden summons to the bed-side of poor suffering Morven, I felt myself the most miserable of human beings.

“As I stood over our dear son, and met the unconscious stare of his eyes, and heard his incoherent ramblings, and felt that it was but too probable in a few hours he would be lying before me a breathless corpse, I woke to the sense of the insecurity of all my fondest hopes. I took Dr. Howard aside, and insisted on his telling me the truth. ‘He did not dare,’ he gravely said, ‘to give me any hope; he was grieved to say that, humanly speaking, he could not encourage me to

expect my son's recovery.' But when I turned away from the physician, sickened at heart, I shall never forget the soothing effect of another voice, which, in sounds scarcely louder than a whisper, breathed in my ear: 'We have still an unfailing friend to turn to; one who bids us look higher than to any earthly physician.' And I felt an arm drawn within my own, and the gentle pressure of a kind hand. It was the good bishop; and that excellent friend drew me away to an adjoining room, and there he begged me to kneel down with him, and call upon Him, 'whose hand,' he said, 'is not shortened that it cannot save, nor His ear heavy that it cannot hear.' What a prayer was that which he poured forth! And surely it has been heard and answered. 'And this is prayer!' I said to myself, as we rose from our knees; 'this is religion! and, during my long life, I have been an entire stranger to every thing of this kind.' And then I thought of our gentle, humble Rosamond; and I began to understand something of that secret strength which enabled her, instead of giving way, as I had done, to her own sorrow, to try to sooth and comfort me, on our long, weary drive from Steeplyn that evening, and to be so gentle and so calm in her grief, all through her brother's illness. How quietly useful she was, thinking of

every thing, and doing just the right thing, in the right way; and only turning her head away from time to time, to wipe away her quiet tears!"

"And what a friend my dear Lucy Temple was," said the duchess, "during those days and nights of frightful suspense. How constantly did she take her place, with me and Rosamond, by our poor distracted son. Had Morven been her own child, she could not have watched beside him with more tender and unwearied kindness, or seemed more thankful when the crisis of the disease had passed, and he sunk into that sweet sleep, from which he woke for the first time refreshed and strengthened. Yes, Henry, we have had many friends, according to the worldly meaning of the term; but I agree with you, we have now found out what real friendship is. There is another subject of rejoicing, which I have thought much upon," she continued: "you must have observed it. I allude to the change in our dear Morven, in his disposition and whole bearing. To me it is unaccountable; for what has produced it I am as yet unable to discover. His illness may have had something to do with it; but I first perceived it in his manner to me on the evening when he arrived here from London, on his way to Steeplyn. His former reserve and selfish coldness,

which has so often distressed us both, has almost disappeared. He is an altered being."

"He is very happy here," said the duke, "and makes himself very agreeable; but he is, I suppose, as much pleased with these valued friends as we are."

"Not always very happy," said the duchess, "but at times much depressed. I have watched him, when he thought me occupied with my work, or engaged in conversation; and the expression of thoughtful sadness in his countenance has grieved as much as it has perplexed me."

"He seems to have taken a great liking to that very superior young man, Mr. Harrington," said the duke.

"Yes," replied the duchess, "as great a liking as yourself; and I own I heartily approve his taste and yours. Ferdinand Harrington wins every heart. What a noble simplicity there is about him—what an ingenuous sweetness—what really elegant manners! And how kind he is to our poor Morven, passing hour after hour in reading to him; indeed, devoting all his leisure time to him."

Lord Morven and his parents and sister looked back in after years to that period of their lives, which

had commenced in affliction and anxiety, as the happiest season they had ever known. They had been brought under the influence of vital religion in its most lovely form. They had been associated with those whose daily and hourly desire, and earnest endeavor, was to walk as children of the light and of the day, in simplicity and godly sincerity; who were severely strict in the discipline to which they secretly subjected themselves, striving to bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ, and to keep a conscience void of offence toward God and man; but who were at the same time kind and considerate towards others, putting the most favorable construction on what was faulty, remembering His words, who said to His disciples "Judge not," and exercising that divine charity, "which hopeth all things."

Under other circumstances, that influence, by which the duke and duchess had been thus insensibly affected, might have failed to produce any impression; but their affliction, during the illness of their only son, had sobered and saddened their minds, and prepared them to find enjoyment in the quiet circle of the bishop's household, where a peace, unknown to the worldly, shed its sweet and soothing balm over their troubled spirits; where there was seriousness, but no

gloom; where, even when the cloud hung heavily upon them, the presence of the sun was obscured, but not withdrawn, for the bow was in the cloud.

Such was the effect produced by the lovely example of those, whose religion was not only sincere, but consistent. While we are well aware that the Lord God alone can produce a vital change in the hearts and lives of those around us, we should bear in mind, that we may be made by Him the means of winning, both with and without the Word, those around us to love and to approve, and even to follow our good example. Our influence for good or evil on all around us is incalculable; our responsibility is therefore a consideration of the gravest importance

CHAPTER XIV.

"These men, that have turned the world upside down, are come
hither also."—ACTS xvii. 6.

"You are the youngest man in the company, Dashwood," said the dean, as the door of the dining-room closed upon the departure of the ladies; "so, before you sit down, be so good as to ring the bell."

Mr. Dashwood did as he was told, and the butler entered.

"Clean glasses and claret," said the dean, "and a bottle of the oldest port; I know you never drink claret, Digby," addressing himself to an elderly man, whose severe expression of countenance was a mixture of intellectual power and of bad temper.

Mr. Digby only replied by a slight inclination of his head.

The butler re-entered with the wine, pushing the rich dessert into the middle of the table, before he

retired, that a clear space might be made for the passing of the bottles; and the glasses were filled and the wine circulated. The quality of the wine, which well merited the encomiums passed upon it, and the praises of a celebrated wine merchant, formed the topic of conversation for the first quarter of hour, and then the state of the funds was gravely discussed by the elder gentlemen. The subject led to the mention of a legacy of some hundred pounds in the funds, left by the late rector of Melford, to one of the local charities in the old city of L——.

“Now you speak of Melford,” said the dean, “has any one heard who is to be presented to the living of Melford?”

“Why, I believe I can tell you, Mr. Dean,”—said the young clergyman who had been desired to ring the bell. “The bishop has given it to his nephew, Mr. Harrington: you may depend on the correctness of my information, for I had it from the bishop’s secretary.”

“He told you, then,” said the dean, “that the bishop had presented it to his nephew?”

“Why not exactly in so many words; but I found him, when I called at his office, busy with some papers, which he was in a hurry to take to the palace.

The bishop, he said, was about to sign the presentation of a living; and he took leave of me at the instant, saying, 'the bishop is very exact, and he and the gentleman who is to be presented to the living will be waiting.'

"But he did not tell you the name of the gentleman."

"No," replied Mr. Dashwood; "but I was standing under the abbey gateway about half an hour after, talking with Reynolds, when Lord Morven and Harrington met; the former was on horseback, having been over, I suppose, to Steeplyn, and I heard him say, 'Well, the papers I suppose are signed: I do not know whether I ought to congratulate you or not.' 'Yes, indeed,' replied Harrington, 'it is just the sphere in which'—I heard no more, but you will agree that I heard enough to tell me that Harrington is the new rector at Melford."

"And so," said a Dr. Hornbeam, "all the other and elderly clergy of the diocese are passed over, and one of our best livings is given to a nephew whom nobody ever heard of—a stranger! and I dare to say as great a methodist as his uncle."

"As strong a case of nepotism as any of the good old bishop's, I allow," said the dean.

“Very natural, I should say,” observed a smooth-faced and smooth-tongued gentleman, smiling; “just what I should have done had I been the bishop; but,” he added, his smile turning to a sneer, “our new diocesan sets himself up for such a model of disinterested virtue, that we might have expected him to act, as he would say, more consistently with his high profession. Common people, like you and I, Mr. Dean, might think it quite fair to take care of our own relations.”

“Very true, Green, very true,” replied the dean; “the bishop is, however, a worthy man and a gentlemanly man; but, I agree with you—too much of a methodist. I am not for extremes; a man may be righteous overmuch.”

“He is not like a bishop,” said Dr. Hornbeam; “he does not keep up the state and the dignity of his office. A dinner at the palace in the good old bishop’s time used to be something like a dinner; but now things are sadly altered, and the pleasant evening parties are never to be met there; no, not even a quiet rubber of whist. The late bishop and his amiable lady loved to see their friends enjoy themselves; but as for his present lordship and Mrs. Temple, their presence is like a wet blanket wherever they are.

My wife felt herself much affronted, the other evening, when she was at the palace; most of the ladies were at work, and Mrs. Hornbeam had not taken any work with her, and she happened to say, that she wished she had brought her netting. 'Oh! we can find you some work,' said Mrs. Temple, and she gave her a cap, or something of the sort to make for one of the old women in the alms houses. She stared with astonishment at the liberty taken with her; and she hoped that Mrs. Temple saw by her manner how much displeased she felt. She took the work into her hands, but that was all, for she laid it on the table the next minute; and then up came Miss Temple smiling, and feared that the work was too fine for Mrs. Hornbeam's eyes." The doctor did not add the sequel to his story, that the duchess, who was at the palace, and had observed the affronted looks of the lady, had with a good-natured smile taken up the muslin, and set to work to make the said cap. "And what do you think was the amusement of the evening?" continued the pompous Dr. Hornbeam,—“Mrs Temple must read aloud to the ladies part of the manuscript journal of her nephew while in India,—a long account of his visit to some black-a-moors' huts, and part of the ser-

mon of some German methodist minister to the barbarians."

"Absurd indeed," said the sneering Mr. Green, "that is another of the bishop's new fangled vagaries. Missions to the heathen! the other day at dinner, nothing was to be talked about but missions and missionaries, and old Ashton pretended to feel a deep interest in the subject; and then Harrington told us a long story about that same German methodist—that Schwartz, a man who does not even belong to the Church of England; and how he had gained the ear of the Nabob," (Mr. Green should have said Rajah) "of Travancore or Tanjore, I forget which. A very pretty romance,—but let those believe it that can; not, mark you, that he had converted the old prince or any one else."

"No," said Dr. Hornbeam, "nor was he likely to do so; I never heard of any Indian that was converted."

"Nor will you ever hear of one," said a Colonel Sharpe, who was present. "I am an old Indian, sir, and I know the country and the people well; I am able to speak as an impartial observer; and I warn you to give no credit to the idle stories of enthusiasts. Caste, sir, that which we in India call caste, presents

an insuperable obstacle to every attempt to make Christians of the natives of India. The bishop spoke to me on the subject, and I proved to him the delusion he was under; at least, I endeavored to open his eyes; I told him that his nephew, I had no doubt, meant well, and believed what he had been told, but he had been grossly imposed upon. Five years in India, as I told his Lordship, was a different thing from the experience of twenty years."

"You have tried then to convert the natives?" said Mr. Digby, drily. "You have spent your twenty years, Colonel, as Mr. Harrington spent his five years, in trying to make Christians of them?"

"What do you mean, sir, by that question?" said the Colonel, flaming up to a scarlet as deep as his coat. "I am not a parson sir.—Tried, sir, yes! I have tried to bring them to their senses, and to make honest men of them: I have had the sneaking rascals lashed; the only way of dealing with them; a better way, let me tell you, who can know nothing about the matter, than preaching to them." Mr. Digby was not to be silenced by the outbreak of the choleric officer; but fixing his scowling eyes upon him, he said coolly and tartly, "both by precept and example, sir, your

influence in favor of the Christian religion, which you profess to hold, has been tried and has failed."

Colonel Sharpe looked furious, but made no reply.

"I hear," said Mr. Green, "that we are to have a sermon in the Cathedral for this mission in India, and the bishop is to preach it, and a collection is to be made; but with all deference to his lordship, I shall take the liberty of being absent. One has other calls to attend to; there is distress enough at one's own door and in one's own country."

"True, Green, very true," said Dr. Hornbeam, emphatically, "charity begins at home. Attend to your own poor, say I, before the blacks. We are coming to a pretty pass, if we are to be called upon to give our money to promote an object so useless and absurd, as preaching to a set of barbarians, with whom, as you rightly and truly warn us, Colonel, caste (I think that was the word) presents an insuperable obstacle to the introduction of Christianity. You would advise us, eh, Colonel? to keep our money in our own pockets."

"Yes, sir; I would, sir," said the Colonel, "and not waste it on those dogs of natives."

"Mr. Dean," said Dr. Hornbeam with more than his usual pomp of manner, "may I presume to ask

what you think of these innovations, which our well-meaning, but I must candidly say, most injudicious diocesan is beginning to introduce into your venerable Cathedral. Where are they to stop? I may be mistaken, but I conceive his lordship is somewhat out of order in occupying the pulpit—your pulpit—whenever he may please to do so. I do not say that you would use the power, but does not the power reside with you, if you were disposed to exert it, to forbid the pulpit even to the bishop? You reign paramount, I think, in your own cathedral!"

Such is a sample of the conversation at the table of the dean. We give no more of it—for it became more virulent. The good bishop, who was kind and courteous to all, had unwittingly given offence to many of the clergy, by a course of life the very opposite of that which many of them were leading, and had been long accustomed to lead. Perhaps the most severe and caustic of his clergy then present was the Mr. Digby spoken of at the beginning of this chapter. He had not yet uttered many words, but had sat a quiet auditor of all that had been said; his deep-set eyes scowling beneath his dark and beetle brows. He was a man of great talent, a keen observer, and had the power of saying sharp and cutting things, a power

which he seldom troubled himself to exert, but when he did, he gave himself little concern how he wounded the pride or the feelings of those to whom he spoke.

“Come, come, Hornbeam,” he said, after listening with evident impatience to a remark which the other addressed to him, “we have had enough of this. You ask me if I do not agree with you. I tell you plainly I do not. To say the truth, I think we ought all to be ashamed of ourselves, for we are more like a set of idle, gossiping, slanderous women, than a party of clergymen. I have always disliked the bishop, and you know it, and he knows it; but what I have heard to-night has made me change my mind. I happen to know that the bishop has not given the living of Melford to his nephew, but to the hardest working man of the whole diocese—a man who did not ask for it, and is above asking for any preferment for himself. Some of you, I suspect, have not been so scrupulous, and are disappointed men. Now, I tell you what I have been thinking while you were talking. This same bishop of our’s puts us all to shame, and therefore has given much grave offence to all. You say, he is a methodist, and I hate methodists; but whatever he is, one thing is plain, he is in earnest and we are not. I have never heard one of his sermons

except his charge, and at the time I heard it I did not like it; perhaps because he told me my duty, and my conscience told me I did not do it. I am an old man—the oldest man among you—hedged up with prejudices and notions of my own; but I begin to think that I am an old fool, to have been snarling and growling against this new bishop, ever since he came among us. I was ready to believe every thing I heard against him—and I've heard enough; but I have lately taken the trouble to sift the scandalous stories which were brought to me, and I have found that they have all had about as much foundation as this story told to-night, about the living of Melford. But after all, if he had given the living to his nephew, I don't see that he would have been to blame. If the man's a good man he is none the worse for being his nephew. One word more, and I have done; I give you all a text to consider and apply to the bishop. 'We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God.'"

There was a pause when Mr. Digby ceased speaking. It was broken by the butler's entering, to announce that tea had been taken to the drawing-

room, and by the dean's ordering him to bring another bottle of wine.

"No more wine," said Mr. Digby, rising, "I heard the sound of music through the open door. With your permission," he added, "we will join the ladies, and exchange the growling of an old bear for the sweet voices of your daughters."

"You will hear a sweeter voice than theirs," said the dean, rising; "Miss Temple, and her mother and Mr. Harington, promised to come to us this evening; and if Miss Temple favors us by singing some of Handel's pieces, I think you will agree with me that her voice and her taste,—her genius I may say, in singing, can scarcely be excelled.—We have to thank you for a lesson, my good friend," said the dean, taking the arm of Mr. Digby, as they ascended the broad staircase together, "a lesson which I trust I for one shall profit by. You are right, and we are wrong. I agree with you, whatever the bishop may be, he is in earnest; however we may differ from him, he forces every one to respect him. But who is the man to whom he has given the living of Melford?"

"No other than my old pupil, Herbert Forrester; I wonder you have not heard it."

"I shall hear it soon enough, I have no doubt,"

said the dean; and no sooner had he entered the drawing-room, than his daughter Violet met him, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes; and drew him aside, with her, to the inner drawing-room, where lights were also burning, but which they found empty; and there, hanging on her father's arm, and reading the letter which she had put into his hands, over his shoulder, she prevented his reading it, by her exclamations of delight—"Dear, dear father, don't you quite love the bishop, is he not the best bishop in the world? was it not kind to think of my poor Herbert; and when he never dreamed of asking him for any thing, to give him such a living as Melford. Poor, poor Herbert! broken down as he was, from over work," she continued; her tears dropping over the letter. "Why, next to you and Herbert, father, I shall always love the bishop better than any man on earth; and dear father," she added, in a whisper close to her father's ear, you won't say any more to me, will you, 'You must not marry a poor curate?'

"I am as foolish as you are, dear child," said the dean, wiping away the tears from his own eyes; "but as for reading Herbert's letter here and now, I cannot; put it in your pocket, dear child, and go to your own room, and get rid of those red eyes, and when they

are all gone, come to me in my study, and we will read the letter together, and we will talk about it and your Herbert as long as you please. Yes, Violet, I do love the bishop, and I shall esteem him, and be grateful to him, as long as I live; I have indeed cause to do so, for he has made my darling child happy, and taken away the only bar to your union with one of the best young men I ever knew. There, child, get you gone," he added, opening the door at the further end of the room; "you can escape this way to your chamber, by passing through your aunt's dressing-room. Well, what is it? what do you want with me now?" he said, as she caught his hand, and drew him into the passage.

"Only to tell you, dear father," she said, throwing her arms round his neck, and kissing him, "how much I love you, and how very happy I am!"

CHAPTER XV.

"Tremble, ye women that are at ease; be troubled, ye careless ones."

ISAIAH xxxii. 2.

"WHY make yourself particular, my dear child? young people, I am well aware, never know where to stop, and find it difficult to practice moderation. I really do not suppose, Violet, that you will find any person more entirely without prejudice than myself. I abhor prejudice, I look upon it as a proof of a weak mind. For instance, I am not one of those who abuse the bishop's family, and their ways. In some respects I approve their ways, and as for themselves, I call them vastly agreeable persons; between ourselves, a decided improvement on the Lulworths. Mrs. Lulworth, though a person of good family, was a vulgar-minded woman, and liked to dictate to every one, in a very offensive manner; and the poor dull, old bishop, though a perfect gentleman, was a nonentity. I think

the Temples much the best bred people in the place, *but*—” Lady Compton had made a long preamble to the *but*, which was the turning point at which her objections to the Temples and their ways were about to begin. Violet had sate quietly and gravely, listening to the above address. She now raised her eyes and smiled.

“ Why do you smile, my dear Violet ? ”

“ Because ”—she said, smiling again ; but the smile was all the while that of affection, “ because I was expecting that the *but* would come at last and it has come.”

“ Silly child,” said the old lady, laughing, “ you need a lecture, and you will have it. During my long absence at Bath, I heard more than once that you were making yourself remarkable, by giving up the amusements natural to a girl of your age, and I find the report confirmed. I have met your aunt and Laura at several houses without you ; why is this ? ”

“ We divided our forces on those occasions,” said Violet archly ; “ I preferred staying at home with my father, who dislikes hot and crowded rooms ; and Laura went out with my aunt ; my absence, however, was as much from inclination as duty.”

“That I can scarcely credit, my dear child. You may act as you do, from a mistaken sense of duty; but don't tell me that you have a preference for a tete-a-tete with the dean, instead of going to a pleasant party.”

“O, I assure you I give a decided preference to my father's company.”

“But, your father cannot wish you to mope yourself to death at home, when he knows it is so natural for a girl of your age to like cheerful society?”

“I do like society, madam,” said Violet, “and cheerful society, but I am heartily tired of what is called the gay society of Z——; and as for what you say about my age, and the amusements natural to my age, I am rather amused; for I think you must agree with me, that the elderly ladies of this place are quite as eager to enjoy the amusements which, you say, are natural to one of my age, as any young girl can be. They do not dance, I allow, but they love the vanities of the world, feathers and flowers, and jewels, and powder, and rouge, and the excitement of card-playing; where they alternately lose their money, and their temper; or win their neighbors' money, with smiles of triumph, and exultation at their success.

The only really cheerful society we have, is at the palace."

"And, I suppose, Mrs. Temple has been putting these notions into your head, and you have been taking her as your model, and following her advice. Mrs. Temple is a charming person in many respects, I allow, but she has peculiar notions on some subjects; not that we have any business with them. If she likes to hold them, let her: and let her bring up her daughter, a nice, pretty girl,—a very nice girl! I must confess,—as she pleases, but why should this good Mrs. Temple interfere with others? Let her take her own way; but let her leave us to take our way. The dean and your dear aunt cannot, I am sure, wish you to get your head turned, by people who are methodists downright, and only the more dangerous because they know how to make themselves very agreeable. I did give you credit, my dear Violet, for more sense, than to be caught by any pretence to overstrictness and religious display; you will only make yourself ridiculous, and be laughed at, and very justly, by all sensible people. Really, I have no patience with you. You who used to be the gayest of the gay, are taking up a most unnatural character, which does not, and never will become you."

“I cannot help smiling at your alarm, dear madam,” said Violet, “but I do assure you it is quite groundless with regard to my good spirits. I was never so happy, or if you please so gay, as I am at present. But why do you lecture me, for wishing to be more thoughtful and sober-minded than I used to be? You have often said to me, it is good to be merry and wise. I have been trying to become wise, but I have not left off being merry. Indeed, indeed, my dear kind friend,” she continued, with a grave but gentle earnestness, which the kind-hearted but angry old lady felt herself compelled, though against her will, to admire,—“indeed you are not just in finding so much fault with Mrs. Temple; she does not interfere, or obtrude her opinions on any one.”

“What,” said Lady Compton, “is it not by her advice that you have taken to these new ways?”

“Not so much by her advice, as by the charm of her example, and her daughter’s; for as to her advice, she did not give it, till I had anxiously entreated her to do so; and then only on one occasion, and in a very few words. But I tell you, candidly, that advice I have considered—and, after much consideration, I came to the conclusion that she was right. I have, therefore determined to follow it. I found no society

so agreeable as that of Mrs. Temple and Gertrude, and I saw no reason why I should shun them. I was continually with them, especially with Gertrude. We walked together, and I sometimes passed my mornings with her and her mother. We had much conversation on many subjects, and I learnt, on conviction, that my own opinions were grievously mistaken, when tried by the only standard which a professed Christian should appeal to. I could no longer be the same thoughtless, trifling, useless being I had always been; and one morning, when we were sitting together at our work, I asked Mrs. Temple to tell me why she had given up worldly society. With an earnestness, which made a deep impression on me, she said: 'There are but two services. Many try the one, and are bitterly disappointed; a few try the other, and are never disappointed. I have tried both, and can tell you, from my own experience, that the service of God is pleasantness and peace.'

"So then," exclaimed Lady Compton, with some bitterness of tone, "you have learned to look upon your old friends, Violet, as a set of heathens."

"Indeed I have not, dear madam; but I have learnt to know that I was a little better than a heathen

myself, till I saw what true religion was, in the consistent lives of Mrs. Temple and her daughter."

"Well, at any rate, you show plainly enough that these Temples—these new friends—have taught you to set yourself up as wiser and better than we are, and to look down upon us."

"As for teaching me anything of the kind," said Violet, mildly, "I can assure you that I have never heard them pass a censure upon others. Under their roof I never heard a word of scandal, and I think you will agree with me, that you can hardly say as much of any other house within the cathedral precincts, or, I may add, beyond them—with a few, a very few, exceptions."

"Well, take your own way, Violet, and turn your back upon your old friends, if you choose to do so; but don't deceive yourself in supposing that religion consists in making yourself absurdly singular, and absenting yourself from balls and routs, and other amusements, as I find you do."

"I do not suppose that it does," said Violet, mildly, "religion exercises its influence rather in implanting new principles in the heart. The outward action derives its real character from the inward principle; unless it spring from that, it is but the mockery of

the very profession which it makes ; but at the same time, where the inward heart and its motives and principles have undergone a change as great as that of life from death, the constraining power within, must influence and regulate the outward actions. When I learnt for the first time, or, I should say, when I realized the fact, that I was an immortal being, and that I ought to live for eternity and not for time, I saw that I must also learn to find my enjoyment in such pursuits in this world as might fit me for the enjoyment of the happiness of heaven."

"My dear child," said the old lady, "do let me hear no more in this strain. I cannot understand you, and I will not bear a sermon, from you too, of all persons in the world. You need not take the trouble to inform me that you are an altered being ; but, permit me to say, not altered for the better, if you have lost your charming spirits. You make me melancholy. I don't want to hear of death and eternity out of church, where, of course, one makes up one's mind to hear of such subjects from the proper person—the clergyman ; and I don't want to lose my temper and speak harshly to you ; but you will make me if I hear another word in this sermon style from your lips."

“ I am not the least alarmed at your threats, dear kind friend,” said Violet, in a tone of much affection. “ You never were out of temper in your life with me, and I never heard a harsh word from your lips. You are not, and you cannot be, cross with me. No, not the very least cross,” she added, taking the old lady’s hand in her own, and looking up with a very sweet and loving smile in her face.

“ Dear, dear child,” said the old lady, “ there is no resisting you. You always were, and you always will be, dearer to me than any creature on earth, and even when I am most angry with you—for yes, Miss Violet, I am angry, very seriously displeased with you—still I can’t help loving you. And now hear what I have to say :—You misunderstood me. I do not wish you to neglect your religious duties. Not that I think religion consists in going to church every morning of one’s life, and poring over certain dull, prosy volumes, the task-work of meritorious formality, and then holding one’s head very high, in order that we may the better look down upon the rest of the world. We have too much of this in Z——, among the male and female gossips of the place. Mrs. Temple’s religion is infinitely preferable ; for she never holds her head high, or greets you with a sour face, or

wearies you with endless tales of scandal. But she is a methodist. What I like, my dear Violet, is moderation. Attend to your religion in your own chamber, and don't trouble other people with it; enjoy yourself while you have youth and health, and don't set yourself against innocent amusements; and, above all, don't take upon yourself to come and lecture one who knew all about these things before you were born. For though I love you, and smile upon you, and do not get seriously angry, still I think you are very silly—I give you credit for very little sense. I am for keeping on good terms with the world while I am in it, and I would have you do the same."

"But we shall have to leave the world—we shall receive a summons which we must obey," said Violet, gravely. "We must meet death, and, after death, the judgment."

A shade of thoughtfulness passed over the old lady's pleasing face, but the next moment it was gone. She made no reply to Violet's observations, but turned the subject, with an adroitness of which she was a complete mistress.

"You will make, at least, an excellent clergyman's wife, my sweet child," she said, with one of her blindest smiles. "It has only just occurred to

me to congratulate you on the excellent preferment which Mr. Forester has obtained. The good bishop shall have my best thanks, and you and Mr. Forester have my warmest congratulations, and my best wishes for your happiness."

"That I am sure of," said Violet, "but you are rather precipitate in your congratulations, for nothing is yet fixed about our marriage. You might rest assured that few would have heard of it before yourself."

"Thank you, my dear Violet, for this kind promise. I do not doubt but I shall be among the first of your friends to hear of the happy event. And don't forget, when Mr. Forester comes to the deanery, that I have never seen him, and that whatever engagements I may have, I shall certainly put them off to dine with you, and meet him. He is, I am told, a very pleasing young man, though, like yourself, too much of an enthusiast. However, let that be as it may, I shall love him for your sake. I mean to be at your wedding, Violet, and I shall insist on giving you your wedding dress. Since I lost your mother, who was my dearest friend, I have given all the love of my heart to you and Laura, and you will be the heirs to the property I leave. I wish it were more for your

sake; but as my jointure dies with me and goes to the present Lord Compton's estate, I have but my savings and my goods and chattels to leave you, with a few jewels of some value, which I suppose *you* will never wear now you have become a methodist; but methodist or not, you and your sister are as dear to me as if you were my own children."

Lady Compton was generally considered to be the person of most importance in Z——, though there had been a kind of rivalry between herself and the wife of the late bishop—a rivalry which had died away with Mrs. Lulworth, for Mrs. Temple had no desire to take a prominent place in the society there. During Lord Compton's lifetime, they had spent part of the year at the fine old family mansion in Z——; and on his death, the house and a large jointure had been left by him to his widow, for her life. The situation of Compton Grange, though it might be said to be almost in the town, was beautiful and imposing. The park, though not extensive, was adorned with magnificent trees. Its pines and cedars, and avenues of elms, were reckoned the finest in the county. The mansion was a huge mass of red brick; but having been built by an Italian architect, partly in the Palladian style, there was an air of heavy grandeur about

it, which was much admired. The whole domain was kept up in admirable order, as Lady Compton's energetic mind directed everything.

Though her youth was long past, Lady Compton was still a peculiarly elegant person, and her affable and courteous manners had made her a general favorite with all ranks in the old city of Z——.

At the death of her husband, which took place the year after the bishop came to Z——, she had taken up her residence altogether at Compton Grange, from which she had been absent only during her long sojourn at Bath. Though in habit of daily intercourse with the upper class of society at Z——, she was not on terms of intimacy with any family but that of the dean. Not that she assumed any importance from her superior rank; but she had little toleration for the prejudices of the gossiping and card-playing coteries of the old cathedral town. She had been educated in a French convent, and had visited several of the foreign courts, and for many years after her marriage had always passed the season in London; and had it not been for her hospitality, her great good-humor, and her real kindness of disposition, she would not have obtained the influence she possessed at Z——. There, however, she reigned as a little

queen. No parties were reckoned so pleasant, no dinners so well dressed, as those at Compton Grange, no rooms so elegant as those of Lady Compton. She had the talent of making her guests pleased with themselves. "How is it," she was sometimes asked, "that you can pay so much attention to the most tiresome people, and listen to their dull remarks, and take the trouble of making yourself so agreeable to them?" And then she would reply: "It pleases me to see them in good humor, and a few kind words are easily spoken."

She was of the world, and the world loved her as its own; and she was a favorite of the world, for she did not give offence by pride, or irritate by ill-humor. Her purse was open to the poor, and her house to the rich; and though her equipage and her style of dress and manners were regarded as something unapproachable by her many admirers, her unaffected ease and kindness made her acceptable to all. She unconsciously exhibited a contrast, which made her appear to great advantage, between the circumstances of wealth and grandeur by which she was surrounded, and her own simplicity and disregard of those circumstances. Her coach with four black horses, her tall powdered footmen, in their rich liveries, might wear the appear-

ance of pride and grandeur ; but she herself was neither grand nor proud. Her pleasant smiles and pleasant voice won for her golden opinions from all sorts of people ; and she did not conceal the pleasure she felt in being so general a favorite. She sought her reward from the world—and—she had her reward !

“ I hope you have no dislike to the scent of orange flowers,” said Lady Compton. “ I suppose my early associations with France make me so partial to them. One of my guests last night complained that the perfume oppressed her.”

“ I am quite of your ladyship’s opinion,” replied Miss Danby, “ and was observing to my niece, as we entered the room, what a delicious fragrance was diffused around.”

“ But where is Violet ? ” said Lady Compton. “ I am delighted to see you, my dear child,” turning to Laura ; “ but it seems strange indeed always to meet you without your sister.”

“ To-night,” said Miss Danby emphatically, “ a prior engagement really deprives my younger niece and my brother of the pleasure of waiting upon your ladyship. They are spending the evening at the

palace, where they went to meet Mr. Forester at dinner. You know he is a favorite there, and there it was that Violet first made his acquaintance."

They were standing at one of the windows of a deep recess in Lady Compton's spacious saloon, which opened upon a balcony filled with tubs of orange-trees in full blossom. It was a bright moonlight night, and the shining leaves and ivory blossoms glistened in the silvery moonbeams. Beyond them, the open glades of the small but beautiful park were flooded with the same soft light, and here and there graceful groups of deer were distinctly seen reposing. Still further on, the river, like a broad belt of silver, bounded the park. The opposite banks were crowned by a grove of lofty pines, whose dark and heavy foliage stood boldly out from the deep blue sky. The night was calm, and the air soft and balmy; and the rich full notes of the nightingale broke upon the stillness of that sweet summer evening.

"What a lovely scene!" said Laura; "one would never be tired of standing here and gazing at it."

"Very true, my dear," said Lady Compton. "I should be quite disposed to stay and admire it with you; for, old as I am, I have a romantic fondness for all that is beautiful in nature. But your aunt will

agree with me, that we must no longer turn our backs upon the pleasant company assembled within." And, passing her arm through that of Miss Danby, she added: "Come, let us go and make ourselves as agreeable as we can to the guests of the evening." But she stopped, and turning to Laura, she said, "I had nearly forgotten that there is amusement for you here;" and she opened a folio volume, richly bound in gilded morocco, which lay upon a table in the recess. "There, my dear child, you can settle yourself quietly, as long as you like, in this favorite nook of yours, since you dislike cards as much as the rest of the party enjoy them. Very proper, I allow, at your age. You are such an admirer of Greuze," she added, turning over a leaf or two of the volume as she spoke, "that I wrote to Paris and ordered every engraving of his pictures to be sent me. You will find some charming things here. They only came to-day, just in time to be a pleasant surprise to you. You see whose book it is," she added, pointing to Laura's name, which she had written on the fly-leaf of the volume; "don't forget to order the servants to put it into your carriage when you go. The other volume is for Violet. It is a work on flowers, and much admired, for the plates are exquisitely colored.

"I wish, my dear child," she said in a whisper, "you and your sister would wear a shade of powder in your hair, it would become you vastly; and you will soon be deemed quite rustic without it." And just touching the blooming cheek of the gentle girl with her fan, she said: "Come, Miss Danby, let me find you a table. Will you play at whist, or ombre or piquet?"

Laura followed the graceful old lady with her eyes, as she glided about the room, now stopping to speak to one or another of her guests, now arranging a party at one of the many card-tables which were set out in the saloon and the adjoining apartment, and at last seating herself with a few of her favorites at quadrille. It was the first time that Laura had seen the rooms since they had been refurnished; and the richness and elegance of everything around, bore testimony to the wealth and the admirable taste of the noble owner. The hangings of sea-green silk, the immense pier-glasses, which reflected and multiplied the numerous lights clearly burning in the crystal chandeliers, the few choice pictures, the rare china, the costly furniture, and other ornaments of various kinds, and the profusion of fresh and lovely flowers, presented a rare assemblage of luxury and splendor; and she who sate there, the possessor of all, and the

life and promoter of that scene of pleasure, blazing with diamonds, and bending her plumed head, as she turned smiling from time to time on every side, was regarded by many of those present as one of the most favored and fortunate of human beings, and envied as the mistress of a world of enjoyment. Laura sat alone and thoughtful in the recess, wondering at the stillness which had succeeded to the hum of voices and the rustle of silks, now that all present were intently occupied at their several card-tables; and turned her eyes alternately on the calm and lovely scene without—the fresh and fragrant orange-trees glistening in the moonlight, and on the sparkling but artificial scene within, hearing alternately only some short and sudden exclamation from one or other of the card players, or the clear and thrilling notes of the nightingale.

“Is Violet right or wrong,” she said to herself, “in renouncing, as she has done, such society as that which I see before me?” and she recalled her sister’s words, when she had been setting before her the vanity, the folly, the waste of time, the spirit of gambling, the forgetfulness of God, which prevailed among them. “Observe only the expression on every face,” her sister had said, “and see how the very amusement

which they have chosen stirs up some bad and degrading passion of the human heart." "How true, how very true," said Laura, as her eye glanced from one face to another; "Violet is right, at least in saying that there is no real enjoyment in such pursuits. And yet we have never been accustomed to see anything wrong in them; but then, we have never been accustomed, until lately, to hear the Word of God faithfully preached; we have never been taught to test everything by that one standard. I cannot forget—and why should I wish to do so—that sermon which we heard so lately from Mr. Harington; the text itself was a sermon; and how strikingly it bears upon what I see before me to-night: 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.' That which is good," she repeated to herself, "would that I had the courage which my sister has shown; but I am a coward at heart, and ashamed to own what I really feel. And thus I hesitate, and despise myself for doing so."

Such was the train of thought into which Laura had fallen. As she awoke from it, and was beginning to turn over the beautiful engravings in the volume which lay open before her, supper was announced; and most of the party soon after rose up, and the

mingled sound of their long-hushed voices was again heard.

"Well, my dear child," said Lady Compton, coming up to her, "you must have been very desolate, to have been left here all alone. I have been quite uneasy about you. I wish I could amuse you better; but we can have no music this evening, unless you will favor us by singing that beautiful air of Gluck's which I brought you from Paris?"

"Not to-night, dear Lady Compton," replied Laura. "My singing would afford amusement to no one but yourself; and I can come and sing to you, as long as you please to-morrow."

"To-morrow never comes," said Lady Compton. "But you are right; the present company are most of them inveterate card-players, and would care as little for your sweet songs, as they have done for the song of the nightingale, which we heard when standing at this window an hour ago."

"And which," said Laura, "has continued ever since, though the notes are now drowned by the voices around us."

"Charming indeed!" said Lady Compton. "And so you have been listening to the nightingale all the while. I, for my part, was so intent upon my game,

that I heard nothing but old Mrs. Bouverie's short scream of dismay, as she lost game after game; and saw nothing but the twinkle of old Colonel Sharpe's ugly eyes, as they gleamed with pleasure at our success—for he was my partner. A worthy man, and vastly agreeable, when he wins; but a furious creature when he loses. Tell me, my dear Laura, if you admire my diamonds? I wear them to please some of my guests, who like to see one fine; but I am in bad taste, to be thus over-dressed. It was for you and your sister that I had them reset. They will be yours when anything happens to me."

Laura raised her eyes,—not to the dazzling earrings and stomacher of the kind-hearted old lady, but to her face; and a shudder came over her as she did so. "You are not well," she said; "I am sure you are ill!"

"Why do you say so, my dear Laura?" But she quickly added: "You are right; I cannot describe to you how I feel at this moment. I was indeed, very ill an hour before my company assembled. My woman thought me imprudent in persisting on receiving them. But I soon rallied, after taking a cordial medicine. I must own to you that my spirits have been forced during the whole evening; it has been a fatiguing

effort to attend to these people. Come, make room for me beside you on the sofa till your aunt has finished her game; her's is, I see the last table. Don't alarm yourself about me," she added soon after; "I am better now, and a glass of wine will quite restore me. One must attend to one's guests, and endeavor to make them all happy."

"Not if you are to suffer in doing so," said Laura, affectionately. "I begin to fear that the excitement of these parties is too much for you, dear madam."

"You are mistaken, child. I live on excitement—I need it—I must have it—I should die without it!"

These last words were spoken in a hurried manner, and almost harshly, at least Laura thought so, when she recalled them afterwards; at the time, the impression was momentary, for the old lady added, in her usual kind voice: "we will talk about my ailments to-morrow."

"Why not to night?" replied Laura. "I may say, as you did just now, 'To-morrow never comes.' I wish you would let me take you to your room. I wish you would retire for the night, and leave my aunt, or any one else, to attend to your company."

"I shall do no such thing, silly child," said Lady Compton, rising. "The game is ended, and your aunt

is coming towards us. Give me your arm, and we will go down to supper ; and then get me, as soon as you please, a glass of wine, and you will see how well I shall be ; for I so seldom take wine, that when I do, its effect is magical."

The wine proved, as Lady Compton had foretold, a powerful restorative ; and Laura began to dismiss her uneasy and anxious feelings, when she saw the ghastliness of her friend's countenance disappear, and felt the icy coldness of her hand exchanged for a glowing warmth.

The party soon returned to the saloon, and Lady Compton was again seated at her card-table. Laura now took her place beside her.

"This is very kind, my sweet girl," she said, with a look of pleased affection.

"Your ladyship will be sure to win," exclaimed the vulgar and pompous Dr. Hornbeam, who was now her partner, as he shuffled the cards. "With the good wishes of the charming Miss Laura, we may calculate upon success."

"Attend to the business before you, my good doctor, and don't waste the time in compliments," said a very testy old gentlewoman, Lady Betty Myddleton ; "when I sit down to play, I like to give my whole

mind to what I am about. And don't be so confident of success," she added, with what was intended for a laugh, shaking her fan at him with a threatening gesture, "for, mark my words, you shall lose this game."

Silence again succeeded, broken only by the usual short ejaculations, which were part of the business, as Lady Betty called it, of the game; till she cried, with a shrill voice of spiteful triumph: "There, doctor, I am a true prophet; you've lost, and I have won!"

But suddenly the attention of all the party was called to Lady Compton. She had attempted to rise, but had fallen back in her arm-chair.

"Laura, my dear Laura," she said, with a gasping voice, "quick, quick—more wine—and I shall be quite well."

Laura flew rather than ran—she returned instantly with the wine. The old lady's eyes were closed. Miss Danby was leaning over her, and the rest of the party were crowding round.

"O let me pass!" said Laura; "I must pass. The wine is here—drink, pray drink, dear Lady Compton."

The old lady opened her eyes with a bewildered stare. She took the glass in her cold and trembling hand; she raised it with difficulty to her ashy lips—

but she did raise it—and she drank the whole contents. “There!” she said, suddenly raising herself, and laughing; “there, you see how well I am!—I never felt better in my life!”—and—she fell dead.

A terrible scene of confusion succeeded; but not many minutes had elapsed, when Violet Danby rushed into the room, followed by the dean. It was not late. They had remained for family prayers at the palace, and had ordered the carriage to drive round by Compton Grange on their way homè, that they might take up Miss Danby and Laura, as they had agreed to do.

They found Laura almost sinking to the ground under the weight of the senseless body, which she had raised as she knelt. She was supporting the head on her bosom, and turned from side to side entreating that some one would assist her to carry Lady Compton to a sofa. But all seemed to have lost their self-possession. They looked bewildered and terrified, but they did nothing. Some, indeed, were hurrying out of the room; and one or two, while uttering loud exclamations of horror, were still standing by the card-tables, and gathering up the gold which they had won.

“Is there no one present that can bleed?” cried Laura. There was no reply. “Has no one a lancet—

a penknife?" No one answered. "O Violet, dear Violet," she cried, as her sister entered, "come to me! Father, you will help us to lift this dear creature, and lay her on the sofa. But stop, let her be first bled; if a vein is opened, she may yet revive—she cannot be quite dead. It was but a minute ago that she said she was quite well—that she never felt better in her life. No, no, she cannot be really dead!"

The dean said nothing, but quietly putting aside the penknife which was offered him, he took out his pocket-book, and produced a lancet. With a firm hand, he opened a vein in the temple. A few drops of blood followed from the incision, and Laura uttered an exclamation of joy. But not another drop flowed from the orifice. No signs of life reappeared on the distorted and pallid features.

They had scarcely laid the body on the sofa in the recess near the open window, when Dr. Howard and Miss Danby entered the room. Miss Danby was the only person in the room, with the exception of Laura, who had acted with promptness and decision. She had told her niece to lay Lady Compton on a sofa near an open window, and left the room, saying that she would go herself for Dr. Howard.

The doctor shook his head. He placed his finger

on the wrist of the cold, clammy hand, and made some efforts to restore life; but all was ineffectual. No human skill, as he told them, had he been even present at the time of the attack, could have saved her. Her death had been instantaneous. He retired with the dean, to consult as to what steps should be taken before they left the house.

Laura and Violet stood gazing upon the lifeless body. It was an appalling spectacle which they beheld. The mockery of that costly attire,—those brilliant jewels,—the broken and trailing feathers on that disordered head-dress,—the rouge upon that ghastly face, making it appear only more frightfully pallid,—and the mouth distorted and drawn aside;—they turned away: the sight was too terrible, and too affecting! It was a relief to see their aunt re-enter. She had quitted the room with Lady Compton's maid, and they were now returning with others of the servants, to carry the dead body to the chamber of the deceased. For a few moments, the two girls lingered in that splendid saloon; not an hour had passed, since it was filled with a vain and frivolous throng, intent only upon their own amusement, and as unprepared for the summons which had so suddenly overtaken one of them, as she who had received it.

Those rooms were now quite deserted—they were all gone. Not one of those cold-hearted and selfish guests remained—they had turned from the chamber of death, only occupied with one desire,—to get away. But still the lights were burning with undiminished brilliancy ; still the rich furniture, the beautiful pictures, the vases of flowers, the card tables, the gilded but empty chairs, and all the signs of splendor, and wealth, and luxury were reflected and multiplied as before, by the broad pier glasses which almost lined the walls of those elegant apartments,—all remained unchanged—and still the rich odors of the orange blossoms were wafted in through the open windows upon the soft breezes of that sweet summer night—still the moon shone in the deep blue sky with all her peerless majesty—still the full, clear, thrilling notes of the nightingale sounded with all their former sweetness. But she who had been so lately in the full enjoyment of all these earthly good things, and had lived, alas, in careless security, unmindful of that gracious Being who had poured them in such lavish profusion around her—she, from whom none of them had ever been taken away, up to the last moment of her earthly existence, had been, herself, suddenly withdrawn from the midst of them all ; her immortal

spirit had been summoned away to its great account; that night her soul had been required of her.

“All that has happened still seems to me like a strange and troubled dream,” said Laura to her sister, when they were conversing together upon that one engrossing subject. “I cannot realise it. I cannot yet think, with coherence, upon the events that passed before me. It was a thoughtful evening, however, to me from the time I entered the room. I had no enjoyment from anything but from the lovely scene without, as I sate in the recess where you and I have so often passed our mornings and evenings since we were children, with our dear, kind Lady Compton. How entertaining she used to be, Violet! how sensibly she conversed; what a fund of information she always had at command; and how pleasantly the hours passed away while she taught us some of her beautiful work; she excelled every one in all kinds of work. Dear Violet,” she added after a long pause, “I have been trying to recall a single observation from her lips, which referred to any state beyond this present passing world; all seemed bounded to her, as by a bright horizon, by things temporal. I fear she did not care to look beyond this, our present state of

existence. Do you remember anything, Violet, anything that she ever said to you, which might lead you to conclude that she lived in secret (for we know she did not openly) to God? Oh, it would be such an inexpressible consolation to be able to believe that she sometimes thought or cared to think of Him, and look to Him who gave His life to redeem us from our vanity, and folly, and sin!”

“No, my own dear sister,” said Violet, mournfully, “no! I have been also occupied with like thoughts. I was so before you spoke. I have been also trying, but in vain, to recall some single word which might throw a gleam of hope over the dark, dark cloud which hangs over her present state; but on the contrary, the more I think of her whom we both loved so truly and so tenderly, the more wretched and hopeless I become. Alas, I fear her mind was tainted with that wretched infidelity which is so common in her favorite France, and, which, as the bishop was lately saying, can exercise itself alike in the most daring speculations or in the most elegant and playful fancies, sometimes appearing with a malignity like that of a demon of darkness, at other times as slightly and delicately defined as an aerial vision of angelic loveliness—Satan transformed into an angel of light. Surely it was only

under such an influence that our lamented friend could have been so fearfully and fatally blinded to the pure light of heavenly truth. But perhaps I am mistaken—perhaps she was not what my fears have imagined her to have been, a secret unbeliever; and yet some words have at times escaped her—I remember them too well—which betrayed more than a mere thoughtless indifference to religion.”

“But she attended at church,” said Laura. “She was never habitually absent.”

“Yes, Laura, she paid an outward reverence to the forms of religion: with her notions of propriety, and her deference to public opinion, she could not have done otherwise: but we must not deceive ourselves, much as we loved her, we must not suffer ourselves to be deluded by our hopes and wishes—we must dare to see the character of our lost and lamented friend in the clear light of simple truth; and ah, I fear we can only read it as described in those awful words of Holy Scripture: ‘Having no hope, and without God in the world!’” Slowly and mournfully these last words were spoken, and from the downcast eyes of her who spoke them, the tears fell heavily and fast. “Laura, dear Laura,” she added, as she laid her head upon her sister’s shoulder, “it is an agonising thought

—*Having no hope*—but is it true? Ah, is it not too true?”

“Let us dwell upon it,” said the gentle Laura, “only with reference to ourselves. We, or rather I, dear Violet, (for it applies not to you,) have had a lesson which must never be forgotten, never effaced from my mind. Pray for me, dear sister, join your prayers to mine, that from this hour I may live to God—that I may be as resolute to do what is right in His sight, as true to Him, as devoted to His service as yourself, and as our lovely and admirable friend, Gertrude Temple.”

“You are right, Laura,” said her sister, “in wishing to be like her; to follow Gertrude, as she follows our Blessed Lord. Would that we both possessed more of that sweet, retiring humility, which gives so peculiar a grace to her character! How much, indeed, we owe to the example of that family. We never saw what true religion is, till Gertrude and her parents came among us. I often wonder how it is that any one can resist the influence of piety, and goodness, and kindness of heart so genuine. One thing, however, begins to be plainly seen, that where they fail to win the affections, they command the respect of all. What may not be produced by the influence

and the example of one truly pious family! Every day the effect seems to me to be spreading on all sides, and among all classes of persons in this place and neighborhood."

CHAPTER XVI.

“But thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called.”—1 TIM. vi. 11-12.

“You ask me, my valued friend, a searching question,” said the bishop to the aged pastor Haller, “but I reply to you without hesitation. The spirit in which I endeavor to pursue my course is that of earnestness. I would watch; I would pray; I would strive, and I trust I do, though with a deep consciousness of continual short-comings, and many backslidings, to go forward—nay, to press forward in a spirit of increasing earnestness. May I not say, with the inspired Apostle, prefacing the words as he did in his humility, ‘I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do; forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things

which are before, I press towards the mark?' But I will own to you that I am very often weighed down, and almost overwhelmed, by the awful responsibility which attaches to my office; and I sometimes long to yield to my cowardly fears, and flee away, and give up the charge which I have undertaken."

"Who is there," replied the pastor, "among the honored instruments of the Lord, that has not been at times bowed down by this spirit of self-distrust? yes, and yielded till it assumed a sinful character? But though it evidently proceeds from want of faith, few, if any, men like ourselves would be in a safe state, if they were altogether without it. But we must learn to discriminate between humility and want of faith, between distrust of self, and distrust of Him who worketh all in all in us, and whose grace is all-sufficient to supply the utmost necessity of His servant. This distrust was surely sinful, even in Moses, when he made answer unto God, and said: 'But behold, they will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice.' And when we read the account of his repeated refusals to obey the command, and to accept the charge which the Lord committed to him, we wonder at the patience and goodness of God in bearing with him; we wonder, indeed, that he was not left in the wilderness, the un-

known and unhonored servant of his father-in-law Jethro. Beware of this spirit, my dear friend. I trust, indeed, from what you have already said, that you do not suffer yourself to yield to it."

"I do trust," replied the bishop, mildly, "that, God helping me, I do not, and shall not, yield to it; but we may confess to a friend like yourself, the infirmities which are concealed from others."

"I tell you frankly," said the old man, "that I do not envy you the position in which you are placed; nor do I approve the circumstances by which you are surrounded; this spacious and grand residence, for instance, and the large establishment which you are obliged, I suppose, to keep up."

"You are not perhaps the best judge of these things," replied the bishop, with a quiet smile. "I can understand your objections, as a pastor of the Lutheran Church, to our episcopal ministry."

"I do not approve," continued the pastor, "of the possession of so much power, as that which is entrusted to you. I should dread the abuse of it, in the hands of most men. I am happy to find, from all that I have as yet seen and heard, that my remarks cannot apply to yourself individually; for which I commend not you, but the grace of God in you. But if I should

perceive any appearance of pride or presumption in you, will you bear with me and forgive me, if I deal faithfully with you, and condemn the sin with all plainness of speech?"

"Kind, true friend," said the bishop, his countenance beaming with affection, and his voice trembling with emotion, "how much I love you! how heartily I thank you for speaking thus to me! You have not only my free permission, but, I repeat, my warmest gratitude for the promise which you make me—for as a promise I regard it—that you will not consent to suffer sin in me. Yes, speak plainly, faithfully, on all occasions; rebuke me sharply, whenever you see cause to do so. And I, for my part, promise I will only love you the better for so doing. I know what it must cost you, with your gentle spirit, to deal thus faithfully with me. And tell me," he added, "have you seen anything as yet—I dare say you have—which you do not approve in me? Pray tell me, for we are often the last to discover our own faults and failings?"

"No," replied the good old man, with an affectionate smile, "I have seen nothing in yourself, or in any of your beloved family—nothing but what has drawn the love of my heart more closely to you, and

increased the admiration and respect I have always felt for you. I have seen, indeed, with great thankfulness to Him who is the source and spring of all that is right and good and lovely in His people, that spirit of earnestness, of which you spoke. Of yourself, now that I am speaking to yourself, I will say nothing more; but I may tell you with what delight I have beheld the spiritual growth of your dear and admirable wife, and your sweet, modest daughter. They are what a bishop's wife and child ought to be. There is nothing of vanity or lightmindedness about them; and yet, what an engaging sweetness adorns that singleness of purpose, that transparent truthfulness of character, which distinguishes them! How diligent and active in all labors of love and works of piety! Your excellent wife, always first and foremost to promote and to carry out every plan for the real welfare of those around her; so dignified and self-possessed, and at the same time so unaffectedly humble, in maintaining her proper place! And your Gertrude, silently, with all meekness and lowliness, keeping also the daughter's place by her mother's side! I have been now settled in this my new home for more than three months, and I have had some time to observe much; but I have heard more from my beloved Fer-

dinand, and from others whose acquaintance I have made; and all bear one and the same testimony to your wife and daughter. Many eyes are upon them. Some have watched for their halting; but their Christian consistency is allowed and commended by all. You are truly blessed in them. I was much struck by the remark of that singular but most superior man, who is so often with us—that strange, but gifted genius, Mr. Digby, a severe censor, as you well know, though a man of a truly Christian spirit in the main. ‘What do I think of Mrs. Temple and her daughter?’ he said, in answer to some unmeaning question, put to him by one of your prebendaries’ wives, a lady of a very smooth and flattering tongue on most occasions; but one who at times betrays unconsciously the bitterness of her inward spirit—a Mrs. Hornbeam; ‘What do I think of my new friends, as you term them, madam? Why, this is what I think, that I see in them what I wish I could see in all belonging to their sex and mine, madam. They visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and they keep themselves unspotted from the world! This, madam, as you are well aware, is what the Apostle James describes as pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father.’”

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who announced the dean and a Mr. Archer, a well-known architect. The latter had brought with him some drawings of various improvements proposed by the dean in the interior of the cathedral; among others, the restoration of the bishop's throne to its original form. The dean was full of the subject of his proposed restorations; and the architect spoke clearly and learnedly, in the language of his peculiar lore, of the styles and orders of Gothic architecture, proving to his hearers that various parts of the cathedral had not been finished according to the original designs of its builders, and showing how some of the most beautiful portions of the interior had been disfigured, in the reigns of Elizabeth and the first James.

The bishop listened with smiling patience to the suggestions of his visitors; and they went away pleased with his approval of their projected improvements.

The pastor Haller had scarcely spoken, and that only when appealed to, during their stay; and then he had only declared that he knew nothing of any style of architecture; a remark which excited the astonishment of the dean, and was received with a

good-humored but pitying smile from the learned architect, who had also exhibited the drawing which he had made, by the order of the Duke of C——, for a new chapel at Steeplyth, a drawing which he said had been much admired by the Honorable Horace Walpole.

When they were gone, the pastor Haller still sat in a grave silence, and the bishop, after regarding his benevolent but thoughtful countenance for some little time, said :

“ You make me somewhat curious, my dear friend, to know what is passing in your mind ; for I am sure, by your looks, that you could say something about the subject of the visit we have just received, if you would.”

“ Shall I tell you ? ” he replied. “ Yes, I will ; I shall tell you, plainly, I do not like all this animated discussion about arches, and columns, and tombs, and rich tracery, and bishops’ thrones. It is all well enough for your Duke of C——, and for other men of rank and nobility in the world ; but I do not like it in the Church and in the followers of the lowly Jesus. I do not like a bishop’s pulpit, or a bishop’s pew—which is it ? I believe it is both, and serves both purposes—to be called a throne, any more than I like

this old house to be called a palace. What has a bishop to do with thrones and palaces? His throne should be the hearts of his people, his only palace the heavenly mansions of his Lord and God, which the great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls—the Lord of glory—has gone to prepare for the poorest and lowliest of his followers; and to which every bishop—and all Christian preachers are bishops—should seek through Christ to lead his flock. And I do not like,” he added simply, “to hear you, my humble-hearted friend and brother, called ‘my lord.’ O, I am wearied to hear those words so often repeated as I always hear them,—palace, and throne, and my lord.”

“Perhaps,” replied the bishop with a mild gravity, “I am of your opinion, my good friend and brother; and were those terms now used for the first time, I should repudiate, and disclaim them as heartily as you do. They are, I suppose, the relics of a former age, unguardedly retained in our Church. As such I own I have been accustomed to regard, or, I may add, to disregard them.”

“Say, rather, replied the aged German, “they savor of the times when popery and priestcraft were dominant in this island-home of yours, and when a proud hierarchy availed themselves of their superior

education, to establish and extend their dominion over the minds and consciences of their ignorant countrymen. Then, I suppose, it was that the bishops called their houses palaces, and their pulpits thrones; while their servile dependents bowed the knee to them, and called them lords."

"It may, or it may not have been so, my friend," said the bishop calmly. "I am, indeed, too indifferent to inquire: I only know that such times are by-gone times, and past, I trust, for ever. The Church of England has thrown off the yoke of corrupt and idolatrous Rome. As our thirty-seventh article declares: 'The bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England.' Englishmen of all ranks, from the nobleman and the bishop to the artizan and the ploughman, and women too, have gone with a meek boldness to the stake, when called upon to yield to error, or to compromise the truth as it is in Jesus on any vital and essential point. Nay, on the great question which stirred this nation to its depths—in those days of papal persecution—the Church of England has come forth from its ordeal, purer, and more true to Holy Scripture, than your own Lutheran churches, in which the doctrine of consubstantiation is maintained, half-sister, I may call it, to the old Romish

heresy of transubstantiation. I cannot but think," he continued, "that your churches would have been in a much more healthy and vigorous state, had they adopted a system of church government more like that of England; but, be that as it may, I agree most heartily with you in denouncing pride and pomp and grandeur in the higher orders of the clergy, to whatever church they may belong. Men will, I fear, however, be always found so foolish and so sinful, as to abuse the opportunities afforded them by the circumstances in which the providence of God, yes, and even the call of Christ, has placed them,—from the traitor, Judas, to the present times. As to the title of 'lord,' to which you object, I confess that I was only reconciled to it by considering that I share it in common with the other peers of the realm, and from the position that I occupy in the upper house of our Parliament. Were I not a member of that house, I cannot think that as a bishop I should have any excuse for answering to this title which is so offensive to you. One word more, dear friend, with regard to the 'palace' and the 'throne.' I speak with all deference to your age and to your opinion—would it not be as much a proof of over-sensitiveness, or of weakness of mind in me, if I were to make myself particular by a scrupulous

objection to mere names, as if I were to attach undue importance to them? I do assure you, that I have long ceased to think of this palace, as they call it, in any other light than as a large, stately, but somewhat incommodious mansion; and as to my 'throne,' what is it but a spacious pulpit? and, as certain rheumatic pains occasionally remind me, rather a cold and comfortless pew. But, yet," he added, a smile brightening his whole countenance, "my pulpit is my throne, and I will always call it so; for most heartily do I respond to the glorious words of godly George Herbert,—who was no bishop, in the technical sense of clerical overseership,—when he says in his *Country Parson*, 'my pulpit is my joy and my throne.' Still, after all," he continued, with much solemnity, "we must remember that at the Great Day the important question will be, not as to the names of the things, or the mere circumstances attending them; not by what title the minister of Christ was called, but whether he followed in the footsteps of his Divine Master, the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls; not whether the thing in which he preached was called a pulpit or a throne, but whether the doctrine of Christ crucified, in all its uncorruptness, and in all its simplicity, and in all its fulness, was faithfully and lovingly preached by him

who occupied that thing. I know that you will agree with me, when I say, let us all strive to be less occupied than we are with trifles, with those little things, which are only stumbling-blocks to men of little minds and little faith. Let us pray for an enlarged mind, and at the same time, for a more vigilant spirit, lest we should be entangled by all these outward, and no doubt ensnaring, circumstances which surround us, and which so often assume the character of fatal temptation to the unguarded soul. Let us so run, not as uncertainly, pressing forward so ardently and so earnestly in the race which is set before us, that it may be seen of all men that we have not time to stop and turn aside to the right hand or to the left, or to stumble at the trifles under our feet, because our eyes are ever looking forward unto one object, even unto Christ."

The good old German pastor was very happy in the home where he had now quite resolved to pass the evening of his days. "I accept your invitation with a grateful heart, my beloved friend," he said to Mrs. Temple, on the evening after the foregoing conversation between the bishop and himself; "I have hesitated to do so till now," he continued, "for, to say the truth, I began to fear, when first I came to this place,

that you would be too grand for me, and that I should find you no longer the same simple, humble followers of Christ that I left you at Springhurst. I accept with all my heart your most kind invitation, and tell you how blest I feel in being permitted to form a part of your domestic circle. I am old and useless, but, as your poet says:

‘They also serve, who only stand and wait’

Moreover, I am very poor. I would not tell you before, but the business which detained me in my own country was a last attempt to recover my little patrimony. I had been unjustly deprived of it, and, perhaps, had I consented to institute proceedings in law against my unjust and most unkind relations, I might have regained it. However, the all-wise disposer of every event has ordained it otherwise; and, with the exception of the small sum of ready money which I obtained by the sale of my books, I am as destitute of earthly wealth as the poor people in your almshouses. This, however, has not disturbed me. Your repeated invitations determined me to return at once to England, and to be guided by God’s good providence as to my future proceedings; and you are well able to give a prophet’s chamber to a poor, worn-out old pastor of Christ’s sheep, and I am as happy to

turn in and take possession, as the Tishbite of old. Yes you have made me very happy, and I shall from henceforth lay aside my traveller's staff, and rest beneath this hospitable roof till my Master shall come and call for me."

"It is we that ought to thank you," said Mrs. Temple, "for consenting to make your future home with us. Great indeed would have been our disappointment had your decision been otherwise, and you would have half broken my Ferdinand's heart. But, indeed, you have made us much happier than we can possibly make you. We all regard you as our father, and we may all derive much benefit from your counsel and experience."

She ceased speaking, and the old man made no reply. She sat regarding the beautiful expression of peaceful happiness upon his countenance, as he turned his eyes round the apartment, fixing them alternately upon each of those who were present. They were alone that evening—her husband, and Gertrude, and herself—and just then Ferdinand entered the room: he looked wearied from the labors of a day spent in some anxious visits among his parishioners; and as soon as he appeared, Gertrude laid aside her work, and the bishop looked up from the table at which he

had been writing during the greater part of the evening, and smiled.

“We are to have music, I hope,” said the bishop, “I have been longing for the refreshment of sweet and soothing music; for my temples ache with this continued letter-writing. It must be done, and done daily, sweet one;” and he kissed the fair cheek of his daughter, who had bent down over him as he looked up, to whisper her entreaties that his pen might be laid aside. “You know well enough,” he added, holding up his finger in a half-grave, half-playful rebuke, “that I dare not suffer my letters to accumulate, for the arrears of a few days would make a formidable pile. You know it, for your office is to sort and docket them for me. To-day’s post, indeed, has been a heavy one; but I have not many more to write. Yes, they must be written, I cannot leave the questions of my clergy unanswered; still, the labor will be lightened, if you and Ferdinand regale me with the sound of your loved voices. I shall be able to write with more ease while you are singing.”

Gertrude took her seat at the organ, and soon after her voice and Ferdinand’s rose in the delightful harmony of one of Handel’s most touching duets; but, notwithstanding her father’s declaration that he should

be able to write with greater ease while they were singing, his pen was often suspended, and his attention called away from the subject of his letters as he listened to their singing.

“They are the sweetest voices I ever heard,” said the pastor, who had been sitting in mute and rapt attention; turning to Mrs. Temple, when the piece was ended. “I am a judge of music, and I have heard many of my country’s finest singers; but I have rarely heard sounds of such touching sweetness from any lips. What ease, and yet what power! and, above all, what purity of tone and style! no ill-judged ornament, but the great composer’s music done full justice to, by faithfully keeping to every note which he has written, and by allowing him to have his own conceptions and ideas simply and fully carried out. And the sight of those dear children is as charming to me as their voices,” he added. “The countenance of your fair and modest Gertrude, when singing, what a lovely index of the spirit within! These are delightful evenings!” he said, addressing himself to the bishop, who, when he had finished his letters, rose and took his seat beside his wife and his aged friend. “This is domestic enjoyment, and harmony in more senses than one. Ah, how little they know of real cheerful

recreation, who in their gay attire go forth to their crowded routs, and weary themselves for very vanity over their card-tables; or fill the theatres, to listen to the profane and exciting language of the stage, and to be pleased with the artificial performances of actors and actresses!"

The room in which they passed their evenings was large and lofty, but it was the pleasantest room in the house, and the favorite apartment of its inmates. There was nothing of a modern character about it; nor was it, like the generality of rooms of that period, distinguished by a cheerless barrenness as to architectural grace. The good taste of Mrs. Temple was shown in leaving its cedar panels unpainted, and retaining its ancient furniture. The ceiling, like the walls, was cased with cedar; and the sombre color of the fragrant wood was relieved by reeded beams, and light and sculptured pendants, projecting from the angles of the paneled compartments. The windows were wide and lofty oriels, with deep embrasures, in one of which Mrs. Temple and the pastor had been sitting. There were few ornaments of any kind about the apartment, but it was hung with the portraits of the two families, the Temples and Haringtons, some of them finely painted; and the upper portions of the windows were filled with

stained glass of the deepest and richest dyes. There was an air of comfort diffused around the room, which showed it to be the common sitting-room of persons of simple, but refined taste, and domestic habits. Books and embroidery-frames, music and musical instruments, and, on the mantelpiece and tables, vases of fresh and fragrant flowers.

“ You have often asserted,” said Mrs. Temple to the pastor Haller, “ that we have no talent for music, and no melodious voices, in England; but to-night, by your own confession, dear friend, you have recalled your opinion, or, at least, made an exception in favor of my two children; and now I call upon you to revoke another premature and ill-judged opinion, and to declare whether you have ever known a softer climate, or seen a clearer sky in any country, than on this summer evening in my own beloved land? Is there not much to enjoy among us here? And listen to the notes of that nightingale,” she added, opening the casement of that portion of the window nearest to her, in order that the song of the bird of night might be distinctly heard.

“ Yes, you are right,” he replied, “ and I unsay at once all my former opinions, and confess that they were prematurely and unjustly formed. Ah, I should

be, indeed," he continued, with a slightly tremulous voice, betraying the emotion that he felt, "a dull and most unthankful churl, did I not acknowledge that the lines have fallen to me, in these my latter days, in pleasant places. To-night, especially, I feel this, for all within and all without this pleasant apartment, fills my heart with admiration and delight. I know that I am old and going to my grave, but I feel at this moment that I must look into a mirror, to see my furrowed face and snow-white hair, or look down upon this withered hand, to convince myself that I have not grown young again. Why that mournful look and that deep sigh, my sweet young lady?" he said to Gertrude, who was bending down over a crystal vase, filled with roses and orange flowers, which stood on the table near him; "what is there in the freshness and fragrance of those delightful flowers, to make you look so melancholy?"

"I think that I can read her thoughts," said Mrs. Temple, "nay, I suspect I share them with her. It was on such a night as this, when the last moon was at her full, that Gertrude and I were standing side by side looking out upon the moonlight landscape. Our guests were gone, and all had retired for the night but ourselves. We lingered still at this open casement,

tempted by the softness of the air, and the calm, clear beauty of the night; and still more by the rich and varied song of the nightingale. The peaceful influence of the scene and hour seemed to shed itself over our spirits; and as we stood here, our hearts were drawn in silent adoration to the source of that sweet peace, which, when He gives, who then can make trouble? But we were not long silent; for, though we did not speak, our thoughts were rising in the same direction, and, as by one consent, the words of our favorite hymn which we often sing together, rose from our lips. We felt that there was one name, the name of Him through whom alone all the blessings of time and of eternity, and all the lost loveliness of Paradise, are restored to us, which we should love to breathe at that still hour in more articulate, though less melodious praise than that of the nightingale. Ah, little did we think, while we stood there enjoying the peace which filled our hearts, and reigned around us, of the sudden death which was then occurring. Yes, at that very hour, in another, and not far distant house, there was dismay, and confusion, and horror—the dark and awful termination of an evening of worldly dissipation. My Gertrude could not choose but sigh, when the scent of the orange flowers and the song of

the nightingale brought back to her mind the sad events of that fair moonlight night."

"What have you here?" said the bishop, approaching the table where Gertrude was sitting. Ferdinand was standing beside her, his eyes fixed upon the paper in his hand: he was reading it with fixed attention, and Gertrude's head was raised, supported by her hand, and turned to him with a look which seemed to say, that she was waiting to hear his remarks on what was written there.

"Only some lines of mine, dear father," said Gertrude, smiling, "which are now in a critic's hand. I have been turning into verse our beloved pastor Hal-ler's part in a conversation which took place between us a few days ago. They appeared to me, at the time, so lovely a description of his state of mind, so exact a portraiture of what ought to be the state of every aged Christian who is drawing nigh to the end of his pilgrimage on earth, that I was unwilling to lose them. His prose was better, I know, than my poetry, but his thoughts seemed to me so full of poetry, that I have endeavored to put them into the form of verse."

"I know not what the prose was," said Ferdinand,

“but if I am deemed a critic, I give it as my judgment, that I much like the poetry.”

“Your kindness, my dear brother, makes you over indulgent, and blind I see, to several faults, which I have detected; but,” she added, smiling, “I do not mean to point them out to you.”

“I too, must see these lines, my sweet one,” said the bishop, taking his place on the sofa beside her; “and I suspect I shall be even a more partial critic than Ferdinand has proved.”

THE PILGRIM'S YEARNING.

“I would not live away.”—*Jos vii. 16.*

“I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord.”—*Gz. xlix. 18.*

“Not always on the journey, O my God!
 Not always on the journey, when the home,
 The place Thou hast prepared for my abode,
 Stands open to receive me when I come:
 Why should I wish to linger in the wild,
 When Thou art waiting, Father, to receive thy child?”

It is a weary way, and I am faint;
 I pant for purer air and fresher springs:
 O Father, take me home,—there is a taint,
 A shadow, on earth's purest, brightest things:
 This world is but a wilderness to me,
 There is no rest, my God! no peace, apart from Thee.

Come, gentle Death; tho' I have feared thee long,
 And thou art dreadful still, to mortal sense;

Come! thou art stingless now—I did thee wrong!
 Thou shalt but aid me to escape from hence!
 Come!—I can meet thee—for the conqueror's arm
 Upholds my shrinking soul, and shields me from alarm.

Looking to Jesus with a stedfast eye,
 Clad in His righteousness, my robe divine,
 Come! for thy boasted terrors I defy;
 Poor, harmless, shadowy phantom! *He* is mine,
 My life is bound in His, whose living word
 Cries that the dead are blest, when dying in the Lord.

I see Him shining on His throne of light,
 The Lamb that hath been slain, and slain for me
 The King of Glory! Of all power and might—
 The Lord and God—by whose most high decree,
 The vile, the guilty—trusting in his name,
 A dying wretch like me, eternal life may claim.

This is my confidence, that I am His—
 That I believe, repent, and am forgiven.
 That I adore, and love, and meekly kiss
 His garment's hem, and thus I look to Heaven:
 Lord, Thou wilt not deceive me! Faithful friend!
 Wilt thou not take me home! when shall my journey end!"

The bishop had scarcely finished reading the above stanzas, when the chapel bell summoned the party to family prayer.

It happened that the portion of Scripture, in his regular course of reading that evening, was the forty-eighth chapter of the Book of Genesis; and in his exposition, which, at the end of the day, was always short, he touched but on one or two verses of the chapter, reverting, before he did so, to the twenty-ninth

verse of the foregoing chapter, which is the commencement of the account given of the last days of the pilgrimage of the aged patriarch, Jacob,—“And the time drew nigh when Israel must die,”—perhaps his mind was more especially drawn to make the remarks he did, by the mention which had been made of his aged friend the pastor Haller’s conversation with his daughter, on the subject of his own desire to depart and be with Christ.

As they parted for the night, the aged pastor, as his custom was, kissed Mrs. Temple and her gentle daughter, and blessed them; but, as they afterwards remembered, there was an expression of affection in his countenance, and a solemnity in his manner more than usually apparent. He was always gentle, but his gentleness that night amounted to a tenderness, such as they had only seen on the day that he parted from them at Springhurst, many years before, previous to his long absence in Germany.

And now Mrs. Temple held his hand in hers, and Gertrude stood at her mother’s side gazing earnestly into his face, as the former said, with a smile, “It is, then quite decided that this house is your home, beloved friend, and that you will never leave us while you remain a pilgrim on the earth.”

He returned her smile, as he replied,—“ It *is* decided, my sweet daughter! Here I shall rest till my change come! Here I shall abide till my summons shall be given to a better rest—the rest that I look for with a yearning heart: when He, in whom we all live, and move, and have our being, shall come and call me with those gracious words; ‘ Go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.’ ”

When Gertrude and her mother were gone, he turned to the bishop, and taking his hand in both of his, he said; “ I thank you, and I thank God, my brother, for reading to us that portion of His blessed Word to-night. I love to carry with me to my chamber, some sweet fragment of the bread of life, which my spirit may feed upon, when I lie down and sink into the seeming death of sleep. This is the portion which I receive from your hands to-night: ‘ Behold I die—but God shall be with you and bring you again into the land of your fathers.’ ”

“ You are not ill, I trust,” said the bishop, struck, not only, as his wife and daughter had been, by the unusual tenderness of his solemn and affectionate manner, but by the words which he repeated, and by the tone in which they were uttered.

“Oh no,” the good old man replied, “never better in my life; but thinking, as I would always do, that we know not at what watch in the night our Lord shall come: for we ourselves know perfectly, that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. Let us all watch, that we may be found ready. But ye, brethren,” he added, turning his glance alternately to the bishop and to Ferdinand, and brightly smiling, “ye are not in darkness—that that day should overtake you as a thief. Ye are *all* the children of the light and the children of the day! We are not of the night nor of darkness; therefore, let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober. No,” he again added, taking up his candle, “I am wonderfully well for my age, but need your arm, my Ferdinand, as usual, to assist me to my chamber, and I love to have your presence to read and pray with me there. Come, Ferdinand, my son.”

Ferdinand remained with his revered and much-loved friend for a longer time than ordinary that night. They sat up conversing together, and the aged pastor spoke to him on the subject of his calling, as a preacher of the word of life, and as a pastor of Christ's sheep; dwelling especially on the help and the encouragement which are graciously vouchsafed to those who walk

humbly with their God : and referring to his own experience of God's unfailing goodness to himself, in supporting him and keeping him from falling during the long period of his own ministerial life, even to the time, he said, when he must soon put off his harness. He cited, during his discourse, the quaint but beautiful version of the last verse of the twenty-third Psalm, which he had met with that day in the ' Pilgrim's Progress,' and which he had been much pleased with, he said, having never met with the book before.

" Thru' all my life Thy favor is
So frankly showed to me,
That in Thy house, for evermore,
My dwelling-place shall be."

Ferdinand's chamber was the adjoining one to that of his aged friend, and the door between the two rooms was usually left open during the night. They were both early risers ; but it often happened that the good pastor was the first to rise, and close the door, which one of them was accustomed to do, after they had risen, and during the time that they were dressing. That morning, Ferdinand, when he arose, found the door open, and concluded that the pastor, wearied from the late hours they had kept, was still sleeping ; and he gently closed the door.

But as the time passed on, and he heard no sound,

from the adjoining room, he began to wonder, and then to feel anxious. He opened the door, and spoke; but no voice replied—no sound was heard. He went in, and went up to the bed. He drew aside the curtain. His friend was, he thought, still sleeping, and smiling in his sleep. The head was bent slightly downward on the pillow, the eyes were closed, the hands were clasped on the coverlet, as if in prayer. It was sleep, but it was the sleep of death, in its gentlest aspect—a death which had no terrors—from which the sting had indeed been taken. The journey was over; and the wearied pilgrim had come to the end of his course on earth, and entered into the rest for which his spirit yearned,—the aged saint had fallen asleep in Jesus. And he, the youthful pastor of the Lord, who stood in awe-struck silence beside that breathless form, though the tears filled his eyes, and his heart swelled with the fulness of his strong emotion, said within himself—the words indeed came unbidden into his mind, and rose even to his lips—“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.”

•

CHAPTER XVII.

"For His name sake they went forth. . . . We therefore ought to receive such, that we might be fellow-helpers in the truth."—

3 ERNEST JOHN vii. 8.

"One thing is needful."—ST. LUKE x. 42.

"No CHURCH can be true to Christ, the great and living head of all His Churches, which is not a missionary Church; and I should be a faithless and thankless member of the Church of God, if I were to disregard the parting charge of our Divine Redeemer: 'Go preach the Gospel to every creature.' The Church of England," continued the bishop, "has been long in a death-sleep with respect to this great command. Though many of our countrymen have been scattered abroad, carrying the name and the language of their nation to every quarter of the globe, they have not gone everywhere preaching the Word; on the contrary, in too many sad instances the name of God has been blasphemed among the Gentiles through them."

“I shall be glad,” said the Duchess of C——, “to hear more from your lordship on this subject, and my husband and I are truly obliged to you for inviting us to come to you at this time. We shall be delighted to hear your sermon to-morrow, and to offer our contributions for the promotion of the good and great object which you are about to advocate.”

“My nephew,” replied the bishop, “can give you more information than I can on the working and the success of missions among the heathen, for he has been an eye-witness; but he can scarcely feel more interest than I do on the subject. Had he complied with my wishes the sermon would be preached by him, but he brought forward so many arguments, more conclusive, I must say, to himself than to me, to prove to me why I should occupy the pulpit to-morrow, that at last I yielded.”

“But who is that man,” said the duke, “whom we met yesterday at the deanery, and who was pleased to be most loquacious on the subject to me. He took up a remark of mine, or rather an inquiry which I made to the dean, and commenced an attack on the missions in India neither in the best style nor in the best temper. You heard what he said, Mr. Harington?”

I did," replied Ferdinand, smiling, "but I have heard the same statements more than once, and I thought it better to be silent. I have taken pains to prove to him that he is grossly mistaken in the assertions which he is in the habit of making; by stating plain facts to him, and facts are the best arguments; but the pertinacity with which he continues to repeat the same stories, is really extraordinary. I did wonder to hear him begin the subject yesterday, but I suspect, from an angry glance of surprise which he turned on me when he saw my eye fixed upon him, that had he observed how near I was, he might not have commenced his attack; but a second glance of defiance told me that having begun he was resolved to go on; and, probably, my silence, added to your grace's courteous attention to him, emboldened him to proceed, and you heard all that he had to say."

"He is a vulgar man," said the duke, "and the virulence of his remarks carries with it a kind of refutation of what he says. No candid and impartial person would speak in the way he did. One or two of his statements, however, were brought forward by him with all the authority of acknowledged facts. Do you remember them, Mr. Harington? if you do, will you kindly repeat them,—and will you gratify

me by telling me the simple truth, for you will find that I am open to conviction, and glad to be set right on a subject of such importance,—for of its importance I can have no doubt, though I like many others, have been deplorably ignorant on such questions all my life.”

“But Ferdinand should first tell you,” said Mrs. Temple, “that the gentleman is a Colonel Sharpe, who, like himself, has lately returned from India, after a sojourn there of twenty years. This latter fact you heard, I have no doubt, more than once from himself.”

“I did, indeed,” replied the duke, “it was reiterated from time to time as a kind of endorsement to the charges he brought forward, and added as a final and conclusive endorsement when the whole sum of those charges was made up.”

“Colonel Sharpe,” said the bishop, “is, I believe, an intimate friend of Mr. Montgomery Campbell, who was private secretary to Sir Archibald Campbell, when Governor of Madras. This Mr. M. Campbell is well known to have been one of the most bitter opposers to the introduction of Christianity into India.”

“The statement,” said the duke, “made by Colonel Sharpe, as I now remember, was, that the missionaries had made proselytes only of the Pariahs, the low-

est of the people, who even degraded the religion they professed to embrace."

"This statement," said Mr. Harrington, "the admirable Mr. Schwartz refutes, by an assertion in a letter he has published on the real state of missions in India, to which letter, Lord Cornwallis has attached his own high testimony to the truth and integrity of the character of Mr. Schwartz, by the declaration of the uncontradicted fact, that 'more than two-thirds of the converts at Tanjore, and also at Tranquebar and Vepery, are of the highest caste.'—He then told a story, as your grace will recollect, to prove the character of the people whom Mr. Schwartz had professed to convert. He said that 'having taken off his stock, when overcome with heat, at the time that he was preaching a sermon of two hours' length, one of his virtuous and enlightened congregation stole the stock and the gold buckle attached to it.' The answer to this story is given by Mr. Schwartz in the most simple and satisfactory way. He states that he was passing through a village of Collaries, a set of people infamous for stealing,—their very name signifying a thief: a thievish boy,' he declares, 'one of their children, carried away his stock and buckle, which he had laid aside, putting it upon a sand-bank in the village:' and he adds, 'all

the inhabitants of that village were heathens ; not one Christian family was found therein. Many of our gentlemen travelling through that village have been robbed. Neither did I preach at that time : it is asserted that I preached two hours. I did not so much as converse with any man.'—Such is a specimen of poor Col. Sharpe's statements. They are but the second-hand calumnies of his friend Mr. M. Campbell. And in reply to his most commonly repeated assertion, 'that not one real convert has really been made,' I would finally state that Mr. Schwartz has been not only the instrument of making many converts, but that he has been so well satisfied of the true piety of some of them, that he has appointed eight or nine as catechists ; and that one of them, whose name is Sattianaden, which signifies, professor of the truth, a man of the highest caste, has been admitted to holy orders, in which he has labored with great eloquence and success."

"We must hear more of this Mr. Schwartz," said the duchess, "he must be an extraordinary man."

"He is indeed," replied the bishop, "and his simplicity and uprightness are only equalled by his wisdom : he is an admirable pioneer in the work of missions."

"He is the countryman," said the duchess, "of our

late very dear friend, the aged German pastor Haller, and was, I think, his friend."

"He was our beloved pastor's most valued friend in their youthful days. It was to him he commended me, when I went forth to take my part in the same great work. He could have told you much of the history of his early days; and I," said Ferdinand, "can give you every information of his glorious labors in the distant land of India."

It was on the last morning of this visit of the Steeplyn party to the bishop, that the duchess and Mrs. Temple were alone together. The rest of the party had left them, at the request of the dean, to see the improvements which were proceeding in the interior of the cathedral.

"They are all gone," said the duchess, who was standing in the oriel window.

"Two of the party are walking together," said the duchess. She spoke abruptly, and stood for some moments in silence—then turning from the window, she took her place on the sofa beside her friend. "Lucy," she said, gravely, "I have something to say to you; we are alone, and the opportunity I wished for has occurred. I hesitated just now, and I can scarcely say

why, and was half resolved to wait a little longer—but I have again changed my mind. The sooner you hear what has been for some time occupying my thoughts the better. I wish to prepare you for a declaration which will soon be brought before you. There has been much consultation on the subject among us, but not a discussion of any kind. My husband and myself are entirely of the same mind with our son."

"Your words are riddles, my dear friend," said Mrs. Temple, "but I will wait patiently for their explanation."

"Morven is walking by the side of your sweet daughter," said the duchess, "I saw her turn and smile upon him when he spoke. Tell me, dear Lucy, would she smile thus when he comes forward, as he will shortly do, to ask her for his wife? You see I speak to you without reserve: tell me, without reserve on your part, whether this proposal will be favorably received by your husband and yourself? If you were likely to know your daughter's mind, I would ask for the same proof of your confidence with regard to her; but that is impossible, you cannot know her mind on such a subject, for even if she has perceived the particular attentions which my son has paid her, she is

too simple to have any suspicion of his feelings, unless there should be anything like a preference towards him already in her heart; but I think this is not the case. Her gentle smiles are the same to all whom she esteems. You do not reply, my dear Lucy?"

"I cannot immediately reply," said Mrs. Temple, "I am so wholly taken by surprise. I have been till this moment as entirely unconscious of Lord Morven's preference for my child, as Gertrude herself, and I will venture to say she has no suspicion of his preference for her."

"But you will not object, my Lucy? I assure you that his earthly happiness is bound up in this projected union, and I cannot tell you how earnestly my husband and I desire it. To say nothing of the duke's extreme anxiety, Morven has positively declared, that if Gertrude refuses him he will remain unmarried—and he is our only son. I, for my own part, feel convinced that she will be a guide for him through life, and is, perhaps, the only person under heaven to win him entirely to God. He is in that state of mind, dear Lucy,—that unsettled and undecided state, that it may depend upon your daughter whether he shall become a decided and consistent follower of our Blessed Lord, or fall back again to his

former wretched opinions, and to the ways of the world. Will you not help to save a soul?"

Mrs. Temple looked unusually grave as she listened to the words of her friend.

"Still no reply, Lucy?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Temple, calmly, "I do not now hesitate as to my reply, but I needed time to recover my surprise, and to collect my thoughts. I will not disavow my grateful feelings to yourself and the duke, for the high opinion you have formed of my dear child, nor for the honor which, in the eyes of the world, you would confer on her by promoting such a marriage; but much as I love and esteem you,—I may answer for my husband and myself, when I say, that Lord Morven, though your son, is not the person to whom I should wish to see my Gertrude united. He is, I allow, in many respects a changed character, and superior to many other young men of the world. He has been a favorite of mine since his illness, and I must always feel a deep interest in him. I will venture to hope that he will yet become an enlightened and decided child of God—for I differ from yourself in supposing that if he does not become the husband of Gertrude, he will fall back into his former opinions and return to the ways of the world. I did not expect,

from what I have observed of his character, that he would become wholly settled at once in the Christian faith; he seemed to embrace it, and did embrace it with much ardor, on his recovery from that illness, an illness which brought him to the borders of the grave. No human eye can read the heart of man,—but I think the root of the matter is in him, though the springing plant will meet with many checks and many blights: still on this point I may be mistaken, and your fears may be too well grounded,—you have, indeed, seen more of him than I have. In a state of such unavoidable uncertainty, nothing can really be known, either by us, or even by himself, as to his real state, for time and temptation are needed to prove whether he is or is not a true and faithful child of God,—I dare not venture, therefore, to trust my darling child's happiness and peace to such a risk. I cannot be true to my own principles, and say to you,—much, I repeat, as I love you,—that I desire, or could approve, this marriage.”

The rich color mantled in the cheek of the duchess, and rose even to her forehead. For some moments she did not reply, but sat in a proud silence till the tears gathered fast into her eyes, and she wept bitterly. “I knew, I expected this,” she said at last. “I could

almost say, I hate your principles; but that would be the language of this bad, proud heart of mine, for I love you with my whole soul, and never loved you or admired you more than at this moment. But, Lucy, dear Lucy," and as she spoke, she burst again into an uncontrollable fit of weeping, "pity me, and tell me what I can do. Morven will speak; you know not, as I do, the pertinacity of his spirit. He will not believe me when I tell him that his suit will be rejected: and if he proposes and is refused, I dread to think of the consequences. Cannot you promise me,—if I put him off, and persuade him to defer for a time the mention of this proposal,—cannot you, will not you promise me, that in the event of his becoming all that you desire and hope to see him, you will not throw any obstacle in the way of your daughter's accepting him?"

"No," said Mrs. Temple, calmly: and that *no* reminded the duchess of a former occasion, on which the decision of her friend's character had been so strikingly expressed by that one little word: "No, my beloved friend, it would not be right or wise in me to make any such promise. It would be wrong; for if your son is so attached, as you are fully persuaded he is, to Gertrude, his very affection for her

would mislead him, and induce him to deceive himself by unconsciously assuming an unreal character, and mistaking his motive of action, thinking that he loved God, while in fact he was only seeking to please her."

"Am I then to suppose," said the duchess, after a long pause, in which it was easy to read the perplexity of her thoughts in her countenance, "am I to conclude that you and your husband will so interfere when this proposal comes—for come it will—as to bias your daughter's mind? But," she added, archly, though in a moment her former gravity returned, "how can you answer for the bishop? May he not be of a different opinion? I am sure that I could not answer so decidedly for the duke, as you have done for your husband."

"I would not, I am sure," replied Mrs. Temple, "venture to forget my wife's place even in speaking of my husband; nor infringe in any way upon his authority, nor upon the right which God Himself has conferred upon the husband. But I think I know my husband too well not to be convinced that every word I have spoken upon this subject, would have his entire concurrence. Need I say, dear friend, ask him, speak to him yourself if you will, without letting him sup-

pose that you have already heard my opinion upon the subject."

"No," said the duchess, "in this also you are right;" and she sorrowfully added, "I can have no hope of influencing him when I have been so completely unsuccessful with yourself. But again I ask you, what must I do?"

"Had you not asked the question," replied Mrs. Temple, "I should have ventured to ask another which bears upon it. If, after all, this proposal must come, I here claim from you, and from Lord Morven through you, a promise that it shall come in writing. I entreat you not to distress either Gertrude or himself by the pain of a personal interview, unless, indeed, he insists upon it."

They both sat in silence for some time; and then the duchess, suddenly looking up, turned to her friend and said, gazing in her face as she spoke,—“Another thought has crossed my mind, a most unworthy one, after all that I have heard from your lips; but I had rather suffer the annoyance of saying it than allow it to rankle in my thoughts. Is there no other, no deeper reason for your disapproval of my son's proposals? Is there no plan in the mind of the bishop and yourself for disposing of your daughter in some other way? Is

there not one, with whom, I own, putting aside his rank and wealth, my poor Morven cannot possibly compete? Is not this charming Ferdinand the favored one to whom you desire to confide the happiness of your daughter? If it be so, I cannot blame you. How gladly should I have accepted such a husband for my Rosamond. I have never seen his equal! But if he is to come in my way I shall almost persuade myself to hate him."

The calm and beautiful smile with which Mrs. Temple met the searching glance of her friend, spoke as plainly as her words, when she said: "Ferdinand and Gertrude are brother and sister. We have never entertained a thought of their marriage; and I am quite certain that such an idea has never entered their minds. On the contrary, I am entirely in the confidence of my son, and I know that his affections are already engaged."

The slight flush that tinged the cheek of Mrs. Temple as she spoke, suggested a sudden thought to her quick-sighted friend.

"Is it—" she said; but checking herself, she added, "no, it is not right. I have no claim upon the confidence of your son; and you would be wrong to betray it."

“There you are perhaps mistaken,” said Mrs. Temple, recovering her composure, and looking full in her friend’s face. “You have unconsciously drawn from me a secret, which at some future time you might have known; and which you and the duke might have seen fit to approve or disapprove, I know not which. But it is well, now that our conversation has taken this turn, that I should be candid, and tell you that Ferdinand is attached to Lady Rosamond, that he has consulted me, and that my advice has been that he should wait.”

“He should do no such thing!” exclaimed the duchess, a bright smile lighting up her whole countenance. “Does that admirable young man really love my poor, plain, retiring Rosamond? Has he had the discrimination to find out and to appreciate her modest worth, and to think as I do, that, with the exception of his own sister, there is not such another girl in the world?”

“She is not plain,” said Mrs. Temple. “How can you call a countenance so beautified with goodness and sweetness, plain?”

“Oh, I do not think her plain,” said the duchess, “but half the world do; and, notwithstanding her rank and her fortune, she has had but few offers, and

not one from any man who could really understand her character, or who sought her for anything but her worldly advantages."

But here the door opened, and the very persons spoken of were the first to make their appearance.

"Dear mamma," said Lady Rosamond, "we have waited so long for you at the cathedral, that at last we began to fear something had happened; and Mr Harington and I were dispatched to see what could possibly be the matter."

"Did we promise to go, Lucy?" said the duchess. "I believe we did. But go back, child, and put an end to their suspense and alarm; and tell them from me, that we had forgotten our promise, and that now we cannot come. But, stop!" she added; "tell the good dean, with ten thousand apologies for my forgetfulness, that the next time I come to Z——, I will do myself the honor of waiting upon him, and pass as long a time as he will spare to me, in admiring his improvements in the cathedral, and that I will bring Mrs. Temple with me. And there, take Mr. Harington with you; for I am going to put on my bonnet in readiness for the carriage, which will be here before you can return. One word more, not to you, Rosamond, but to Mr. Harington. Will you promise, my

dear sir, to come over to Steeplyn to-morrow, to spend a few days with us? You are not looking well: the fresh air and country walks will restore you, and I think you will pass the time pleasantly." And as she spoke, she secretly pressed the hand of her friend. "I think, dear Lucy, we shall send him back looking much better."

"Are you alone, mother?" said Gertrude, as she entered Mrs. Temple's dressing-room.

"Not alone, dear child," said the bishop, "but I am going," and he rose up. "I will leave you alone with your mother."

"No, dearest father," said Gertrude. "I did not see you as I entered: but do you think I can ever wish you to be absent?" a

met his. "You *will* stay, be gratified by your remaining. I need your kind direction and advice—yours and my mother's. How could I act in anything without you?"

* There was the slightest agitation in her manner; a stranger would not have noticed it, but it was evident to her parents.

"What have you to tell me?" said her mother,

with a look of tender affection. "You are disturbed, my Gertrude?"

"No, not disturbed, mother," she said, gravely and quietly; "but—this letter will explain—I meant to say, will tell you why I wished to see you—you and my father," turning her eyes towards him,—
"alone."

Mrs. Temple read the letter, and then put it, without a remark, into her husband's hands.

Gertrude had sat down opposite her mother, and was leaning her arm on the table, her cheek resting on her hand; when the bishop's eye turned from the letter to his daughter, he met her look of inquiry, which seemed to say, that she expected him to speak.

"It is not for us to speak, my Gertrude," he said, mildly.

"Not for you, dear father! Oh, who should speak, if you and my mother do not? Who should direct me, if you do not?"

"But the question of the letter," said her father, "is addressed to you; and I suppose that you must answer it."

Gertrude was silent for a little while; a shade of thought was on her brow, and in her eyes.

“Mother,” she said, waking from her reverie, with the ingenuous and open look of a child, “you would not have me reply to this letter, or decide on anything, without your guidance? You would not refuse to guide me now?”

“No, my dearest child; but I think you do not see what we mean. This letter is to you, and the writer looks to you to answer it. You must tell him the decision that you make; but there is no reason why you should not first acquaint us with your mind. Speak to us then without reserve—with all your usual, your entire confidence.”

“O thank you, my own mother! I knew that you would speak thus to me. From you, and from my father, I conceal nothing; nay, I have nothing to conceal. I know not what it is to be reserved with you. But tell me, first of all, is it your wish, my father, is it yours, my mother, that I should accept—that is, agree to the proposal addressed to me in that letter?”

“It would be a sore trial at any time to part with you, sweet child,” said Mrs. Temple; “but, even if we found that you were disposed to accept the offer which you have received from the writer of that let-

ter, we should not, and we do not hesitate to say so, wish to see you his wife."

"This is a relief indeed!" said Gertrude. "I could not think you would wish it; but my fears have made me anxious and uneasy, till I could hear this from your lips."

"But tell us," said her father—"while you bear in mind that now you know our wishes—tell us your objections?"

"Putting aside all other reasons," she replied, "the first, as you have always taught me, is in itself an insuperable one in my eyes. 'There is one rule,' she continued, "imperative to all who love God—one simple rule which He, I trust, would graciously enable me to act upon—'Only in the Lord,'—is not that the rule which God has given us? Would it not be broken—I fear it would—if this marriage were to take place. I must not presume to judge of him, or any one; but have you seen in Lord Morven, father, the plain, decided character, known and read of all men, of a child of God? He is no longer an opposer to the truth. He is, I doubt not, well disposed to what is right in the sight of God. But is that enough? Oh, I am so thankful mother,—so very thankful to you and to my father that you have taught me, always

taught me to consider the importance of godly decision; of striving to be true to our principles in every thing we do; to act as in the sight of God; to be in earnest. Yes, I feel every day that I live, the vital importance of this earnestness. I see it, my dearest father and mother, in your own walk, and I pray that in this especially, I may find grace to follow you as you follow Christ. One thing is needful, and with all earnestness of spirit, we are bound to prove that we have realized this truth, and that we must act in strict accordance with it; and therefore," she said, with a calm but gentle decision of manner, "I do not hesitate to give the reply, which I see plainly must be given by myself, to that letter, and to decline the honor of the union proposed to me. It is written in the kindest and most delicate spirit, is it not, dear mother? I trust that I shall not be wanting in the wish and the endeavor to answer it in the same spirit, and to acknowledge that I am deeply sensible of the preference expressed by the writer for me. But indeed I am so thankful, so truly happy to feel that it is quite decided that I shall not leave you!"

"But it is only right," said Mrs. Temple, "that you should ask yourself another question. What would be the state of your feelings with regard to him,

supposing that Lord Morven were all that we could wish to see him, a man about whose religious principles there could be no doubt? If such were the case, should you be disposed to give a different answer to his letter? Do you think that your feelings would still be the same towards him?"

"Indeed, dear mother," replied Gertrude, "I can hardly tell you; I have no dislike to him; but at the same time, I have never felt any peculiar preference for him. I did mourn over his former state, and I have rejoiced to observe the change which has taken place in him. But as to the idea of leaving you and my father for him, it seems to me, so far as my will is concerned, one not to be entertained for a moment. But tell me, dearest mother," she added, drawing nearer to her mother and kneeling down before her, and drawing her mother's arm round her own neck, as she looked up with a smile of the tenderest affection in her face, "you will not ever wish to send me away? You and my dear father will grant this sweet indulgence to your child, that you will never ask me to quit you? I am so very happy in your love, that while God spares me to you and you to me indeed we must not part! I have often wondered," she continued, "that children should ever desire to be separated

from their parents. I suppose that few, however, have such parents as I have. I can conceive no purer joy on earth than that of mine when I am with you ; and dear mama," she added, "you have lost all but me, and I must always be with you ; and now too that there is a prospect of my dear brother quitting this roof, how desolate you would be if ever your Gertrude were to leave you !"

Never, when Gertrude was a little child, the object of her mother's tenderest anxiety, of her most fond and yearning affection, never had she looked upon her child with such delighted, such unspeakable love, as when she now laid her hand caressingly upon the meek head of her lovely daughter ; and as she did so, raised her whole heart in thankfulness to Him who had taken all her other children to Himself, to replace them by one who, as she felt at that moment, more than supplied the place of all. And as she bent down her head and pressed her lips to the clear, calm forehead of her fair and duteous child, her own wonted composure gave way, and her tears fell fast over that shining hair and that delicate, yet blooming countenance. He who was standing beside them, silently regarding the scene before him with the interest of an affection that equalled theirs ; and feel-

ing that he was included in every emotion of that love which filled the hearts of the mother and daughter, was also raising his heart in adoring love and thankfulness to the great and gracious Giver of the blessing he enjoyed in them ; and breathing out his prayer with all the intenseness of his earnest spirit, that a deeper sense of the goodness and love of their heavenly Father might be vouchsafed both to himself and to those beloved ones who were beside him. And while thus occupied, the fire kindled, and his deep rich voice fell in audible accents upon the ears of his wife and child, as if forgetful, for the time, of the presence of any but of that unseen, but most holy God, with whom he held communion from his inward spirit—"And now, Oh Lord, bless them, and cause the light of Thy countenance to shine upon them, and cause them to walk in that clear light ; and keep them undefiled in the way, that they turn not aside, but go forward in that path, that shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day ; and cause the dew of Thy blessing, and the anointing grace of Thy Spirit, to rest upon them more and more, for the sake of Thy Blessed Son Jesus Christ our Lord ; and so cause us to abide in Him, and in holy and loving communion one with another, that when

He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as he is, and dwell with Him in Thy most glorious presence for ever."

16*

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Records of A Good Man's Life.

Second Edition. 12mo. 75c.

Lady Mary: or Not of the World.

Fourth Edition. 12mo. 75c.

Margaret; or The Pearl.

Second Edition. 12mo. 75c.

Mark Wilton, the Merchant's Clerk.

Fourth Edition. 12mo. 75c.

Facts in the Life of a Clergyman.

Second Edition. 12mo. 75c.

C a r n e s t n e s s :

or, Scenes in the Life of an English Bishop.

A Sequel to Thankfulness,

One thick volume. 12mo. 75c.

MANNING'S SERMONS.

S E R M O N S ,

BY HENRY EDWARD MANNING,

ARCHDEACON OF CHICHESTER.

In Three large Volumes, 8vo. \$1 25.

SUBJECTS OF THE SERMONS.

VOL. I.—The Mystery of Sin—Christians new Creatures—On Falling from the Grace of Baptism—The Mystery of Man's Being—Worldly Affections Destructive of Love to God—Salvation a Difficult Work—A Severe Life necessary for Christ's Followers—Christ our only Rest—The Danger of mistaking Knowledge for Obedience—Obedience the Only Reality—The Life of Christ the only true Idea of Self-Devotion—The Rewards of the New Creation—God's Kingdom Immovable—The Daily Service a Law in God's Kingdom—The Hidden Life—Sins of Infirmity—Self-Oblation the True Idea of Obedience—The Spiritual Cross—The Hidden Power of Christ's Passion—Suffering the School of Obedience—The Sleep of the Faithful Departed—The Commemoration of the Faithful Departed—The Waiting of the Invisible Church—The Waiting of the Visible Church—The Resurrection of the Body—The Glory of the Righteous.

VOL. II.—Christ the Healing of Mankind—Holiness in Childhood—Holy Obedience—Fasting a Means to Christian Perfection—The Nature and Limits of Temptation—Worldly Cares—Spiritual Presumption—Worldly Ambition—The Right Use of Rest after Trial—The Sympathy of Christ—Sympathy a Note of the Church—The Holiness of Common Life—The World we have Renounced—Of Mixing in the World, and its Safeguards—Poverty a Holy State—Devotion Possible in the Busiest Life—Prayer a Mark of True Holiness—Short Devotion a Hindrance to Prayer—The Long-suffering of Christ—The Gentleness of Christ.

VOL. III.—The Good Shepherd—The True Sheep—The Great Motive—Halting between God and the World—The Sins that Follow Us—Self-Deceit—The Freedom of the Regenerate Will—Slovenness in the Spiritual Life—The Gift of Abundant Life—The City of God—The Cross the Measure of Sin—The Cross the Measure of Love—A Life of Prayer a Life of Peace—The Intercession of Christ the Strength of our Prayers—Praise—The Great Controversy—Preparation for Death a State of Life—The Death of Christ our only Stay—The Fearfulness of Death—The Blessedness of Death—The Snare of the World and the Drawing of Christ the Two Great Antagonists—The Great Betrothal—The Vision of Beauty.

Valuable Works, published by Stanford & Swords.

HAWKSTONE:

A TALE OF AND FOR ENGLAND IN 184—

FROM THE THIRD LONDON EDITION.

EDITED BY THE REV. DR. WILLIAMS,

OF SCHENECTADY.

2 vols. 12mo. \$1 50.

"We have not, for years, found ourselves so deeply absorbed in the perusal of any work of fiction. A tale of more profound and sustained interest we have never met. The skill with which incident after incident is made to sustain the attention; and with which moral and religious truths of the highest moment are interwoven without effort or affectation; the rich and exhaustless variety of thought, and imagery, and diction, which affords a continual relief and enjoyment—the exquisite beauty of its descriptions—the force and grandeur of its tragic incidents—and the high philosophy which breathes in every page, and brings out such a noble moral throughout—all appear to us to place this work on as high an elevation, that we should not find it easy to point to any work of fiction characterized by so great a combination of excellencies. Some of the scenes appear to us, not inferior in power to the very best of Walter Scott. The discovery by Margaret of Wheeler's wickedness; the escape of Villiers and Bentley from the destruction meditated by Pearce; the attack of the mob on the inn, and its defence by Villiers; the death of Wheeler; the recovery of the lost child by Villiers, and his repentance; have been, we think, very rarely equalled. Of the principles of the work as an expression of Church principles, we cannot speak too highly. The comprehensiveness and depth of its views—the noble examples which it presents; the singular judgment with which it discriminates true Catholicism from Romanism; and the advice which it administers to some persons who have verged towards the Church of Rome; all render this work an invaluable resource to those who are attached to the Church, on the highest and purest principles."—*English Review*

"There are two words in our language the 'bans' of whose marriage we would solemnly forbid. 'Religious' and 'novel' are not merely paradoxical but directly antagonistical; and religious novels, and novelties in religion, are alike objects to which we always give a wide berth. There is no general rule, however, without its exceptions, and as the Roman Cato could give character and respectability to the lowest officer in the State, by assuming its duties, so even the religious novel may be raised from its deep degradation by the combined energies of a powerful intellect, a refined taste, an Anglo-Saxon common sense, a chastened yet glowing imagination, a keen yet polished irony, a profound yet transparent philosophy, a quiet yet ardent love for the Church, and a calm yet devoted piety. All these have united to give character to 'Hawkstone,' which has reached a third edition in England, and is soon, we are informed, to be republished in this country. It is an anonymous publication, but, unless there be two minds of precisely the same character and calibre, we cannot be mistaken when we claim for it the paternity of the learned and accomplished author of 'Christian Morals' and 'Christian Politics.'—*Charleston Gospel Messenger*

Valuable Works published by Stanford & Swords.

CONFIRMATION.



A MANUAL OF DEVOTIONS FOR CONFIRMATION

AND

First Communion.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STEPS TO THE ALTAR."

One handsome volume. 18mo. 31c.

"This volume appears under the sanction of an able and faithful Pastor, who assures us that he has carefully examined it, making a very few alterations, and additions; and that he deems it the very best work of the kind he has seen. A hasty perusal leads us to concur in this opinion. It differs from most books on Confirmation, in being almost exclusively practical and devotional in its character, containing besides, two Addresses, Prayers, Meditations, and Questions for self-examination for the week preceding, and the two days subsequent to, the reception of the Holy Rite. * * * The volume is neatly got up; and the Publishers deserve the thanks of good Churchmen for issuing another manual of sound catholic—Hobart—teaching."—*Churchman*

"The multiplication of books of devotion we regard as one of the best signs of the times in the Church. There is evidently an increased demand for such works as aid in the cultivation of personal religion. The title of the present publication sufficiently indicates its design and use. The Prayers and Meditations which it contains are compiled mostly from Bishop Wilson, which is a sufficient guarantee of their soundness and fervor. Some others are taken from various approved writers of our own Communion. We take pleasure in recommending it to our readers, and especially as a valuable preparatory manual for such as are about to receive Confirmation and the Holy Communion for the first time."—*Calendar*.

Valuable Works, published by Stanford & Swords.

ENGLISH CHURCHWOMEN

OF THE

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

One Volume. 18mo. 50c.

"This is a small and very neat edition of a most delightful and useful book. It contains the biography of such excellent characters as Viscountess Falkland, the Countess of Carberry, Lady Capel, and Mary Evelyn. We cannot think of a better volume to put into the Parish Library and the Family Circle. Wherever it goes, it must exert a most beneficial influence."—*Calendar.*

"A charming compendium of female biography, of which it must have occurred to the reader there is a lack in our literature. Of course, as the title implies, the memorials are confined to members of the Established Church of England, but that makes them no less interesting and certainly no less profitable to the religious reader, since the principles of virtue and religion are subjects for delightful contemplation, and profitable withal, whatever their incidental relation or position. We are glad to possess and commend to others this excellent publication."—*N. Y. Commercial.*

"No intelligent Christian can read these biographical notices, without meeting with traits of character well worthy of admiration and imitation."—*Southern Churchmen.*

LATHROP'S APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

CHRIST'S WARNING TO THE CHURCHES:

WITH AN APPENDIX ON THE

APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

BY THE

REV. JOSEPH LATHROP, D. D.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTICE BY THE REV. J. M. WAINWRIGHT, D. D.

Handsome 16mo. 50c.

"A Treatise on the necessity of external ordination, and of a succession from the Apostles to constitute valid Orders, from a Congregational minister, is somewhat of an anomaly. Yet this is such a one. The author was settled in West Springfield, Mass., and delivered and published these sermons on the occasion of being visited and annoyed by an itinerant preacher who "made great pretensions to piety," and "taught that every saint has a right to preach." The work in its present republished form, cannot fail to be useful in teaching men from whence authority to preach the Gospel is to be derived."—*Calendar.*

"Here we have a defence of the apostolic succession, written by an eminent Congregationalist, the Rev. Joseph Lathrop, and edited by a high Churchman, the Rev. Dr. Wainwright. It is a good book, although something of a curiosity in its way. It is gotten up in Stanford and Swords's usual neat and tasteful style."—*Recorder.*

Valuable Works, published by Stanford & Swords.

RICHARDSON'S REASONS.

The Churchman's Reasons for his Faith and Practice.

WITH AN APPENDIX ON THE DOCTRINE OF DEVELOPMENT

BY THE

REV. N. S. RICHARDSON, A. M

AUTHOR OF "REASONS WHY I AM A CHURCHMAN," &c., &c., &c.

One volume. 12mo. 75c.

CONTENTS. CHAPTER I—Introduction. II—The Church a Visible Society. III—The Ministry Christ's Positive Institution. IV—The Christian Ministry consisting of Three Orders V—Same subject continued VI—Same subject continued. VII—Developments of Modern Systems. VIII—The Unity of the Church, and the Sin and Evils of Schism. IX—Liturgies. X—Popular Objections against the Church answered. *Appendix*—Essay on the Doctrine of Development.

"We are glad to see this book. It is one of the kind which the age requires, and we are happy to believe, it is also seeking. There are earnest minds and honest hearts, in every religious denomination, who see the evils growing out of the divisions in Christendom, and who are seriously inquiring whether these things ought to be. The result of such an investigation, undertaken with such a purpose as can hardly be doubtful. It will be a conviction that 'God is not the author of confusion or of order;' that He has instituted but one Body as the Church; and that all who are not in communion with this Body, of which Christ is the head, are in what the Scriptures call schism. Having arrived at this point, the vital question comes, what is the Church? Where can be found those signs of a Divinely organized Body, which, originating in the appointment of Christ, has continued to this day, and thus gives assurance that he has been with it according to his promise, is with it, and will continue to be with it, 'even unto the end of the world?' To those who are seeking for instruction, that their judgment may be guided to a right determination of this question, we recommend this timely book. The subject of it is, 'THE CHURCH OF GOD; ITS VISIBILITY, MINISTRY, UNITY, AND WORSHIP.'

"We are glad to see that the reverend author has devoted one chapter to the 'Developments of Modern Systems.' The argument derived from this subject is calculated more than any other, we think, to lead men to discover the errors and unsoundness, and insufficiency of those systems. They cannot stand, in the judgment of sober-minded seekers after truth, with their divisions, vacillations and heresies; before the Scriptural truth, Apostolic order, regular Succession, and uninterrupted continuance of the 'Holy Catholic Church.'"—*Banner of the Cross*

WHAT IS CRISTIANITY?

BY THOMAS VOWLER SHORT,

One volume. 12mo. 50c.

"Indistinctness on religious subjects is a great evil, particularly to the young; but theological clearness does not always lead to Christian edification and practical holiness. It has been the endeavor of the author to combine distinct views on the leading tenets of Christianity with that earnestness, without which religion is apt to dwindle into a mere form. He has tried to place before his readers not words only, but ideas—to give them that which might guide them in the path to heaven—to impress on them the fundamental truths of our holy faith—and to point out how this faith should show forth its effects in the occurrences of life."

Valuable Works, published by Stanford & Swords.

MERCY TO BABES:
A PLEA FOR THE CHRISTIAN BAPTISM OF INFANTS

ADDRESSED TO THOSE WHO DENY THE VALIDITY OF THAT PRACTICE,
UPON THE GROUNDS OF THE DOCTRINE OF BAPTISM, AND THE
ETERNAL SENSE OF HOLY WRIT, AND OF THE DOMESTIC,
SOCIAL, AND RELIGIOUS NATURE OF MAN

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM ADAMS, S. T. P.

PRESBYTER OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE DIOCESE OF
WISCONSIN.

One Volume. 12mo. 63c.

"Adams' 'Mercy for Babes' is a book of rare originality and power. It is an argument of no ordinary cogency, well conceived, and, in the main, well put, for the right of infants to the seal of blessing in the sacrament of baptism. The writer eschews controversy, and undertakes to lay down his doctrine, and prove it, on its own merits from the Bible only. He does it, and does it well. We know a case in which his end has been attained. An anxious and intelligent 'inquirer' was distressed by some of the common specious objections to infant baptism, which are so successful with the many who have neither ability nor inclination to examine thoroughly into their validity. 'Mercy for Babes,' was recommended, and the result was perfect satisfaction. The ground was cut up beneath the controversial statements that had given trouble, and they lost all their value. The literal truth of Scripture destroyed them. They were not opposed—not refuted—there was no room left for them. Truth, exhibited by no mealy-mouthed assessor, but with honest plainness and earnestness, took hold of the mind, convinced it, preoccupied it, and left no room for adverse sophistry and false assertion.

"But one need not be in perplexity because of anti-pædo-baptist assaults on the Church's love for little children, to profit by Mr. Adams' book. Not for many a day have we met with one that will better repay any reader for his trouble and time laid out in giving it a careful perusal. It is most clearly written under a sense of want. The writer felt that he had something to say which had not yet been said as he could say it, and that now was the time to give it utterance. He has done so in unstudied honest plainness, and has shown that he was right. Late years have brought out several good works on branches of the pædo-baptist question; this is the first that has touched the root."—*Church Times*.

"We have peculiar pleasure in announcing the work whose title we have given above in full, and which conveys a very accurate idea of the peculiar nature of the track which the author has chosen to pursue. He leaves untouched many of the branches of the argument for the baptism of infants which have already been ably and sufficiently discussed by preceding writers, and confines himself to what he well calls 'the grand question'—its moral, religious, domestic, and social considerations; rightly judging that when this is felt as it should be, minor questions will be easily agreed upon. He is evidently in earnest; he writes from the heart; and only seeks readers who are equally in earnest, and who see and feel the deep and solemn importance of the subject. It is all the more valuable as 'a book written for plain people, and for common sense people'; and that the author 'comes forward, not as a controversialist to attack others, or to enter into discussion with any champion of the opposite views.' 'This,' he says, 'is not his object—his purpose is far different; he wishes to lay clearly and plainly before those who doubt or deny infant baptism, the grounds for his own belief that are to be found in the Scripture;—to lay it before them as persons that have a real and vital interest in it as professing Christians, as persons, too, that have the Bible in their hands, are bound to search for the truth there.'"—*Banner of the Cross*

Valuable Works, published by Stanford & Swords.

HOBART'S STATE OF THE DEPARTED THE STATE OF THE DEPARTED

BY JOHN HENRY HOBART, D. D.

BISHOP OF THE PROT. EPIS. CHURCH IN THE DIOCESE OF NEW-YORK.

Fourth Edition. One Volume. 12mo. 50c.

"This little volume, pp. 129, contains an address delivered by Bishop Hobart at the funeral of Bishop Moore, of New-York, in 1816: also, a 'Dissertation on the State of Departed Spirits, and the Descent of Christ into Hell,' written by Bishop Hobart, in consequence of exceptions having been taken to his funeral address. The dissertation is published as last revised by the Right Reverend author. Those who wish to inform themselves upon this subject, will find in this book as good a treatise upon it as they will probably ever meet with."—*Banner of the Cross.*

"The larger portion of this volume is occupied by 'A Dissertation on the State of Departed Spirits, and the Descent of Christ into Hell'—in which that subject is discussed with much clearness of statement, and fulness and force of reasoning—presenting the whole argument on the side adopted by the Bishop with an effect and in a compass not elsewhere, we believe, to be found in our language."—*Southern Churchman.*

"Perhaps the best dissertation on the very important question as to the state of the departed, is this one of the lamented Bishop Hobart, in which the whole subject is thoroughly examined."—*Providence Atlas.*

"The publishers of this valuable work have at last given us an edition in a style something like what its merits demand. As it forms one of the volumes prescribed by the House of Bishops in the course of study for candidates for Holy Orders, it is quite superfluous for us to commend it."—*Young Churchman's Miscellany.*

"This work of the late Bishop Hobart, is published at a very reasonable time, when every doctrine of the Church is called in question. It was occasioned by the Bishop's sermon on the death of his predecessor, Bishop Moore of New-York, and is an unanswerable defence of the doctrine of the intermediate state. Extracts are given as well from the writings of Dissenters as from those of the Anglican Church; and the distinction between it and the Romish doctrine of purgatory is clearly pointed out. The present edition is beautifully got up, the paper excellent, and the type clear and good; and as the work itself is used as a text book in the General Theological Seminary of the Church, we have no doubt the sale thereof will be even more rapid than it has been from its first appearance, and speedily repay the firm who have issued it in so creditable a style."—*National Press.*

WYATT'S PARTING SPIRIT'S ADDRESS.

THE PARTING SPIRIT'S ADDRESS TO HIS MOTHER.

BY REV. WM. EDWARD WYATT, D. D.,

RECTOR OF ST. PAUL'S PARISH, BALTIMORE.

Fifth Edition. One Volume. 18mo. paper. 13c.

"We regard this as one of the most touching and beautiful things which we have ever read; equally sound and judicious, it is calculated to diffuse comfort through the mourning home which has been bereft of some bright flower transplanted from this sterile earth to the Paradise of God."—*Young Churchman's Miscellany.*

"A fourth edition of this beautiful and tender little thing has been issued. Every parent who has lost an engaging little child, will read this admirable little tract with lively interest."—*Albany Spectator*

Valuable Works, published by Stanford & Swords.

PERRANZABULOE;

THE LOST CHURCH FOUND,

OR,

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND NOT A NEW CHURCH,



BUT

ANCIENT, APOSTOLICAL AND INDEPENDENT

AND

A PROTESTING CHURCH, NINE HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE THE REFORMATION

Ancient Cross of St. Pieran in the Sand

One volume. 12mo. 75c.

"A further examination of this work has confirmed our opinion, and made us desira to reiterate our testimony, that it is truly a Protestant History, written in a most attractive style. When we first saw it, we did not suppose it was possible for any one to invest so threadbare a subject with any degree of novel interest. But we were mistaken, and we are glad to be able to express the opinion, that the publishers have done well to select it. The title is singular but most appropriate, and the incidents connected with it are most ingeniously made the basis of the whole history.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

"We trust all our readers will forthwith buy this book and read it. It will furnish an effectual antidote to all the heretical trash piled upon the unwary, the evident intention of which is to palliate Roman corruption on the specious ground of CHARITY."—*Protestant Churchman*.

"Clear in its style and sound in its influence, it is a complete Protestant history, written by one who has invested the almost threadbare subject with a novel interest, and it is well calculated as an antidote to the many heretical volumes which have from time to time fascinated the unwary and led the mind captive to corrupt and unscriptural doctrines.—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

"It is an interesting book to all interested in antiquities, Church history and polity"—*N. Y. Gazette*.

"A book which combines the fascination of romance with the instruction of real history."—*Mobile Daily Advertiser*.

Devotional Works published by Stanford & Swords

WILBERFORCE'S PRAYERS.

FAMILY PRAYERS,

BY THE LATE

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

EDITED BY HIS SON,

ROBERT ISAAC WILBERFORCE, M. A.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

PRAYERS BY THE REV. JOHN SWETE, D. D.

One volume 18mo. cloth. 25c.

"That the habit of family devotion is not inconsistent with the most zealous and unremitted discharge of public duty is evinced by the example which the author of these Prayers afforded. His singular union, indeed, of private religion and public usefulness, may in great measure be attributed to that state of mind of which this custom was at once a cause and a consequence. The Grecian colonists, whose more polished manners, and the simplicity of whose native speech, were endangered through the contaminations of barbarian intercourse, by assembling at stated seasons, to confess their degeneracy, and revive the thought of purer times, retained as well the language which was their common bond, as the superiority which was the birth-right of their race. Amidst the increasing turmoil of our days, the custom of daily worship may be looked to by Christians for a similar result. It has been shown, indeed, that this practice comes commended by the experience of former times. But if it were needed in a period of quiet and repose, how much more amidst the agitation by which our cities are now convulsed, and which shakes even the villages of our land! In tranquil days, the disciples were comforted by the presence of Christ; but it was amidst the waves of Gennesaret that they learned to appreciate that power which could hush the stormy elements into rest. It was when neither sun nor stars for many days appeared, and no small tempest lay upon him, that the captive apostle could be of good cheer, because there was with him the angel of that God, whose he was and whom he served."

THORNTONS'S PRAYERS.

FAMILY PRAYERS,

AND

PRAYERS ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A FAMILY COMMENTARY UPON THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

BY THE LATE

HENRY THORNTON, ESQ., M. P.

EDITED BY THE

RIGHT REV. MANTON EASTBURN, D. D.,

Bishop of Massachusetts.

One handsome volume. 12mo. 75c.

"The present volume contains two works, which have been separately published in England; the Family Commentary on the Sermon on the Mount having appeared there, about a year after the first edition of the Family Prayers. The arrangement now adopted will it is thought, be found convenient for domestic worship; as combining within the same volume a Manual of prayer, and portions of scriptural exposition for reading.

"It may seem presumptuous in the Editor to say any thing by way of introduction to productions bearing on their title-page the name of THORNTON:—a name, familiar not to England only, but to the world; and indissolubly associated with our thoughts of whatever is enlarged in Christian beneficence, sound in religious views, and beautiful in consistency of daily practice. He will take the liberty, however, of simply saying, that in regard to the Family Prayers, that, without at all detracting from the merit of other works of the same description, they appear to him to preserve, in a remarkable degree, the difficult and happy medium between verbosity on the one hand, and a cold conciseness on the other. It is believed that none can use them, without feeling that they impart a spirit of gratitude and self-humiliation. They are what prayers should be,— fervent, and yet perfectly simple.

"The Commentary upon the Sermon on the Mount, is remarkable throughout for the profound insight into human nature which it manifests: for its clear exhibition of the fundamental truths of the gospel: and for the faithfulness, honesty, and at the same time, the true refinement and dignity of the language in which its instructions are conveyed."

Valuable Works, published by Stanford & Swords.

RECANTATION.

Recantation, or, the Confessions of a Convert to Romanism

A TALE OF DOMESTIC AND RELIGIOUS LIFE IN ITALY

EDITED BY

REV. WM. INGRAHAM KIP.

One handsome volume. 16mo. 63c.

"This volume is a reprint of one published in London during the last year. A friend placed it in the hands of the editor, because from his acquaintance with the scenes in which the story is laid, and the opportunities he had enjoyed of gaining some knowledge of the tone of thought and feeling prevailing in Italian society, it was believed he might be able to decide on the justness of its claims to be taken as a faithful picture. To the fidelity of the author's description of places, the Editor can bear his unhesitating testimony. Almost every page arrayed before him some scene associated with the pleasant hours he spent in classic Italy. The stately palaces of fascinating Florence—the woody hill of Fiesole, where Milton mused and wrote—the peaceful valleys of 'leafy Vallambrosa'—the animated walks of the Cascine—the treasures of the Pitti Palace—the splendor of the Ducal Court—the beautiful scenery of luxuriant Tuscany—all, are called up again to memory by the allusions of this narrative. And mingled with these came less pleasing remembrances of superstitions such as are here portrayed, and the *surveillance* of a religious despotism before which all trembled. The scoffing, infidel tone of some of these conversations is not imaginary. The Editor has himself heard it, when men uttered to him, a foreigner, what they would not dare to speak to their own countrymen, and even then declared their unbelief in the system under which they were forced to live,

'in bondsmen's key,

With bated breath and whispering fearfulness.'

He feels, therefore, that the whole air of this work is truthful, and as such he would commend it to his young countrywomen."—*Rev. W. I. Kip.*

"This is a work of fiction. The subject of it was an English lady who abandoned the faith of the Church of England, which was in the way of her marriage with an Italian nobleman; the marriage was consummated; she lived unhappily; renounced her connection with the Church of Rome, and returned to her former faith. It will be a popular book, no doubt."—*Banner of the Cross.*

"The work has a peculiar interest, apart from its merits as a composition, and will be read probably by both Roman Catholics and Protestants."—*Express.*

"We have been more deeply interested in this neatly got up and well printed volume than we had any expectation of when we commenced. It relates to a topic of great interest at the present time, and will, we trust, be the means of leading parents to consider the dangerous fascinations of Romanism as presented by Jesuits and studied apologists, and how easily the ignorant are led to believe its lying absurdities. We beg to add our testimony to that of the accomplished editor of the volume in favor of its truthfulness and fairness. Indeed we might go much further and declare that from some slight acquaintance with Italian life and manners, we think the author has *under* stated the truth in regard to the practical infidelity of the better informed in the Romish Church. Such is certainly our opinion. However that may be, we commend the volume to the thoughtful perusal of our readers."—*Young Churchman's Miscellany.*

"A reasonable and valuable work."—*Evening Gazette.*

"This is a beautifully printed volume. The title sufficiently explains the nature of the work, and the object for which it is designed."—*Southern Churchman.*

"Of the theology of this work, our neutrality forbids us to speak; but of its literary merit we can and must speak favorably. It is a tale of domestic and religious life in Italy, by one who has seen all that is here described. The allusions are redolent with classic sweets. The book is artistically got up by the trade."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"We have not read this work, but some of our Protestant friends, who have read it say that it is a charming book; that it gives a more perfect insight into the interior of Italian society, than any book recently published; that the story is well told and the interest is maintained to the last; and that the lovers of fiction and the lovers of truth will be alike gratified by its perusal."—*Louisville Journal.*

Valuable Works, published by Stanford & Swords.

MANT'S HAPPINESS OF THE BLESSED

THE HAPPINESS OF THE BLESSED
CONSIDERED AS TO
THE PARTICULARS OF THEIR STATE ;
THEIR RECOGNITION OF EACH OTHER IN THAT STATE
AND ITS DIFFERENCE OF DEGREES.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
MUSINGS ON THE CHURCH
AND HER SERVICES.

BY RICHARD MANT, D. D.,

LORD BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR.

One volume. 12mo. 75c.

"We would have this volume find its way into every Christian family where there is one person that can read. If scriptural truth and warm devotion can commend a book, this will not be neglected.

"Bishop Mant as a poet is not duly appreciated. Whether this arises from a distaste for the Sonnet, or from an idea that he has merely imitated Wordsworth, it is equally a mistake. His sonnets are generally carefully constructed, and seldom lacking in elevation of sentiment. They sometimes, it is true, are not so well compacted and pointed as the form requires, but this is owing to the didactic tone which many of their subjects necessitate. Above all they are full of the genuine Anglican feeling which Wordsworth often does not display. The reader of the 'Musings' will, we think, feel that this series is more animated by a Church spirit than Wordsworth's."—*Churchman*.

"Sound in doctrine, rich in thought, beautiful in style, and devotional in its character, this work ranks among the choicest specimens of English Theological literature. It has already become endeared to thousands of Christian Churchmen, with whom, like 'Scenes in our Parish,' and the 'Christian Year,' it is a household volume."—*Calendar*.

"No Christian can read this volume without having his intelligent faith and hope strengthened and confirmed. Whatever difference of opinion may exist on points of ecclesiastical policy, or even upon doctrines, such books as this form a point of attraction where the redeemed of every Christian creed can meet in peace and harmony, and sit together at the threshold of heaven to talk of their future union where sects and parties will be unknown. There is that in Bishop Mant's style which commands the reader's unfeared interest."—*Commercial*.

MANT'S HORÆ LITURGICÆ.

BEING
A GUIDE TO UNIFORMITY IN THE CELEBRATION
OF DIVINE SERVICE.

BY THE RT. REV. RICHARD MANT, D. D.,

LORD BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR.

WITH ADDITIONS, TO ADAPT IT TO THE AMERICAN CHURCH.

BY THE REV. W. D. WILSON, M. A.

One Volume. 12mo. 75c.

"We earnestly commend this volume to the attention of the clergy of the Church, as a work the want of which has been long felt, particularly in this country. Bishop Mant has ably fulfilled the task imposed upon himself, and the Notes and Additions of the American editor are judicious and commendable. We trust that those who are just entering upon their sacred calling, will give heed to the counsels of this volume, that they may begin aright, and that the beautiful fabric of our liturgy, bequeathed by the noble army of martyrs and confessors, may present that beauty of uniformity which they intended, undisturbed by the crude notions of those who would gild refined gold, or paint the lily."

Valuable Works, published by Stanford & Swords.

JACKSON'S REMAINS.
THE LIFE AND REMAINS
OF THE
REV. WILLIAM JACKSON,
LATE RECTOR OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, LOUISVILLE.
WITH A
BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER
BY THE
REV. WM. M. JACKSON.

One handsome volume. 8vo. \$1.75.

"The life of a laborious and devoted clergyman, presents few incidents to attract the attention of those who read for pastime, or mere mental excitement. But to all who love to contemplate pure character, profound and earnest piety, and thorough devotion to the service of Christ, a record like the one before us, is rich in attractions.

"Many of our readers will recognize every line of the faithful portraiture here presented. The Rev. Mr. Jackson was for many years Rector of St. Stephen's Church, in this city, and in that position his faithful, judicious, zealous, and self-denying exertions were eminently blessed. Memorials of his earnest ministry, his humble, saintly life, and his abundant labors for Christ and the Church are written in many hearts in our midst, as well as in that distant field where his last years were spent. He has left behind him a reputation which every parochial clergyman may well covet, as his best legacy to the Church.

"To say that the volume before us is full of interest for the Christian reader, would be to speak far too coldly of its merits. It is replete with instruction of that high character which arrests the intellect while it subdues the heart. It is the more valuable, inasmuch as it consists chiefly of the sermons and other instructions of the Christian pastor, whose memorial to the Church it is, stamped with fresh and living interest, so that as we read, it is sometimes hard to realize, that the lips that uttered them are now closed in death, and that the soul from which they sprang has gone to its reward. 'Being dead he yet speaketh' and happy will it be for us all, if amidst the excitements and distractions of these times, the excellent counsels of our departed brother shall impress us with a more solemn sense of the exalted duties and awful responsibilities of the ministry of reconciliation in the Church of the living God."—*Protestant Churchman.*

"This is the title of a large, handsomely printed volume, from the press of Stanford and Swords, containing a brief biographical memoir of the late Rector of St. Paul's Church, Louisville, Ky., together with extracts from his letters, the sermon preached on occasion of his funeral, by Bishop Smith, minutes of conversation, sermons, and various fragments, the collection and publication of which was earnestly desired by a large number of his friends and parishioners.

"The character which is described in this volume is eminently that of a Christian minister, and though the seeker after bold adventure, or vivid incident, may not find within its pages the material for gratifying his peculiar tastes, the record of a good man's life cannot be read without interest or profit, even though there be little in it of the startling or the adventurous. We earnestly commend this volume therefore to the attention of our readers."—*Evening Gazette.*

"This is the title of a very handsome octavo volume, which has been recently published in New-York. It is well printed on fine paper, and is embellished with a portrait which will strike all who remember how the lamented original looked, as an excellent likeness. The volume consists of a memoir of Mr. Jackson, a selection from his sermons and letters, and extracts from his writings. It is a worthy tribute to the memory of a good man in this community no recommendation is necessary to induce persons to purchase such a volume. Of course his numerous friends and admirers will hasten to supply themselves with copies of the work."—*Louisville Journal.*

Valuable Works, published by Stanford & Swords.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. ELIZABETH FRY,

INCLUDING

A HISTORY OF HER LABORS

IN PROMOTING

THE REFORMATION OF FEMALE PRISONERS,

AND THE

IMPROVEMENT OF BRITISH SEAMEN,

BY THE

REV. THOMAS TIMPSON,

Honorary Secretary to the British and Foreign Sailors' Society

One volume. 12mo. 75c.

"An interesting sketch of the life, labors, and death of one who was numbered with the salt of the earth. In works of love, she was most abundant. She toiled with indefatigable zeal, for the benefit of her sex, exploring the darkness of dungeons, and diffusing through them the light and influence of her own lovely and tender spirit."—*Episcopa Recorder*.

"Mrs. Fry was one of those unselfish beings, whose sole object in life seems to be to do good, to the full extent of the means and opportunities with which God has blessed them. Her arduous labors in effecting reform in prisons, were no less earnest and successful than her exertions in behalf of the seamen of Great Britain, a class whose moral and spiritual interests, had been, until her day, shamefully neglected. This volume exhibits the inception, progress and results of her benevolent enterprises, and is filled with matter of rare interest to the Christian and philanthropist. It deserves a wide circulation."—*Protestant Churchman*.

"She lived a life of active benevolence, however, which may be usefully contemplated and copied by those of a sounder faith. By her numberless journeys to visit the abodes of the poor, the sick, and the imprisoned, and by her ceaseless efforts to ameliorate their condition, she earned the well-deserved name of 'the female Howard.' Her useful career is well portrayed in this volume."—*Calendar*.

"The extraordinary character of Mrs. Fry, and her unparalleled labors exerted to promote the reformation of female prisoners, and the improvement of British seamen, have earned for her a reputation throughout Great Britain and Europe, second only to that of the philanthropist Howard. Mr. Timpson's Memoir is a brief but comprehensive tribute to her virtues and worth, by one who was associated with her in some department of philanthropic service."—*Gazette & Times*.

"Some time ago we announced the intention of the New-York publishers to reproduce this work from the English edition. Their purpose is now fulfilled, and no doubt the philanthropic reader will greatly prize this memorial of a lady who, beyond all her female contemporaries, was in labors of benevolence abundant. The American edition, with the exception that it has no portrait, is nearly or quite equal to the English and at a less price. The admirable system with which Mrs. Fry prosecuted her labors is beyond all praise and if the work wrought no other purpose than furnishing such an example of order in the prosecution of multifarious duty, it would amply repay the purchase. But its usefulness is by no means confined to that single service."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

Valuable Works, published by Stanford & Swords.

WAINWRIGHT'S PRAYERS.

An Order of Family Prayer for every Day in the Week

BY THE

REV. J. M. WAINWRIGHT, D. D.

ASSISTANT MINISTER OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW-YORK.

One beautiful volume. 12mo. 75c.

"From the opportunity we have had to examine and use this addition to our list of aids to devotion, we are led to regard it as a very useful contribution."—*Gospel Messenger.*

"It gives not only an appropriate form of prayer for every day in the week, and for the various special occasions that present themselves, in the progress of family life, but also well chosen selections from the Scriptures, for reading; and is, in fact, an adaptation of the Episcopal liturgy to family wants and aptitudes. The supplications, partly original, but mainly compiled from old devotional writers, breathe throughout a fine spirit of humility and earnestness; and the language is at once chaste, eloquent, and reverential."—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

"The volume is a most acceptable one, both as a manual for family worship, and a book of specimens of the devotional literature of the Episcopal Church."—*Philadelphia Eve*

FAMILY AND PRIVATE PRAYERS.

BY THE

REV. WM. BERRIAN, D. D.

RECTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW-YORK.

Fourth edition. One handsome 12mo. volume. Large type.

"The present edition of this manual has been newly arranged and materially enlarged. Most of the additions which have been made to it consist of Ancient Litanies, purified from all taint of superstition and error, and presenting a perfect embodiment of Christian truth expressed in the most fervent strain of devotion. The other parts have been drawn from the writings of the earlier divines of the Church of England, and other rare and curious sources. The quaintness, the redundancy, and rhapsody with which they were for the most part disfigured, have been carefully rejected; and the richness, the fullness, the depth of feeling and glow of expression most scrupulously retained. The apprehension is felt, however, that it will still be too earnest and fervid for the lukewarmness and apathy of the present age."

"In this large and well-executed volume, Dr. Berrian has furnished all who love the Liturgy and the spirit of the Prayer Book, with a most valuable manual; valuable alike for its freedom from all irreverent and unseemly familiarity of approach to the throne of grace, and for its deep and glowing fervor of devotion to God. We regard it as no small matter to compose or even well arrange a book of family and private prayers; and it is manifest that few succeed, from the fact that there seems to be continual demand for new ones, which shall supply what is lacking in those already before the public. Dr. Berrian's manual will rank among the first, if not the first and from its copiousness will, we are persuaded, furnish all classes of minds with food suitable for their soul's health and comfort."—*Young Churchman's Miscellany.*

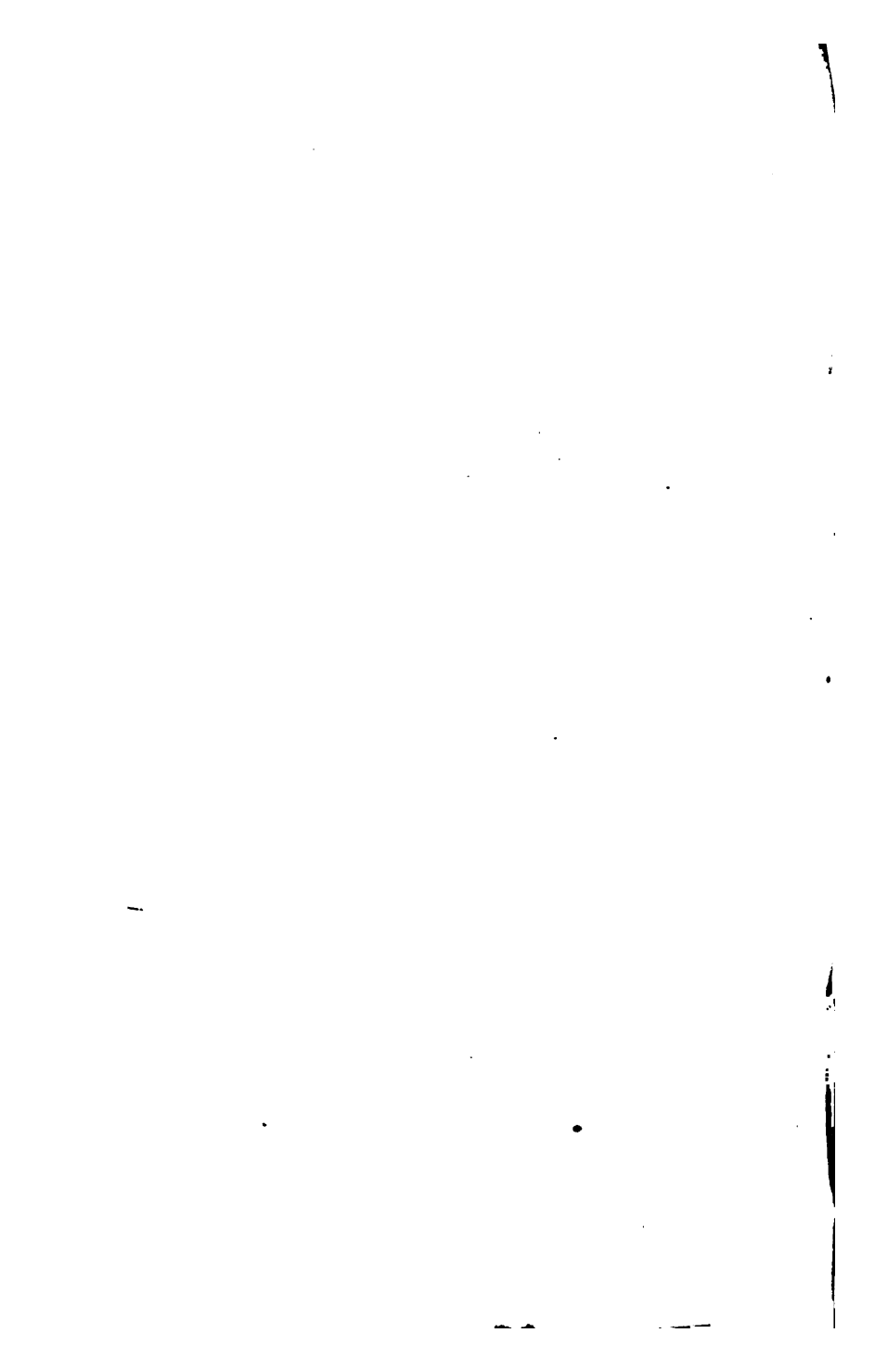
11

12

13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20

21
22

23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100



x
84



3 2044 038 429 379

